THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Ill[illegible] Weekly
Founded A[illegible]enj. Franklin

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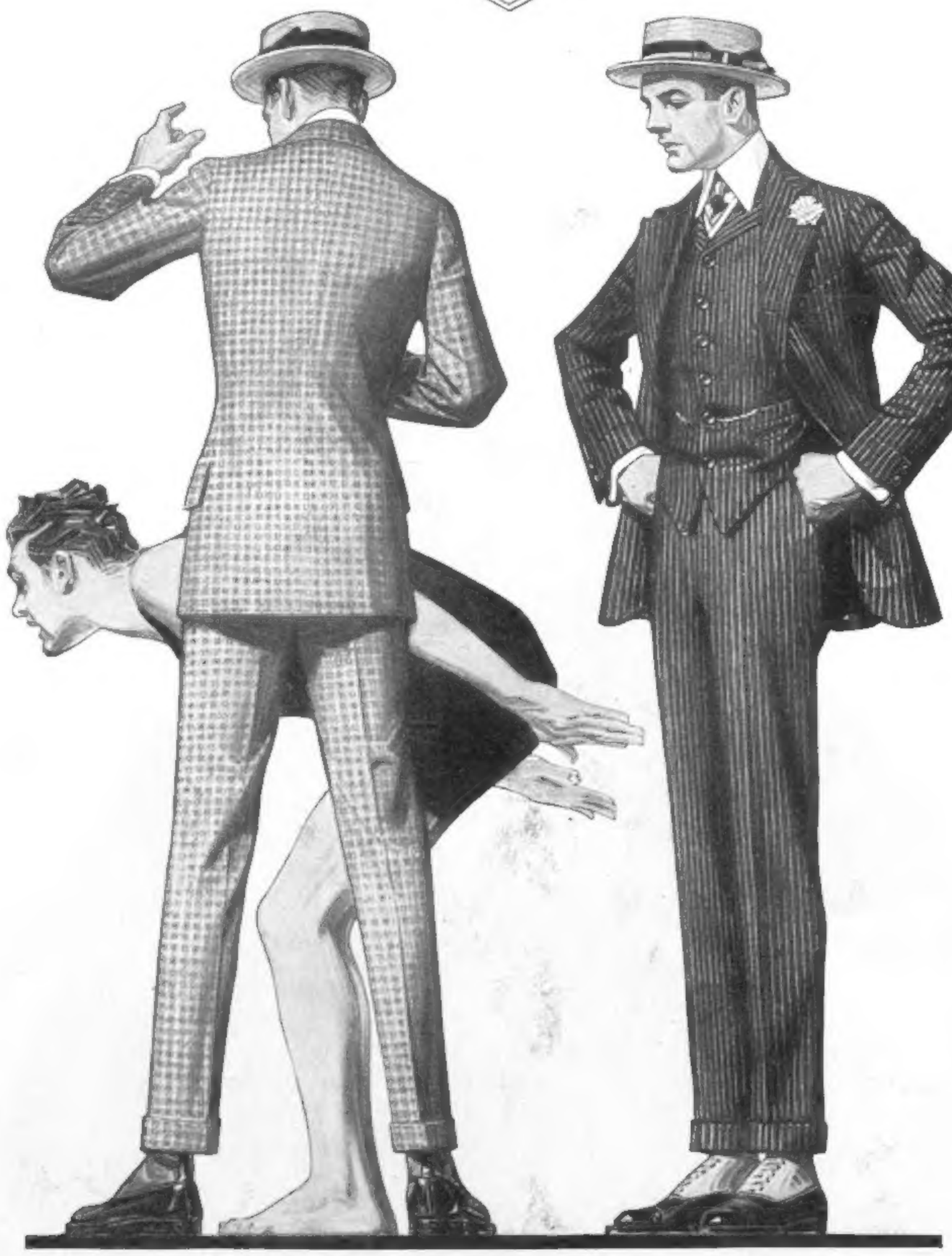
Beginning

MY SON—By WILLIAM CARLETON



GOOD clothes are always the result of somebody's good judgment: judgment of material, of styles, and especially of what well-dressed men like to wear.

That is why it is so important that your great clothing house should be young and human and contemporary, rather than merely big and mechanical.

When you select your next suit, if you have an opportunity to visit a Kuppenheimer dealer, we ask you to note one thing: the number of Kuppenheimer suits in your size that seem to express the way you feel about clothes.

This is one thing that makes success for Kuppenheimer dealers—that attracts good trade to their stores.

Incidentally it has made this the fastest growing clothing house in America.

Send for book "Styles for Men"

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

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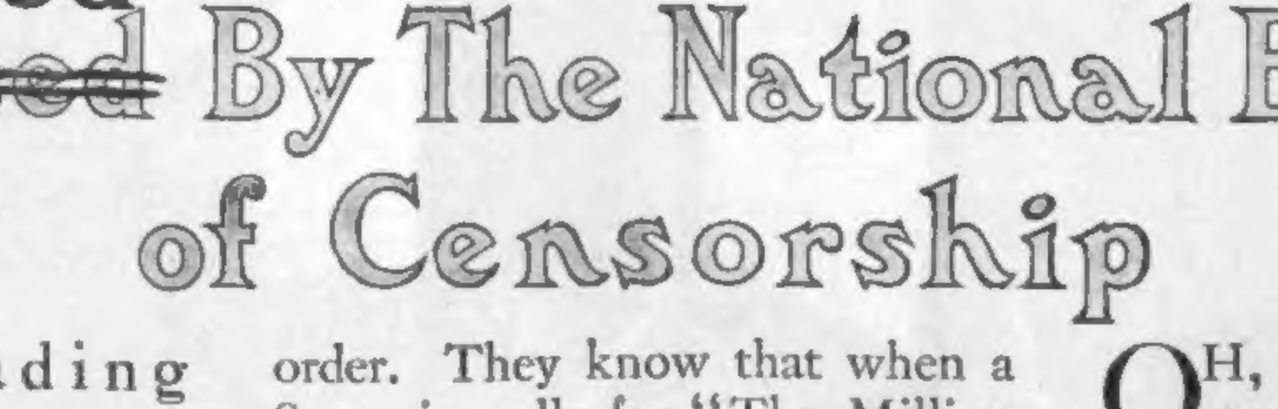
EVERY leading Movie-player is required to keep in his wardrobe at least one suit that expresses the ideal in custom-tailor artistry.

For at a moment's notice, the Movie star may be called upon to impersonate an American Lord Chesterfield, mayhap a Harry Lehr, a Vincent Astor or a "1914 Model" Ward McAllister.

That's why the noted "silent players" have their "dress-clothes" Royal Tailored-to-order. They know that when a Scenario calls for "The Million Dollar Look" it means "The Royal-Tailored-Look."

"Billy" Anderson, Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnson and the inimitable Bunny himself, all are Royal Tailored Men.



THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK

OH, yes!—the Movie Star is temperamental—in that he has common sense and no time for needless red tape. He hasn't the patience to endure the tedious try-ons of the local tailor. Royal Tailoring gives him the best in made to order clothes simply by taking his measures and a few days later delivering the suit—100% right the first time. No try-ons—no re-chalking and no re-hacking.

USUALLY the local Royal dealer is your leading men's wear dealer. You deal with a business man when you are measured for a Royal Tailored suit—and you get a business man's surety of service with a business man's guarantee.

Likewise, you get a real custom-made suit or overcoat at a price that certainly belies "The High Cost of Dressing notion"—$16—$17—$20—$25—$30—$35.

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IT is the little personal touches about a home that count. The artistic hanging of a drapery, the harmonious grouping of furniture, the sunny freshness of a newly washed curtain, the glowing cleanness of ornaments and bric-a-brac—such things as these help make home homelike and show not merely industry on the part of the housekeeper but a knack of properly caring for fine things.

Reduced to its simplest form, this knack of keeping silver, china, linens, laces, upholstery, etc., at their best is nothing more than a knowledge of the possibilities of Ivory Soap.

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To suggest some of these unusual uses we have compiled a booklet of about 100 recipes received from various sources. These recipes will be found exceedingly interesting and exceptionally helpful. You may have a copy by asking for "Unusual Uses of Ivory Soap." Address The Procter & Gamble Co., Department 16, Cincinnati, Ohio.

To Wash a Lace Door Panel—First, wash the glass in the door. Then wash the lace in the usual way in a good suds of Ivory Soap and lukewarm water. Rinse well; then starch. Slip in rods while panel is wet, place in position on door, pull lace straight and let it dry. This prevents shrinking and makes the panel look like new.

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MY SON

By WILLIAM CARLETON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

DICK came to me one evening in the early fall and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Dad," he said, "I've done it."

"Done what?" I said.

"Asked Jane to marry me."

Now I had known since the early summer that barring accidents I was going to hear this, and yet I felt queer.

The boy was ten years older than I was when I married and was many times better off financially. He and his partner had held steady the contracting business which I established and turned over to them, and both had a comfortable reserve fund.

I wanted the boy to marry. I would have been willing to have him marry long before he was as well off as he was now. I realize better than a good many the terrible responsibility a wife and family may be if business goes wrong. I realize that the fight for existence is, in a good many ways, more acute than it has ever been in the history of the nation. But I realize, too, that the only fight worth while is not for the individual but for the family. Too many young men are dodging that responsibility in as craven a fashion as did those who dodged enlistment during the Civil War. I'd rather have seen the boy shoveling dirt and taking home on Saturday night his twelve dollars to a wife and children than enjoying a million by himself.

"Have the Old Furniture Repaired; if You Can't, Split it Into Kindling Wood"

I couldn't have chosen for him a sweeter, saner, more lovable girl than Jane. Yet I felt queer. I felt a tug at my heart as though something were being uprooted. We were more like chums than father and son, for I date the vital part of my life from the day I immigrated and the boy bore bravely his share of the struggle.

"Have you told your mother?" I said.

"Bless you, dad, she advised me how to do it," he laughed.

And mother had kept the secret even from me. She came into the room just then, and I believe she was waiting round the corner all the while. She put one arm round the boy and another round me.

"Our son is going to be married, Billy," she said. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"Sit down, mother, and let's talk it over," I said.

And then, who should come stealing into the room but Jane herself, who also had been waiting round the corner.

"You didn't need to hatch up a conspiracy," I said.

Then Jane came over and put her arms round my neck and said:

"Dick scared me bad enough. Now don't you go and scare me some more."

So Dick was engaged, and it brought back very vividly that tennis game where I had met Ruth. I won the game for her before we were introduced. And it brought back the little room of the lodging house where we were married and the house in the suburbs to which I took Ruth afterward. I was drawing thirty dollars a week from the United Woolen Company then, and felt as secure as the president of the company himself. Well, Ruth and I had learned a lot since then; a lot for the boy as well as ourselves. Our struggle now seemed doubly worth while. We thought at the time that we were fighting only our own fight, but now we saw we had been fighting it also for Dick and Jane and possibly for many more to come.

Ruth sat down beside me, and honestly I think we felt as much like lovers as the children. We sensed the thrill of this new beginning as though it were our own. Life had never grown stale to us, but we were beginning to accept it as pretty well established when, presto, along came Dick and Jane to start it going again in the same old adventurous fashion. For Dick was so much a part of us that all his joys were our joys, all his griefs our griefs.

"I've got something else to tell you, dad," said the boy. "I've been dickering with Dardoni."

"How?" I asked.

"I want his place and I think he'll sell. Those fellows are always willing to move on."

Now this had never occurred to me as a possibility. Dardoni had some forty acres all under a high state of cultivation. He was one of the latter-day pioneers in town, and while in every respect a steady, honest citizen, it is a fact that he remained a source of petty irritation to many of the natives. If Dick could buy that place he would at once acquire a good farm and add to the general peace and happiness of the community. Personally, I both liked and admired Dardoni, but I was from Little Italy myself. To the others he was merely a foreigner.

"How much does he want?" I asked.

"Eight thousand dollars."

Ten years ago he had bought the whole place for three thousand, and every year since then he had made an increasingly good income from it. "Well," I said, "Dardoni's place is worth that if you mean to run it as a farm."

"I certainly do," said Dick. "I don't want the house. He has made that impossible, but I want to build a house of my own anyway."

"It costs a lot to build," I said.

"Yes. And ten years from now it will cost a lot more. Anyhow it's the old way. Jane and I have been talking it over, and we kind of feel that we want our home to be part of us from the beginning. We know what we want—a little brick house with white pillars in front and white trimmings. Our scheme is not to build any more than we want now, and arrange it so that we can add to it."

"Are we foolish?" said Jane, blushing very red.

"Ask Ruth," I said.

"You are very wise," said Ruth. "Have from the beginning every single thing you can afford. But keep your eyes on the ginger jar, my dears."

Then Jane said this:

"Will you let me tell you right now what I want you to give us for a wedding present?"

"You may choose from anything I have," said Ruth.

"Then," said Jane, "I want that little blue ginger jar."

"You'll have to get mother to show you how to use it," said Dick.

"You wait and see," said Jane.

I thought Dick was right myself. Jane was the daughter of the president of the savings bank, and though not extravagant had enjoyed the use of a lot more money than ever Ruth had. Furthermore, in the case of her and Dick there was no such need of a ginger jar as there had been in the life of Ruth and myself. However, it is something to have a good idea even if not much use is made of it. I wasn't worrying about their ever lacking means, but I was worried a little as to just what effect this would have on their attempt to run a farm. Necessity is a great spur to a farmer—especially at the start. If Mathews at the end of the first year had inherited another windfall I don't believe he would ever have been worth his salt as a farmer. However, I didn't tell my doubts to any one except to Ruth, and she never was a great hand to listen to doubts of any kind.

Dick bought the place in October. Up to the last moment I didn't believe Dardoni would sell at any price. I forgot to reckon with two facts—that he wasn't so firmly rooted as the rest of us here, and that he saw plenty of other opportunities. To him America was nothing but a land of opportunities. He didn't care whether he was in Maine or California. Give him forty acres of land anywhere and he was just as sure of

making a good living as though the land represented ten-per-cent gold bonds. A man couldn't help it by his method, which was simply to spend fourteen hours a day cultivating every inch of it, selling the produce to those who didn't believe in working, and living on a tenth of his income. As a matter of fact he bought a worse farm in the next town and was at work on it within ten days. It is curious, when you stop to think about it, that it was left to this Italian peasant to come over here and show us New Englanders how to run a New England farm.

Dick began tearing down the old house at once, using his own men from the city. I suggested that he marry and live with us until his new house was done, but he wouldn't listen to it.

"It's mighty good of you, dad," he said, "but both Jane and I feel that when we start we want to start in the new house."

Dick had his heart set on a brick house. I don't know where he acquired all his notions, but after his engagement they seemed to come forth fully developed. "I don't care how much more the house costs to start with," he said. "I'm going to save in the end on my insurance, my heat and my upkeep. But that isn't all. I like to think that I'm building for two hundred years. I want to feel that I'm here to stay and my children after me. I want to get as far away from the apartment-house idea as it's possible to get. It's time some of us Americans took to building real homes again."

"I don't know but you're right," I said, though I was surprised that the boy had thought this out.

"You bet I'm right!" he said. "The apartment house has done more to destroy the idea of permanency in American life than any other one thing. There ought to be a society for the suppression of apartment houses. You can't make a home in one if you try, and without a home I don't see what you've got to base a family on."

"I suppose the explanation of the apartment house is the fact that it reduces the cost of living."

"I wonder if it does," said Dick. "I'll bet a cent the saving all goes into theaters, hotel dinners and automobiles. Apartment dwellers have to get out or they'd go mad. And it's another significant fact that the first thing you hear when you try to hire an apartment is that children are not allowed. Did you ever figure that this is going to have some sort of an effect on America?"

"I guess you're right, son."

"You don't find many of our friends, the Jews, in houses where children are not allowed. Not on your life! The inmates are all good Americans."

There is some truth in what the boy said. A woman with children who hasn't a home of her own is almost an exile. She is treated worse than a leper. Children and dogs are not allowed, a few possible exceptions being made in the case of lap dogs. It looks like a small thing, but it's just such small things that in the course of years grow into big things. It's down in the tenement district that women and children are made welcome.

I didn't say anything more against the boy's brick house. It stood for a big idea, and as such was worth even to the town ten times what it cost him. It's surprising how a notion like this when expressed in definite form seeps into the minds of people. I suppose that's the good that monuments to great men do. Most persons learn more by seeing than they do by hearing. Dick didn't talk about his brick house outside the family, but I know for a certainty that just seeing it go up brick by brick with the idea of permanency which it suggested had its effect upon the young men of Brewster. That house preached a sermon.

"I'm starting life among you," it said. "I'm here to stay. I represent the idea that this young couple mean to establish a home and make a living among you and live among you for many generations. Their acts are not for today alone, but for all time."

That's the way houses were built in former times, and that's the lesson they preached. It makes for stability.

The house, too, expressed their own individual ideas. It was all one big room downstairs, except for the kitchen. The dining room was merely the end nearest the kitchen. Upstairs there was nothing but bedrooms and baths. It was only a story-and-a-half high, the idea being to erect when necessary a brick ell on one side, and later, if necessary, another ell on the other side, thus completing a sort of courtyard. This was sound economy.

"I don't see why a man should invest any more in his home than he can use," said Dick. "He would not do so in his factory. Idle rooms are idle capital and a drain on the wife besides. What's the use?"

"If You're Going to Raise Milk Which Has to be Sterilized I Don't Want It"

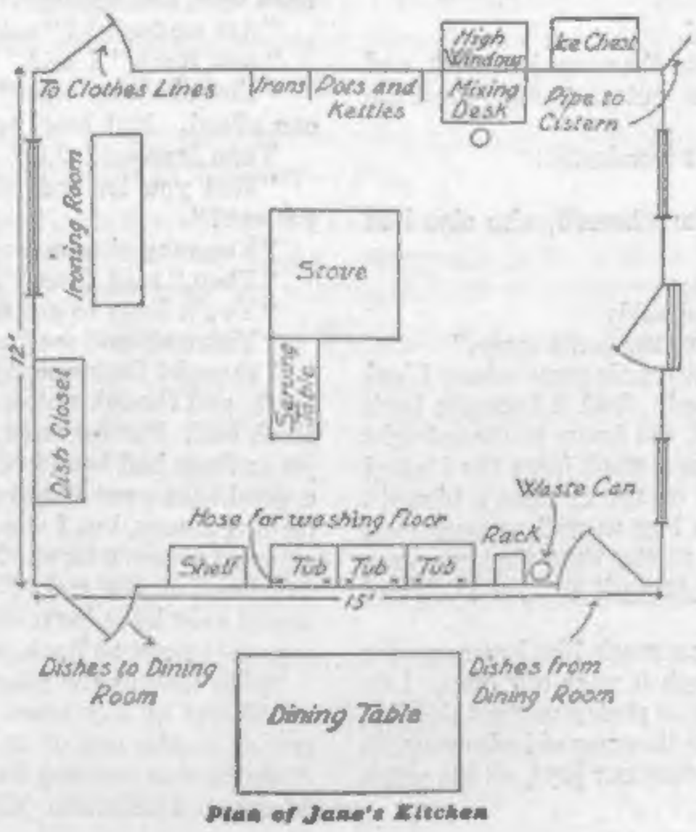
I don't see any argument against the boy, though this isn't the usual way of building.

II

THE other day I ran across a paper which Ruth read before the Pioneer Club. The point of view made a good deal of talk at the time, but it had its effect. It had its effect, too, on Jane and Dick when they came to furnish their new house. I'll copy part of it. Ruth doesn't like to talk in public, but her heart was in this; and though it was all she could do that evening to stand on her two feet when she stepped on the platform I suppose I was the only one who knew it. She said:

"I hope you won't think I'm impertinent—even you older women—and I know you won't because we're all one big family here. I can talk to you as though you were all my sisters and your men folk all my brothers. By the same token you are free to talk to me that way, and when I'm through I hope you will. It's the only kind of talk which does any good—that which is personal and straight from the heart. Then this is what I'd like to do if I had the time and you'd let me—I'd like to start in your attics, go straight down through your houses to the cellars and just take away from you the things you don't need. And I have a notion that the very women among you who feel that they are most in need would have the most things to throw away. I'd take those things and make them over into things you do need, or I'd sell them for what I could get, or I'd give them away, or I'd burn them. It's what I do in my own house every six months.

"Half the burden of housekeeping comes in doing the things we don't need to do and caring for the things we don't need at all. It isn't the doing of the necessary things that breaks the backs of farmers' wives; it's the doing of unnecessary things. You all know the condition of your attics. It makes you shudder every time you go up there. Once a year, perhaps, you half kill yourselves moving things round and putting them back again. If you'd only move things out instead of moving them round you wouldn't have to break your backs but once anyway. Go through those old trunks and take out every blessed thing. Use what you can use at once and dispose of the rest.



Plan of Jane's Kitchen

Don't dispose of it into another trunk, but get it out of the house. Yes, even your old wedding dress, because it's only rotting there. Make it over for yourself or your daughters, but do something with it. It's poor sentiment that leaves a thing to rot.

"Do the same thing with those broken-down chairs. Have the old furniture repaired and use it if you can; if you can't, split it into kindling wood. Don't leave it up there for next year. You'll never get rid of it that way. You'll just use up good live energy on poor dead things. The only useful attic is an empty attic.

"Then I'd come down a flight to your bedrooms. These rooms ought to be the easiest in the world to care for. They shouldn't contain a single thing that can collect dust. I wouldn't have a stuffed chair or a tidy or any but the simplest bureau-scarfs in any room. Take up your carpets and have them made into rugs if they are good enough. The smaller the rug the better. You want something you can throw out of the window now and then to lie in the sun. Do away with your tidies and such things. Don't have any pictures on the walls just because you happen to have them. If you enjoy them leave them there, but go round some day and look at them. You'll find some that have hung on your walls twenty years which you haven't seen since you hung them up. Keep only those you like to look at every day.

"I'd like to go to your parlors and pull up the curtains and let in the sunshine. Oh, but my fingers itch to get at some parlors I've seen. I'd like to abolish them all. They don't belong in a house. But if you must have one, have it cheerful and bright and clean. That means doing away with the stuffed furniture and the lace curtains. Those are the things that kill farmers' wives.

"I'd do away with useless dishes in the dining-rooms. I'd have every dish both useful and ornamental or I wouldn't keep it. I'd do away with all the old pots and kettles and pans in the kitchen which I didn't use. Give them to some one who can use them. It's easy enough to keep clean those you really use. You'd be surprised how few you need, even including those you think you might use some time. Do the same in your laundry and your cellar. Get back to the life your great-grandmothers lived.

"Did you ever stop to think that half the energy of modern business men is devoted to creating a demand for new articles? They spend as much money making us women think we want a new thing as they do in supplying that new thing. For years they have been busy creating new demands in us until we are overburdened. Perhaps sometimes these new things do save us work, but in a good many cases they end by making for us still more work. It's a lot easier to decrease the amount of work necessary to be done than it is to find an easier way of doing unnecessary work."

That was the pith of her talk. The way she worked it out in her own house was to simplify every branch of her work. This meant simpler house furnishings, simpler food for the table, simpler things to wear as a means for decreasing the laundry work. This she preached and practiced. It involved no sacrifice of standards, but it meant simpler standards. And don't make the mistake of thinking that Ruth had no artistic standards. She did. But she preferred to decorate her home with living flowers rather than with wax flowers or lithographs of flowers, or for that matter very good water-color flowers. She preferred autumn leaves and green winter branches to tidies. She preferred a clean, simple house to a dirty, "artistic" house.

It is one thing to express your ideas to a group and another to express them as advice to an individual, especially if that individual is a prospective daughter-in-law. No one could have been any chummier with Ruth than Jane was, but Ruth never made a suggestion to her unless it was asked. I thought it showed on her part a strange lack of interest and said so one night.

"This is their house, not ours, Billy," she said to me. "We've built our house, and now they must build theirs."

As a matter of fact it wasn't necessary for Ruth to express her ideas to either Dick or Jane. They knew them. Any one could know them, for Ruth lived her ideas. And both the children were in hearty sympathy with them. As soon as the cornerstone was laid, Dick and Jane spent most of their spare time scouring the countryside for solid old pieces of furniture such as were made by hand a hundred years ago. They weren't looking for mahogany. That wasn't used much in our town, even in early days. Most of the pieces were veneered, but they were made upon honor by artisans who took their time. They are as

solid today as when they were made. With a handicap of a hundred years they'll outlast much of the machine-made furniture of today.

Another queer thing is this: Much of the furniture which was made then for common everyday use is beautiful enough today for use in the most elaborate homes. I have a set of chairs that were made for the kitchen. They have wooden seats three inches thick and were put together with wooden pegs instead of nails. They are painted a bright canary yellow and have on the back an odd design that looks like a purple melon. But their lines are so beautiful, they are so solid and so reveal the hand of the careful workman, they are so unhackneyed and sincere, that they would grace a modern drawing room if such a room could be graced by anything. I have a number of little Colonial chairs with ash bottoms that stand as primly upright as Puritan children at church. I don't believe that even Chippendale ever designed anything of simpler beauty. Those old workmen must have had beneath their sturdy exteriors the hearts of artists.

Though antique dealers had skimmed the countryside of much of the best, Jane and Dick hardly entered a home but what they found something. And strangely enough the owners were always willing to part with an heirloom for a price that would supply them with new furniture to take its place. Most farmers have a passion for new things. They laugh at the old hardwood four-posters and are eager enough to swap them for the more ornate spick-and-span products fresh from the factory.

Farmers don't take so kindly to hard-bottomed chairs as their ancestors did. Maybe it's because they don't get so tired. Two-thirds of them will swap any time a hand-made hardwood bureau that sits on the floor like bed rock for a yellow pine thing that's new.

Furnishing Dick's house in this way gave a personal touch to each piece. These things were associated with long rides in the crisp winter air, with new friends made, and sometimes with wonderfully beautiful stories of the past. They didn't represent merely so many dollars and cents and a manufacturing plant. Then, too, when they were in the house they settled it. They brought with them the atmosphere of many homes. There was no newness about Dick's new house.

Dick had been brought up to help his mother. She had taught him to cook when a boy and there wasn't a better cook in Brewster. And there wasn't anything else about a house he couldn't do, even to washing and ironing. Any man with horse sense can do better housework than the average woman. This isn't any reflection on the women. They do their best, and goodness knows many of them put into the task everything they have. But they have fallen into a rut. Mothers have handed down to daughters for generations a routine method which has become antiquated. That's true of many a man's business.

Let a man with executive training, with fuller physical strength, untrammeled, come into a house and use his head, and he'll see things that the average woman can't see. A woman usually can't get any perspective, for she's too much tied down to her home.

Jane insisted from the beginning that she was going to get along without a servant. At first Dick protested, though I think he was pleased at the spirit Jane showed.

"Your mother has done it," said Jane. "After her example I'd be ashamed to have a servant in the house. Besides they're apt to be more bother than they're worth. They are hard to get and hard to keep, and often end by owning the house if you do succeed in keeping them. I'm an able-bodied woman and propose to do my own work as you do yours."

But if she proposed to do the work Dick proposed to simplify the task as much as possible. The house was furnished with this end in view. The bedrooms were kept as simple as possible. He did away with carpets and useless odds and ends. Anything that had to be moved was put on casters that would work. Then he installed a vacuum-cleaning outfit. An invalid could have cleaned his house from top to bottom in half a day.

But the kitchen was where Dick centered his efforts. That's where most women who do their own work spend their energy; and half of it is wasted there. Dick's kitchen was the wonder of the neighborhood.

In the first place Dick proposed to have it easy to keep clean. To this end he had it floored with red tiling with a mop board of white tiling. It was watertight, so that with a hose attached to the faucet the room could be washed clean in less time than it takes to wring out a mop. He got this idea from a hospital kitchen.

"Where they do things on a big scale," he said, "you can always get ideas for doing the same thing on a small scale."

Then he proceeded to simplify the dish washing. The dishes passed to the kitchen through a door directly back of the dining table, were scraped out into the waste can and then placed on a wooden rack next to a slate tub like a laundry tub. This tub was filled with boiling hot water from the hot-water faucet and plenty of soap used. Over this there was a pulley with a hook which fastened into the dishrack. The dishes were lowered into this, slid along to a tub next to it for a rinsing and then on to a third tub for a second hot-water rinsing. They were then lifted to a wooden drying shelf, where they were ready for a slight wiping. The dish closet was one step to the left and as fast as wiped the dishes were set upright in racks made for that purpose. The whole operation took but a few minutes, did away with the necessity of putting the hands in water, and left hardly a soiled dishtowel. This is the way dishwashing is done every day in hotels, and why no one ever thought of using this method at home I don't know. It was in my home within a week after I saw it work.

If the kitchen is the heart of the house, the kitchen stove is the heart of the kitchen. And yet it is generally placed not with an idea for convenience, but with the idea of getting it out of the way. Dick figured that it ought to be where Jane could reach it easily from her cooking stand and dishes. He figured it ought to be where she could get at all sides of it. This didn't take a very long head and yet passed for a startling innovation. Instead of tucking it away in one corner, he placed it in the middle of one side; instead of thrusting it back against the wall, he brought it out so that it was almost in the middle of the room. To the right was the mixing desk with the oven doors facing it one step away. The tin and iron cooking dishes hung behind the stove on hooks where they kept dry. They were still within reach of the mixing desk. Running from the left of the stove and joined to it was a serving table, so that Jane could slide the heavier dishes on to it without lifting them. Incidentally the stove and the serving table were not an arbitrary height. Dick saw to it that they fitted Jane just as a carpenter makes his bench to suit his height. The end of the serving table was again within one step of the washing tubs where the cooking dishes could be washed and within two steps of the slot through which they were passed to the dining table.

"I'd Like to Go Through Your Houses and Take Away the Things You Don't Need"

The ice chest was in a little shed of its own built just to the right of the mixing desk and so arranged that it could be filled from the outside. All the cooking materials were of course arranged about the mixing desk; the bread and pastry flour in drawers over the desk; baking powder, spices and such things in glass preserve jars on shelves above these, and the less-used articles on a higher tier. A glance at her jars and Jane knew just how much of everything she had on hand. A stool stood in front of the desk so that she could always sit down when she wished. The walls were painted a bright Colonial yellow and there were plenty of windows—one directly over the mixing desk, one next to the dish closet and one over the ironing board, and two on the opposite side of the room where a door led outdoors. The room itself was only twelve by fifteen feet. It was as compact as a laboratory.

This is the way it worked out in practice: It took but one step from the desk to reach the ice chest, where Jane found her milk, butter, lard, and so forth. This done she could sit down and from her stool reach every other article needed in her cooking. Once her things were mixed it was an easy reach to the cooking dishes and only a step to the oven door and wood box. When the meal was cooked she slid her pans and pots from the stove to the serving table. Two steps took the food to the entrance door into the dining room, where one more step brought it to the table. One step from the serving table brought her cooking dishes to the cleaning tubs.

I've given Dick's idea in some detail, because it seems to me worth while. It shows what a man can do by thinking in his home as well as in his office and is significant in showing the way Dick did everything. It also came pretty near solving the servant problem for them and left Jane with energy for other things.

Dick figured it out that he saved her in walking alone several hundred miles a year.

III

IT MAY be thought that for a farmer Dick was putting a good deal of time and money into his house. I'll admit that at first I thought so myself. I was afraid he was drifting toward the gentleman farmer class. There's no bigger nuisance in New England than the gentleman farmer and no more expensive luxury than a gentleman's farm. These farms are bad examples which discourage many real farmers. They are as mischievous in their effect as the false standards of living established at Newport. The gentleman farmer raises prize cattle and prize fruit and prize poultry, but at a cost that makes his effort essentially poor farming. The one test of a good farm is whether or not it pays—not always in a bank surplus, but in furnishing a decent living in proportion to the capital invested.

But Dick was in a better position than I had been. After all he didn't put an unfair proportion of his capital into

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One of Them Proposed Suing Him for Libel

MY LADY'S CONSCIENCE

A Customs Inspector's Story—Told to Frank B. Elser

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

FOR ten years I have been attached to the most unpopular branch of the United States Government Service—unpopular because it deals directly with that irritating obligation of our national life—personal taxation. I am an inspector of customs at the Port of New York.

By the Average Seagoer I Know I Am Regarded as a Pest

By the average seagoer I know I am regarded as a pest. Even some of the framers of our tariff laws so regard me. It was my experience once to hold up on the pier a standpat old New England protectionist member of Congress who took a prominent part in drafting the tariff act of 1909.

His declaration was grossly incomplete; and when we got through with him he had added some two thousand dollars to the value of articles purchased abroad.

More than three hundred and fifty thousand cabin passengers alone now reach New York annually, and it is the duty of the customs inspectors—there are about four hundred of us—to examine their baggage and, if necessary, their persons, in order that the revenue may not be defrauded. This examination is an exasperating ordeal for passenger and inspector alike, made under conditions where only the keenest observation and the broadest understanding of human nature on the part of the inspector prevent a maximum of friction and ill-feeling. To perform his work successfully an inspector must be, among other things, something of a judge, a lawyer, a fashion and jewelry expert, a tea-taster, an ornithologist, a dog fancier—and a gentleman.

Many of us are college graduates—some of us with professional training. Nearly all of us are over thirty years of age. Before taking up the work on the piers we are all put through a course of sprouts at the Custom House. Unique of its kind, this school is the outgrowth of an endeavor to fit men for the perplexing work incident to the enforcement of our intricate and everchanging tariff regulations. I mention this in deprecation of what appears to be the opinion prevalent among travelers—that the United States customs inspector is a uniformed menial, boorish in manner and speech, and selected according to his ability to muss my lady's lingerie when he goes through her trunks.

I want to disabuse you of this idea. There are exceptions, of course; but the majority of inspectors are chosen primarily for their tact, address and judicial temperament. I have known instances where candidates passed their civil-service examinations with credit, only to be rejected because they seemed not to possess these requisites.

The Little End of the Funnel

YET criticism and condemnation of American customs methods have become more or less a national habit. Invariably the homing passenger draws unfavorable comparisons between his home officials and those in foreign countries. Here, he complains, his baggage is rummaged as if he were a criminal. To the thousands who make such statements let me say a word in explanation.

In the first place the American tourist is the greatest of all spenders. He reaches Europe with his baggage lean and comes home with it bulging. Moreover, our tariff laws have, since 1897 and up to quite recently, demanded that a resident pay duty on pretty nearly everything he obtained abroad—exempting only strictly personal effects of nominal value.

Another thing: The port of New York in the matter of ocean travel is like the little end of a funnel. Eastbound steamships are likely to distribute their human cargoes at a number of English or Continental ports; but that is not true of westbound ships. The congestion at New York is acute. The arrival of twenty-five hundred cabin passengers in a single day is not unusual.

One day last August nine great liners came up to their piers with a total of three thousand six hundred and ninety-six in their first and second cabins. Incidentally there were about nine thousand in the steerage; but as steerage passengers are not required to make declarations I shall not attempt to describe the difficulties we encounter in examining their pitiable belongings.

From the cabins alone come nearly a million pieces of baggage a year. I question whether any other port in the world equals this record.

The examination of this vast consignment is a tremendous job, entailing thorough though stopwatch work by the inspector—the sort of work that so riles the protesting passenger, impatient to be on his way.

With the enactment of the Underwood-Simmons Bill by the Wilson Administration, I am happy to say, there was a decided broadening in the regulations governing the baggage of returning residents. Formerly duty was exacted on everything not coming in the category of personal effects. Even these had to be within the hundred-dollar limit. The new act admits free practically all articles, whether personal effects or not, so long as they do not exceed one hundred dollars in value, or are not barred for cause, or are not intended for sale or for business purposes, or as commissions for others.

By no one more than by the customs officers was this change hailed with satisfaction; its adoption, in fact, was largely brought about by the rank and file of the customs men themselves, who saw in the former provision a species of class legislation probably never intended. Its enforcement prevented the free entry of any household articles, a manifest hardship on many—particularly the frugal ones in the second cabin. It barred table linen and the like in no matter how meager a quantity, though admitting as personal effects such articles as handkerchiefs and silk stockings.

You can imagine the outraged feelings of persons who justly felt the pinch of this distinction. Most passengers labored under the belief that they could bring in free anything not exceeding one hundred dollars in value, regardless of its character. They were nearly always prepared to argue the point and a great deal of confusion resulted.

Until the year 1897 the Federal Government appears to have made no consistent attempt to collect revenue on passengers' baggage. Such a customs net as was spread prior to that time was of a flimsy character, designed to sift out the whales, as it were, in order to hold merchandise in its proper channels.

With the passage of the tariff act of that year, however, a sort of half-hearted system of inspection was begun. Yet the revenue yielded was inconsiderable; it was hard to instill snap into the system after so many years of inactivity. The fathers of the new act had predicted a return of ten million dollars annually. They were sadly disappointed. The meshes in the net were still very wide, though slowly tightening.

New blood was infused into the service in 1901, a year when ocean travel began strongly to appeal to the popular imagination in this country; and, with radical changes in methods and personnel, things began to look up. A few passengers were actually arrested for smuggling. Invariably they were released. A crusade was started against a notorious clique engaged in smuggling women's wearing apparel. Their operations were carried on through the medium of passengers' baggage.

The legal officers of the service remained ultraconservative, however, working in an old groove of precedents; and it was not until 1908 that it became the regular order to place dishonest passengers in the same class with crooked importers—that is, to press for conviction in the Federal courts.

Then came to the Custom House a man with a determination. He had been secretary to Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. His name was William Loeb, Jr. He assumed the office of collector of the port in 1909, and as if by magic the duties collected on passengers' baggage jumped during his term from four hundred thousand to two million dollars annually. He meant business. The service also was primed for action.

Arrests of passengers with moral lesions as regards rendering unto Uncle Sam the things that were his became frequent. Many prominent women had experiences—humiliating, to say the least. Several were stripped by inspectresses and searched. One or two were heavily fined. One was sent to jail for three days. She had brazenly smuggled a valuable fur coat. Her jail sentence, short as it was, was worth to the service—as a deterrent to others—five hundred thousand dollars annually. To date she is the only woman smuggler on whom a jail penalty has been imposed, though women offenders predominate.

That is an ungallant remark and I want to couple it with a statement which will take away some of the sting. I am prepared to contradict the belief—widely current, generally accepted, and apparently supported by fact—that women are, as regards the customs, essentially more dishonest than men. Federal judges, in reprimanding and releasing a feminine offender, have declared it to be so; but I stand ready to contradict it.

The Tempting Fetish of Fashion

THE truth is, women passengers attempt to smuggle and do smuggle more frequently than men; but I do not think their moral nature is one whit different. If conditions were reversed—that is, if man worshiped finery as woman does; if keeping in style were to him a fetish; if while abroad he exceeded his allowance in a hysteria of buying a wondrous assortment of gowns, lingerie and hats—I am convinced that we should find him just as persistent as his wife in seeking to avoid paying duty.

Back of nearly all the cases in which women are involved is the insinuating foreign shopkeeper. Dealers abroad, notably on the Continent, are irreconcilably bitter against the United States customs. They argue—and logically—that our duties seriously reduce the amount of madame's purchases, and they are quick to suggest that outwitting the authorities is quite the proper thing.

One Parisian concern makes a specialty of false-bottom trunks and openly advertises them in the newspapers. Or a

The Newspaper Boys Have Written a Lot About Our Slipping Off Hat Decorations While the Owners Shrieked

hint may be dropped in a woman's presence that, as a special favor in her case, there can be furnished her a false invoice of articles purchased, stating their value at, say, one-half.

Madam may indignantly reject any such proposal at the time; but the germ is a fertile one, and subsequently in the quiet of her stateroom, aghast at the extent of her extravagance, she may yield to temptation. Having rejected the false invoice and spurned the trick trunk, she may resort to the popular and often transparent scheme of sewing American labels in her purchases, meantime seeking to impart to them just enough of the appearance of wear to give credence to the statement that they are of domestic origin.

Many a woman has doubtless come in sight of the Statue of Liberty industriously putting the finishing touches to this fraud. The growing similarity of the products of our own modistes to those of the Parisians makes this deception harder and harder to detect. The recurring persistence with which it is attempted by the unscrupulous necessitates painstaking examinations and works a hardship on the innocent.

A good customs inspector must thus necessarily be familiar with the characteristic features of the products of all the prominent foreign dressmakers and milliners. He carries a list of nearly fifty of them in his memory book. No envious woman, covertly eying another's gown, could be quicker than he to note its make.

The origin of lingerie and hosiery is much harder to detect. Stained dress shields we often find sewn in gowns and waists bought abroad, along with the bogus domestic labels. The owner will look at you in a bored sort of way, as if your stupidity were trying her patience to the breaking point; then she probably will remark, if you continue your inspection: "Oh, that old rag! Don't waste time on that! It's years old really, and purchased in this country."

Frequently, however, it happens that the dress shields alone show signs of wear. If the wrist and waist bands, or the hem of the skirt, as the case may be, are spotless the inspector is instantly alert; and in a preponderance of cases the fraud is detected. Sometimes a double row of tiny needleholes, indicating the sewing in of a different set of labels, will lead to the detection.

I wish I were word artist enough to describe or psychologist enough to analyze a woman's actions and feelings in the various stages of such an examination. Our directions are: "In case of suspicion proceed quietly, observing and comprehending all surface indications, meantime asking searching and intelligent questions. Do not handle the articles or garments unnecessarily. Remember that they may be the passenger's most sacred possessions."

A Miserable Outrage

THE suspected woman, let us assume, is the wife of a millionaire banker or manufacturer. Her husband, she states with emphasis for your benefit, was a heavy contributor to the ——— campaign fund of 19—, and has great influence at Washington. She looks at you more daggers than the man with the nice eye hurls at the spangled lady in the circus. How would you like to have the job of going through her trunks?

Not so very long ago an ostensibly outraged and indignant woman was in the midst of a bitter tirade against a quaking young inspector when a weary-looking man stepped up.

"This is a miserable outrage!" the woman was saying.

"Yes, Maria," said the weary-looking man—"an outrage against the Government. Stop it! I don't care how much stuff you've bought abroad—I want to pay the full duty." And he did.

He was her husband. The wife gave him a mighty black look; but her declaration as revised was vastly different from the original.

It is not uncommon for husbands, on landing, to draw us quietly aside and caution us not to pay any attention to what their wives may or may not declare, but to rely on them for the truth. Others, who have remained at home while their wives traveled and acquired foreign wardrobes, sometimes notify us in advance that they—the husbands—will be on hand when the ship docks to see that everything dutiable is properly declared.

On the other hand we encounter many cases where husband and wife conspire together to smuggle. In other instances wives, ordinarily honest even in the smallest matters, feel that they must defraud the customs as a necessary incident to concealing from their husbands the real extent of their extravagance.

Few passengers are arrested on the piers. We do not purposely seek to humiliate any one. If search of the person is necessary it is always done in a place screened from public view—most likely in the passenger's stateroom. Women, of course, handle such cases when women passengers are involved. In the inspectress' presence the unhappy and mortified offender must remove her clothing piece by piece and hand over each for examination.

Frauds against the revenue may be roughly classed under five heads, in the order of the loss sustained by the Government in their operation, as follows:

1—False claims to non-residence.
2—Concealment of jewelry on the person.
3—False claims that articles are of domestic origin or manufacture.
4—Concealment of articles in trunks with false bottoms or similar devices.
5—Concealment of articles in the baggage—such as, for instance, quilting lace in the lining of a coat or jacket.

"All She Had" Turned Out to be a Diamond Sunburst

Away above all other subterfuges as a sapper of duties come the false claims to non-residence. Non-residents fall into two classes—aliens who at no time have had residence in the United States, and Americans who have adopted bona-fide residence abroad.

When I tell you that practically no limit is placed on the value of personal effects a non-resident may bring in duty free, you will understand the popular though unpatriotic demand thus to be classified. Accurately determining the truth or falsity of such claims is about as easy as swatting a will-o'-the-wisp. No other feature of the tariff act is more difficult to meet with a hard-and-fast rule.

It must be borne in mind that from a customs standpoint citizenship and residence are not necessarily one and the same thing. The Treasury Department tried to determine the length of time one must remain abroad before a claim of non-residence could be sustained. In this it failed, and the regulations under which we now work sidestep the issue, merely specifying persons arriving in the United States and residents of the United States returning from abroad. In the circumstances every case must be considered on its own merits.

About the only restriction placed on a non-resident and his personal effects, aside from the formal "not intended for sale or commission," is the proviso that his outfit shall be suitable to his station and appropriate to his journey. Here again is a beautiful little puzzle.

Yet it gives us an opening wedge for investigation. Maids, valets and other persons of inferior station frequently are pressed into service as carriers; and we are quick to note whether articles and garments, as well as their containers, are in keeping with the breeding and demeanor of their ostensible owners.

I regret to say that many an American woman of refinement and unsullied reputation has lent herself to the cheating of our customs by becoming a carrier while traveling under a false or legitimate claim to non-residence. More than one clear-eyed American girl has brought in a batch of Parisian gowns for dishonest dealers, conspiring here and abroad; and more than once we have caught her at it.

Whenever possible we find and convict the guilty American dealer, and after hearing the girl's tearful confession let her go, with the expressed hope that she is ashamed of herself and will never attempt such a thing again.

I call to mind the case of an American woman, an army officer's widow, who resided in Paris, maintained by a Government pension. It was my bitter experience several years ago to wring from her on the pier a confession that an assortment of gowns in her trunks was intended for a dealer.

She had with her a letter from a gentleman in our diplomatic service attesting that she was a bona-fide non-resident, and bespeaking for her our courtesy and expedition in passing her baggage in bond to an interior city. For reasons not essential to state here, we felt that a careful examination was necessary.

An Indignant Smuggler

"MADAM," I asked, using the stereotyped query required of us, "have you any articles intended as presents, or for sale, or as commissions for others, which have not been mentioned in your declaration?"

"Certainly not!" she said indignantly.

"It will be necessary to open your trunks," I said as courteously as possible.

Her face grew livid.

"They are to go through in bond," she said. "You will open them at your peril."

"Madam, will you be kind enough to give me the keys?"

She turned and made as if to leave the pier.

"Your keys?" I said again.

She froze me. I called a porter. Let me explain here that we are not required to perform the physical act of opening baggage. The department thinks it unwise, on the theory that in the eyes of many it would injure the inspector's efficiency.

Besides it would mean dirty hands—and dirty hands would ruin a dainty wardrobe. Of course, in the absence of a porter or a cooper, we give assistance when needed.

"The keys, madam!" I insisted.

Again she ignored me. Her scorn was superb. I spoke to the porter. In a twinkling he had done something we seldom resort to: he neatly cut out the lock of a trunk and threw back the lid. Before us lay a shimmering mass of women's finery.

Appraisal showed three thousand dollars' worth of apparel in those trunks, only a small part of which belonged to the would-be carrier. Subsequently she turned state's evidence and gave testimony that resulted in the conviction of the dealer. In consideration of a few gowns and transportation to and from the United States she had become his tool. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A slim young miss from Chicago, we shall say—though Chicago was not the city—essayed a similar performance after establishing residence in Paris. She had gone there to study, with a woman of apparent culture and integrity, retained by the girl's busy father—a widower presumably—as chaperon and traveling companion.

The character of the girl's baggage and the simplicity of her dress were so at variance with a lot of costly model gowns found in her trunks that the intent to defraud was patent. None of the models fitted her.

Gently we questioned the girl. She broke down utterly, weeping. Her chaperon, in league with a dressmaker, had persuaded her to take the chance. This woman was found guilty in the Federal courts; but to our great disgust she was fined only eighty-four dollars. The little girl was allowed to go.

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HEN TAKES POSSESSION

By William Hamilton Osborne

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX

"Hen, Put That Money Back!"

HEN HINKLEY softly shut the picket gate behind him. Then he looked stealthily around the corner of the house. He drew a long, deep, alcoholic breath—a sigh of satisfaction. Two figures labored in the dim distance. Ma Hinkley must be in the house alone. Things were coming Hen's way.

He tiptoed into the house. When he reached the kitchen he drew himself up to his full height and clomped in.

"Hello, ma!" he said. "Where's Gret and Gretta? They ain't takin' to leavin' you alone? 'Tain't right, ma. I'll have to talk politics to 'em."

Hen's voice was lowered instinctively to a certain pitch. He wanted ma to hear him—and yet he preferred that two other people, working at the fence out there, should not even know he was about.

Ma Hinkley scrutinized his face.

"Hen," she said in quavering tones, "Hen, you're lookin' better. Y'ain't so pale."

Hen nodded. He had been pale—very pale. He had spent the winter months in the penitentiary, sent up as the chief offender in a drunken brawl, and he had been out but three short days. For two of the three days he had remained with this deathly pallor on his face. The reason was sufficient: He could not get drink without money or credit, and he had neither.

Only yesterday ma had yielded. Hen had had to buy some tools to start working at his new trade—what it was Hen did not just say—and ma had furnished a reasonable amount of the wherewithal. She had furnished it in secret, behind closed doors. Ma's daughter Gret had not known anything about it.

Hen, having procured this reasonable sum of money, had laid it out in tools that improved his complexion. His face was ruddy. So was his proboscis.

"Y'ain't so pale, Hen," repeated his mother. "Ye'r lookin' better, Hen."

Hen nodded toward her with an affectionate leer assumed for the occasion. He was glad of one thing—old age and many coughs and colds had taken from ma one of her five senses: she couldn't smell.

"I'm feelin' better, ma," returned Hen. "You know I can't drink no more. They cured me of the habit up there. I've come to hate drink, ma. Look here!"

He rolled over to a little cupboard and opened it. Inside there was a brown bottle, kept for emergencies. He uncorked it. He smelt of it. A beatific expression overspread his countenance. Hen felt the need of a drink. He placed the bottle in close proximity to his lips. Then, remembering suddenly, he thrust it from him in disgust.

"You see, ma!" he went on virtuously. "I hate the stuff now. It ain't not only that I don't want it—I can't take it. I've been cured."

"That's fine!" said ma gratefully. Something in her mouth—her teeth possibly—became disarranged. She paused in her speech to correct the interruption. Finally she mumbled—almost apologetically, as one who would not look a gift horse in the mouth: "Hen, did you get the tools?"

"Ordered 'em," returned Hen, "special. They told me up there where I learnt th' trade to order special; if I didn't I'd get stuck. So I ordered special, ma—f'm New York," he added glibly. "I couldn't order special in this God-forsaken town of Hendershot—now, could I, ma? So I ordered f'm New York. An' ma," he went on confidentially, looking carefully round, "what d'ye think I got? I'm goin' to get a job."

"Come over close," said ma; "I can't hear—on'y don't talk so loud 'at Gret'll hear you. You've got a job, Hen?" Her eyes shone proudly. She wheezed with satisfaction.

Hen lumbered over toward her, but still stood at a respectful distance. He wasn't sure whether ma's infirmity as to smell was total or merely constructively so. Alcohol is an insidious thing. It searches out the feeblest kind of an olfactory nerve.

"What's yer job?" asked ma.

"You wouldn't understand, ma," returned Hen; "but you've heard tell of concrete, ain't you? Well, ma, it's a job on concrete. An' the tools—there's a dozen of 'em, graded—has got to be just so. You see the job is the same as the trade I learnt up there. An' I c'd go to work tomorrer if I had my tools." He looked at the floor. "If I only had my tools," he repeated; "an'—an' somethin' else. An' if I can't get that somethin' else I don't get the job."

"What else d'ye need?" asked Ma Hinkley.

Hen scraped the unoffending kitchen floor—it was as clean as wax—with his muddy shoes.

"I hate to tell you, ma," he faltered, his eyes on the floor. "It ain't—it ain't money, is it, Hen?"

"Money!" returned Hen in despair. "It is money, ma. Money is the only thing that keeps me from that job. If I don't get th' money I don't get th' job; an' if I don't get th' job I'll get discouraged; an' if I get discouraged I'm liable to take to drink."

His eyes wandered toward the cupboard. He wished that he could take to drink at once.

"I—I thought you couldn't drink no more!" said ma.

Hen nodded.

"The doc at the—up there," he answered, "says there's only one thing that'd drive me back to drink, an' that's discouragement. That's what he said, ma. So long as I c'n get a job, I can't drink. An'"—he added desperately—"I got to have money to get it, ma."

"How much d'ye need, Hen?" she quavered.

Hen drew a long breath.

"I need ninety dollars, ma," said Hen.

Ma shivered.

"I ain't on'y got ninety-two dollars," she said.

"I know it, ma. The man wanted a hundred—that's what he wanted. An' I told him I c'd on'y raise ninety. So he said all right. But I got to have it, ma—t' keep me from drink."

Ma rose feebly, struggling from her chair. Hen didn't dare to help her—he feared to go too close. Besides, it was not within Hen's code to help anybody else.

Ma turned and lifted up her cushion, and then lifted up the seat. Under the seat was a little square recess and fitting tight within the recess was a battered tin box. This tin box was a thing ma lived with, day and night. She sat on it all day and slept on it all night—and she was a light sleeper and a heavy sitter, was Ma Hinkley—especially of late years. She drew forth the box, replaced her cushion and the seat, and sank once more, wheezing, into her chair.

Hen, forgetting caution, bent over her. Ma fumbled with the bills.

"I've spent all my money on you, Hen," she said.

"You'll get it back, ma—every cent!" said Hen. He held out his hand and ma counted out the bills.

"An' ten is ninety—there y'are, Hen!" she finally exclaimed.

Hen's hand closed on the bills. He thrust them into his trousers pocket. He was just in time. An instant later a woman in a gray duster and with a disheveled hat on her head swooped down on him and on Ma Hinkley.

"Hen," said this woman, "put that money back!"

Ma glanced up in surprise.

"It ain't Gret!" she exclaimed. "Well, if it ain't Mena Kessler took us by surprise!"

Mena Kessler—she was ma's oldest daughter and she lived "over to Bascom," five miles away—did not answer. With one hand she held Hen's arm; with the other she gripped the tin box.

"Put the money back, Hen!" she exclaimed. "Y'ain't got no right to it."

"It's ma's!" returned Hen stoutly. "She kin do with it what she likes."

"She can't!" said Mena. "She's got to leave it to us when she dies. How much did you give him, ma?"

Hen wrenched himself free and attempted to secure the tin box. Mena retained possession of it.

"You b'en drinkin' again, Hen! Shame on you!"

"He ain't b'en drinkin'," protested ma; "he's stopped drinkin'. He can't drink—it disgusts him, Mena. Hen don't drink no more."

"He must wash in it, then," said Mena sniffing.

Hen shook his head.

"What you smell, Mena," he explained, "is a medicine I take to keep me from it. I don't drink, I tell you. I've quit for good an' all."

Mena turned her back on Hen. Hen stole softly toward the door. Mena opened the cover of the tin box. In it there was a collection of odds and ends and a two-dollar bill—and nothing else.

"Ma Hinkley!" cried Mena, glaring in astonishment—"Ma Hinkley, what's become of all your money? You had hundreds an' thousands, fer all I know, in this box. What's become of it? I've got a right to know!"

Ma did not answer. The thin blood crept into her face.

"You give it to him!" cried Mena. "Is thet so?" Ma did not answer. Mena Kessler stooped over and shook her mother. "Answer me!" she commanded.

Ma was silent. The full force of the truth broke in on Mena. Ma had permitted Hen to rob her, bit by bit, of almost every dollar she had.

"You ought to go to the penitentiary, ma," said Mena. "You're as bad as Hen—every bit. I got some rights, ain't I? When you was dead I was goin' to set up my boy Herman in business with my share of that money. You're a criminal, ma—that's what you are! You've robbed honest people of their money—you've robbed me ——"

"Who's robbed you, Mena?" said a voice behind her.

Mena swung about. She knew that voice. An undersized, middle-aged, wiry, well-formed little woman faced her. Behind this woman was her counterpart—a young girl. The woman was not without traces of beauty—she certainly looked fit. The young girl had all her mother's wiriness and form, and she had all the beauty her mother had lost as years went on.

"Who's robbed you, Mena Kessler?" defiantly queried this woman.

Mena Kessler folded her arms and looked down in contempt and anger at her sister.

"Gret," she cried offensively, "y'ain't fit to manage mother—ye don't know how. Mother's gone an' give all her money to that big drunken sot there!"

She turned to Hen—that is, she thought she did; but Hen was not in sight. With his clutch on ninety dollars in real cash Hen was on his way. His way, he assured himself, led along the primrose path. He humped himself, for he needed a big drink—and then another; then possibly some more.

"For years," cried Mena Kessler, "she's been givin' him her money." She leered suspiciously. "Unless," she added, "she's b'en givin' some to you."

Gret—her name was Gretta Schepp—had married; the young girl was her child. Gret was Ma Hinkley's youngest daughter. Gret shook her head.

"Ma never give me no money, Mena!" she exclaimed. "What I need, I earn. What Gretta needs, I earn. An'—what's more—what ma needs, I earn."

"Ain't you never borrowed?" queried Mena.

"Not from ma," said Gret.

Finding no thoroughfare here, Mena Kessler grew more angry than ever.

"It's all your fault—lettin' ma squander on a drunken loafer, Gret! Why didn't you watch her close?"

"I did," said Gret quietly. "There ain't nobody can keep nothin' from me. I knew all about it all the time. What's more, many times I seen her give it to him."

"An' you didn't stop her!" screamed Mena.

"I didn't even let her know I saw," said Gret.

"You durned fool!" yelled Mena. "Why not? That money belongs to us."

"It belonged to ma," said Gret; "an' it was ma's one pleasure—givin' to Hen. She's got a right to pleasure, ain't she, in her old age? You know she always liked Hen. She never had no time for us girls—it was always Hen. Well, she's had her pleasure—an' she had a right to it. I'm satisfied to let my share go for that."

"I ain't satisfied!" cried Mena. "An'—what's more—I'm goin' to see that ma don't get robbed no more."

"She ain't got no more—Hen Hinkley's got it all," said Gret.

"She owns this place, don't she? An' it's worth thousands, ain't it? It's one o' the tidiest places an' one o' the biggest places in Hendershot, ain't it? 'Fore long she'll be givin' it to Hen."

"No, she won't," said Gret. "It'd take a lawyer to do that, an' ma's skeered o' lawyers. And, besides, the lawyer wouldn't let her give it to Hen."

"He would if he was Hen's lawyer."

"Hen can't get no lawyer," answered Gret.

"Ma," said Mena firmly, "you git yourself ready. You're comin' home with me—to Bascom."

Ma flushed. She flushed with pleasure and excitement. She had often hinted at a visit—had almost asked Mena; and not only Mena, but Sophie Gebhard—her third daughter—to take her for a visit. Hitherto invitations had not been forthcoming. She brightened visibly.

"You're comin' home with me," went on Mena; "for a while anyhow," she added, hedging a bit, for she wasn't just sure how her man might take this thing; "for a while, till I can get some sense in your head." She turned back on Gret.

"You're no good, Gret!" she yelled. "You ain't got sense. You never ain't had sense. Th' idea! Lookin' on while ma squandered on a drunk! Ha! You never was o' much account. You couldn't keep your man for more'n ten months, c'd you now? An' look what you got—a miserable beast like that man Schepp!"

Gret smiled.

"I don't know," she said reminiscently, "but I'm about as well off as you be, Mena. I got married anyhow. An' I got a child. An' ten months is just about enough for me. Now I ain't got to knuckle down to no man—like others have. It was considerable of a strain f'r Schepp to keep decent for ten months. He was a beast, all right. I know that now. But that ten months was pretty average, Mena. An' I ain't got no man a-naggin' at me now—like others has."

"Who do you mean by others has?"

Gret laughed tauntingly.

"I was just a-thinkin' o' my sister, Sophie Gebhard," she returned.

"That's different," said Mena.

"Sophie Gebhard—an' others," added Gret dreamily.

That very afternoon Ma Hinkley started for Bascom. Mena took her over in a hired carriage. Gret supplied the horse—Gret had a horse. He was an ice horse in summer and a coal horse in winter. Gret sold ice by the piece and coal by the pail to the surrounding neighborhood. Her storehouse was an old shed next the barn. Her horse was a necessary asset, for every day she went to the canal and bought half a wagonful of ice and half a wagonful of coal.

"He'll get you there, ma," said Gret; "an' he won't get much excited over it. So don't you worry—on'y," she added to Mena, "you get him back termorrer."

"Where's that two dollars, ma?" said Mena. "It costs me that to hire this carriage for a day." Ma passed it over.

"Now," went on Gret, "you treat ma kind and gentle, Mena. That's all I ask o' you."

Mena bridled.

"Don't you tell me how to treat ma!" she cried with asperity as they drove off.

As a matter of fact she did treat ma "kind and gentle." So did all the family in Bascom. Even Mena's man was kind and gentle. Ma felt as though she were in a butter tub. There was plenty of heat and lots to eat, and her favorite dishes were always in evidence. The children bought her gifts and made her aprons, pillows and wash-rags. They played games with her. Ma began to revise her ideas. Bascom was almost a city, and Mena Kessler and her man were almost city folks. Ma found herself quivering with pleasure and excitement.

Gret would have left her to revel in this Paradise; but not so Mena. Mena brought the morning paper in one day and laid it on ma's lap.

"Ma," she said, pointing out an item, "you might as well know first as last: Hen Hinkley has gone up to the penitentiary—fer a year this time. He's been on a tear ever sence you give him that money that I caught you givin' him—an' he got into another drunken brawl.

"Now, ma," Mena went on, ignoring ma's whimpers, "the time's come when your best friends have got to talk to you. Do you believe that I'm your best friend? That's the question now. I'm your oldest, ma, and I'm best calculated to advise you. Ain't I? An' my man an' my children—ain't we your best friends? Don't we know what's best? Don't we treat you right?"

Ma had to acknowledge that they did. This point gained, Mena followed up her advantage. "I'm your best friend, ma," she went on, "and I'm goin' to give you good advice. You ought to make your will. You got a tidy piece o' property in Hendershot, ma, and you ought to think about it. You ought to make your will."

Ma made her will in fear and trembling. She expected to drop dead immediately thereafter—but she did not. Something else dropped, however—the enthusiasm of the Kesslers. Bit by bit they lost interest in ma. They even made overtures to Sophie Gebhard. They invited Sophie—Sophie, remember, was ma's second daughter—over to lunch one day, an unprecedented thing; and told Sophie, much to ma's surprise, that ma was visiting all her daughters before she died.

During the course of the day, Mena, with considerable lack of tact, outlined the history of Hen's iniquity in getting his hands on all ma's tangible assets. From that time forth Sophie took interest; she urged ma to visit her—urged with enthusiasm.

Ma went with her. The Kesslers after her departure sighed with relief. Mena Kessler drew out the will and read it for the hundredth time to her man.

"She leaves everything to me," said Mena ecstatically. "Now I've got just what I want."

Her man nodded in quiet satisfaction.

"It's all in legal form," he said; "the lawyer said so. They'll never be able to break that will."

"Never!" said Mena.

Ma went to Sophie Gebhard's, where she was treated with eminent distinction. Mena had made the mistake of not keeping up her enthusiastic hospitality until the end. The social air was getting chilly when ma left Mena's. The warmth of Sophie Gebhard's welcome was delightful. Ma spent some months at Sophie's. At length Sophie had a heart-to-heart talk with ma behind closed doors.

"Ma," she said, "of all your children I'm the one who liked you best. I always liked my ma. Don't you remember, when I was a little kid, how I used to like you? And I like you now. . . . Ma," she said tenderly, "I want you to do something for me—I want you to make a will."

Ma started.

"I—I made one!" she gasped.

It was Sophie's turn to start.

"For Hen?" she cried. "He's a good-for-nothin', ma."

"It—it wasn't for Hen I did it," whimpered ma.

"Gret ain't no right to think she owns you, ma," protested Sophie. "We all 've got some rights."

"It was Mena," faltered ma.

Sophie burst forth into vituperation against Mena. Then she went out to see a lawyer. She came back with the lawyer and with a radiant face.

"Here's the lawyer, ma," she said. "You're goin' to make your will."

"I made one," faltered ma. "How can I make another?"

"You may make as many as you like," said the lawyer. "It's the last one that counts."

He took out his notebook. "What's your pleasure, Mrs. Hinkley?" he inquired.

"I've talked it all over with ma," said Sophie; "and to tell the truth, ma is afraid of all her children but me. She can trust me—can't you, ma?"

"Yes, Sophie," said ma.

"Mena has done a mean thing," went on Sophie: "she's got ma to make a will in her favor, and she intends to keep it for herself. Now I thought that if ma put her estate in the hands of some person she could trust—like me—why, I'd see to it that the estate was rightly divided up. I'd see that all got justice. Ma can trust me to that extent—can't you, ma?"

"Why shouldn't I?" weakly responded ma.

"So ma wants you to make out a will leaving everything to me."

"And appointing you executor?" said the lawyer.

"Exactly," said Sophie; "just leaving it outright to me; and I'll treat 'em all right—Hen and Gret and even Mena too. That's right, ain't it, ma?"

Ma said it was. So the lawyer went back to his office and drew up the will and brought a witness back. The second will was signed.

Once more ma found the mercury descending. Finally Sophie sent for Gret. Before doing so, however, she cautioned ma not to say a word about the will—and cautioned her against making any other wills. She told ma that under the law a person could make two wills, but no more; and that to make a third was a state's-prison offense. Then she sent for Gret.

Gret came by train.

"We got to go back by train, you an' me, ma," said Gret, "unless Sophie can blow us to a ride."

(Continued on Page 48)

"We Got to Hire a Spokhust, or We'll Die, Both of Us"

"If I'd Knowed They Was Comin' I'd 'Ave Made Out to Treat 'Em Rough"

THE GAY-CAT

By PATRICK CASEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

IT WAS a night of fog. Slowly over the sleek, wet ties the two hoboes shuffled. They were a man and a boy. The boy did not walk at an even stride with the man. He followed, like a shrunken shadow, a step behind. It was significant. Both were tattered, blackened by grime and chilled with the fog. They were hunched of shoulder, heavy-legged. They were alike save for that interval of a step. That marked a difference. It was a difference old as the world. It began when first a slave stumbled after the dominator through the bleak dusk of the primeval. It showed that the one served the other.

The face of the boy burned with the chill of the fog. They had ridden the brakes from Ogden in cramped proximity to the roadbed and the clacking wheels. Flying pebbles had cut their skin with nasty scratches. Dust and cinders had eaten like acid into the cuts. The damp of the fog loosened those gatherings. Like salt in the wind it made the cuts sting.

The boy rubbed his face with a threadbare sleeve, stiff as sandpaper with dirt. He whimpered. The man went on. He heard the boy. He did not turn his head. The boy, had he done so, would have backed away in fear. He rubbed his face again. Again he whimpered. It was not to arouse sympathy. It was the outpouring of a soul's misery. It was like an animal's. Misery was inside of him. Like an animal he whimpered to rid himself of that misery. All the while, at that interval of a step, hunched of shoulder, shuffling legged, he slouched on after the other through the fog.

Neither the man nor the boy caught the moan of the dog that followed them. It was like an echo of the boy's. It came from behind them, at each whimper of the boy, like sympathy. It echoed, as they reached the hangout, the last whimper of the boy.

The hangout was down from the railroad embankment in a field of rusted car-wheels. The wheels were in immovable twos, a three-inch axle slung between. At the end of the stretch of wheels was the hangout, barricaded on one side by a corrugated iron windshield, roughly thrown up, and on the other by a derelict gondola freight car.

The man and the boy halted at the end of the car-wheels. The hoboes in the hangout had finished eating. They lay on stray ties or on the scattered straw and excelsior with faces to the fire. The light of the fire disclosed the man, and behind him the boy.

"If it ain't Frisco Red!" exclaimed one prone figure.

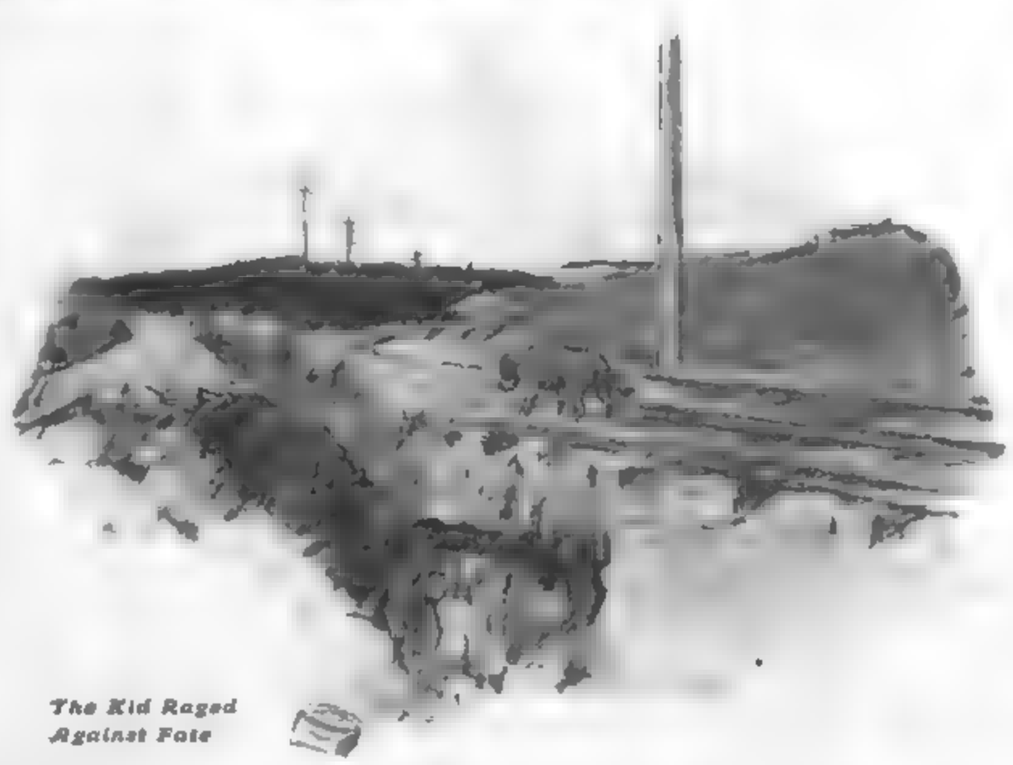
A number of hoboes sat up and greeted the man.

No one spoke to the boy. He made at once for the fire. A stew was cooking there in a smoke-blackened oil can. He sniffed the stew like an animal as he drew near. He peered into the blackened can. There was enough left. It was a mulligan. Everything was in that stew—meat, potatoes, onions, bread—an appetizing hodgepodge. They could eat their fill. What remained of the stew, now that the hoboes had eaten, was any one's that would come and take.

The man had appropriated a tie near the fire. On it on his stomach he basked, his face to the blaze. It was a large face. The red stubble of a week's growth thickened the outline and made it appear more bloated. His nose was fatly bulbous. He had borrowed the makings from one of the hoboes. He puffed deeply. At long intervals, in thick, complacent streams, he exhaled the smoke.

The boy hunted round for the tin plates. With excelsior he cleaned two. He fished out on a stick potatoes and onions and meat and bread, and heaped them in a smelly, steaming mess upon the plates. To Frisco Red he brought one of the plates. The stew steamed fragrantly about the red shaggy head as with grimy fingers the burly hobo dug for the first mouthfuls among the potatoes and shreds of meat.

"That's some kid yuh got, Red," said one hobo. He watched the boy as the youngster carried his own smoking dish to the outer rim of the crowd and sat down with it on his knees. "Say, how much yuh want fer that kid?"



The Kid Raged Against Fate

The boy ate ravenously. He did not lift his head. He ate as though he had not heard the offer of purchase. He ate inelegantly, quickly, greedily, with a thorough and wholesome enjoyment of the coarse food. It was his first meal in twelve hours.

"You wanter buy that kid?" Red said. He looked at the boy. The hobo was watching the boy. "Wal, that kid ain't for sale. He's a valyable road-kid, that's what, and he ain't for sale. There ain't a kid like him this side of the Hump—nor t'other side either. He's valyable, I tell yuh. You should have seen him batter the back doors up in Ogden. Handouts every time. Handouts for me. That kid don't want no handouts. He gets setdowns. Yes, siree, bo; every time. Setdowns in the kitchen.

"And State Street, Chicago, bo. He sure mooched that stem. No nickels. Dimes, buddie, and most like a quarter or a half. The women fall for that kid. Them high-waisted farmers' wives most of all—'He's so wis'ful kinder,' one says to me—him bein' that white and thin and scrawny, though yuh see how he sure digs into that stew. But he handles 'em cute, that kid. He's too valyable. He don't need to batter no back doors. He can beg coin. He don't have to throw his feet. He can beg coin enough to keep me in booze regularlike. He's a valyable prushun, that kid. Yuh can't buy him."

He fell to again on the food. He thrust a dripping, meat-coated bone in his mouth. He sucked at the brown cells greedily with a clucking of licking lips. He gnawed the bone. He looked round like a huge mastiff, bone in mouth, greasy fingers upholding the ends, to view his property. The boy was bowed-head over his food.

"No, bo." He removed the bone and shook his great shaggy head. "I don't sell that kid, not for no money. I've had him for three years, that kid. He was twelve. He's kept me in grub and rum money for all that time. Three years I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-in-the-glass stiff. I'll make him that, like you and me, blowed-in-the-glass stiffs. He's not what yuh call attached to me. I'm a wicious man when drunk. But he knows enough, that kid. He knows enough to do what I say and hand me the coin.

"I learned him that, yuh see. One time it was comin' over the Hump under the headlight. It was cold under them snowsheds and black. That light overhead was without any heat. Its beam 'ud make yuh shiver. It was cold. The kid he was whimperin' like a sick dorg. You know the way. It got my goat—that and the cold and that light in all the dark. I told him I'd shove him off. I did bend him over the irons. I guess he never forgot that. Did yuh, Kid?"

"No, Red," said the boy without raising his eyes from the plate.

The man looked triumphantly round at his listeners, smudgy faces trembling red in the light of the fire.

"Three years ago that was. Three years I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-in-the-glass stiff. But he's still enough of a kid to be worth coin to me. Not fur five bones would I sell him. He's too valyable. No," he added, more to himself than to the tramps, "I won't sell him."

The boy was thin-wristed and slim. His face was pinched and very pale where it was not streaked with dirty scratches. His eyes were the blue of the gypsying Celt. They were pitifully deep-sunken.

He was a road-kid who begged at back doors and along public streets for the hobo who had appropriated him. There are many such road-kids. Their youth assures success at begging. Therefore they are of value. The hobo with a road-kid lives a life of ease. The kid is his drudge, his slave. It was that way with Frisco Red and the Kid. The Kid's appearance gave him power to attract sympathy. The burly hobo exploited that power. In return there were lessons in the tricks of the hobo trade. Also there were lessons in brutality. By sundry cuffs and kicks the man made the boy's life almost unendurable. At regular intervals there were thorough beatings.

Frisco Red had appropriated the Kid to his own use. Had he not, another hobo would have done so. Three times they had tried to steal the Kid. The boy had clung to him. Kicking, biting, screaming, the boy had clung to the red-headed, unlovely hobo. It was not attachment. He was afraid of the others. He was afraid of the road alone.

The Kid threw the bones and few left-over scraps of the meal upon the ground. He went over to Red to borrow from that borrower the makings of an after-dinner cigarette. He came back deftly rolling it.

In a sort of piteous delight, as it nuzzled the bones the boy had thrown away, the dog was making soft noises. It had been haunting the shadows since it had followed the two along the tracks and into the jungle. The Kid had turned his back. Thereat the smell of meat had lured it in.

The Kid ran toward the dog.

"Hello, pup," he said. "How are you, old hobo?"

The dog was a yellow dog. He was a mongrel. There was some strain of terrier in him that made him small. He backed away, growling. He would not trust the Kid. He was starving. Yet, as the Kid approached to pet and make friends with him, he left the meat and, growling, backed away.

"Aw, bo," the Kid pleaded; "let me pat you, will yer? What yer 'fraid of? I ain't no gay-cat that 'ud kick you after makin' friends. I'm a blowed-in-the-glass stiff, I am. Come on, old-timer. Let me pat yer. Aw, will yer?"

He leaned forward. His breath came in gasps. His hands went out. The partially rolled cigarette dropped from his fingers. The fingers moved in soft caresses. They were wasted on the air, but they were pitifully significant; they were significant of how the Kid would treat that dog.

"Aw, Red Shouldn't be So Mean. What's Eatin' Red?"

On his pale, dirty face was a peculiar expression. Rapture was in the deep-sunk eyes. In his eyes was the look some unmarried women have when they see a child.

"Tryin' to scare me, huh?" Step by step he advanced on the slowly backing dog, his body crouched, his hands patting the air with infinite tenderness. "You old Gay-cat, you can't scare me. I'm a-goin' to make chums with you. You see. Aw, yer old Gay-cat, what you 'fraid of?"

The dog turned tail. With the indescribable hunched back of a cur, yellow tail snuggling between his legs, the dog bolted in fear of him into the shadows.

The boy sat down on a tie. He fingered his ears.

"Aw," he said, "I wouldn't 'a' hurt him."

The dog was starving. From a different angle he stole into camp. He breathed with fear. The meat drew him on.

The boy did not look up. He did not know that the dog had come back. He had lost all faith in that dog. The dog would not trust him. The dog was not a blown-in-the-glass stiff. He was a cur. He was a gay-cat!

"Not a real gay-cat," qualified the Kid. "No, not a real gay-cat. It's mean treatment that's a-done it. He's horstile to everybody, even boes like me. He's a stiff, all right. But he's 'fraid like a gay-cat. That's all."

A gay-cat is the scorn of hoboes. He is a fake hobo. He lacks altogether the qualities of a blown-in-the-glass stiff. He will "peach" on his mates. He will turn against a friend when that friend is down to tomato cans. Anything and everything vile and despicable is worthy of a gay-cat. To call a man that is to brand him with the most loathed name a hobo knows. It is the quintessence of contempt.

The dog made the final whimpering plunge. Down on forepaws he went and burrowed his slant muzzle in the straw for the meat. He made soft sounds of self-pity and of joy. The while teeth and forepaws struggled over the bones, the tragic curl of tail, so used to snuggling his back in fright, wagged forlornly in a daze of happiness.

Neither the forlorn tail nor the squeals of joy did the boy see or hear. His elbows were on his rocking knees. His fingers rubbed slowly up and down, with the gentle unconscious motion, under the lobes of his ears. It was not often he thought of home. But now, while his boy's soul was possessed by an utterness of despair, he visualized the little cottage clearly. Whenever he thought of it it was the same—always as it had been in the morning when the air was sweet and the marguerites near the picket fence had no dust on their whiteness.

It was up in Grass Valley. Before the damp had got him his father had been a workman in the mines. His mother always gave setdowns to hoboes. Year after year she did that. All the hoboes knew the white-faced little woman. "The lady in the shawl," they called her. Always she asked them, in return for her kindness, to look for her baby who was out there among all those lost boys and men.

For him every night she kept a lamp lighted—an oil lamp in the window. That was his room. A hundred road-kids had slept for a night within the pink-papered little cubby. They had told him.

But the Kid did not go back. He felt he never could go back. He knew when the train shrilled high up on the side of the valley and the sounds dropped down he would go as he had gone before. He never could stay on. An urge was in him. That urge had drawn him out of the arms of his graying mother when he was twelve, and after a circus train that had dipped into the little valley to extract its tribute of quarters and the irretrievable tribute of boys. That miserable urge kept him moving—moving to find peace. It was the wanderlust. The wanderlust held him in a crueler and more irrevocable slavery than did Frisco Red. For it he endured Frisco Red. But the urge for always moving on was his real master. The accursed wanderlust!

The dog sought beneath his feet for more scraps. But the Kid did not know. He remembered one morning when the train whistles came clear across the valley and there was no dust on the white marguerites. He had played that morning with a black-and-tan puppy beneath the smelly bushes near the picket fence. The puppy was the gift of a miner. The boy called it Prince. All the time it had struggled in his arms in an ecstasy of affection to lick his face. The round bundle of fat had made him laugh. He remembered he had rolled, shrieking with laughter, over on his back and the puppy had licked his face. He remembered exactly how it had licked his face.

He thought he imagined that wet kiss on his downheld cheek. It was as wet as real. A cold breath fanned the scratched cheek. The Kid's lack of movement had won the dog over. The mongrel that had fled from him was making friends. But it did cringe in a terribly abject way when the Kid leaped to his feet at the kiss.

"Yer not a gay-cat, are you?" he said exultantly. "You came back like a regular stiff. Now yer did!"

He reached down and quickly lifted up the dog, the while the frightened mongrel struggled and tried to bite. He sat down and began to pet, to reassure the dog. Against his pinched white face he rubbed the cold muzzle. The dog whined piteously. Then the dog squatted down and, cocking its head to the movements of the petting hands, tried to lick them. The little brute whimpered softly. The whimpers came every now and then as if in an excess of gratitude. He climbed up on the boy. Just as the other dog had done he tried to lick the boy's face.

"Like Prince," the Kid glowed. "He tries to lick my face just like Prince." He put his cheek, in the restfulness of whole-souled affection, against the cold muzzle.

"What yuh got there, Kid?" asked a hobo, sprawling near.

"A dog. Can't yer see?"

The Dog Did Not Leap Up and Upon the Kid

Frisco Red looked round at the proud rejoinder. "A dorg? Wot yuh doin' with a dorg, Kid?"

"Aw, playin'. Jes' playin', Red. But ain't he some dog though?"

The better to show off the mongrel the Kid put him down upon his feet. Frisco Red returned, without another word or a second look at the dog, to his conversation with Pittsburgh Shorty and Cheyenne Joe. Dogs did not interest him at all, and his road-kid but little.

Some time later Frisco Red spoke a short word. The Kid went out into the darkness to gather a few staggering armfuls of wood. It was to keep the fire blazing through the night. He paid with toil for what he and his master had eaten; also for what the dog had eaten. That was a last thought. It made the boy stoop with a certain thrill of pleasure to the task. He ripped off planking from the floor of the derelict flat car. He trotted back and forth with the weighty armfuls. All the while at his heels the dog sniffed.

The hoboes drew nearer the fire and curled up preparatory to going to sleep. The Kid drew up his tie. It was not so near the fire as theirs. He knew his place. He took off coat and vest. He placed the folded vest under him for a pillow. Loosely over him he cast the dirt-stiffened coat.

The dog wriggled and squirmed, pulled with his teeth and tossed with his head, until he had worked under the coat. Snuggling close for warmth he lay on the Kid's chest. So they slept, the Kid and the dog. The lean hairy body was held tightly in the boy's arms. Against his neck lay the warm-breathing muzzle. The Kid waked from time to time with the cold of the night. The dog whimpered each time and ran a wet tongue along the Kid's neck. Then the Kid smiled and hugged the dog the tighter.

The Kid awoke in the brisk of dawn. "Get out, you old Gay-cat," he mumbled to the hairy bundle of warmth on his chest. He called the dog a "gay-cat" and smiled—gay-cat, which means all that is despicable and loathed! It was a species of mock contempt. So a man calls his wife "old woman." It was to hide, in masculine fashion, the thrill of love in his voice.

The camp was heaving awake, like so many maggots in the dew. The hoboes crawled out of their floppings like dead souls awakened by some inexorable law in which they had no wish or say. They stood up and stretched grotesquely and shivered in the damp. Frisco Red stood up, raw of beard, ashen of face and seedy. He kicked into cowering life one who was old and who overslept.

"Get up, bo," he said, the before-breakfast husk in his voice. "Got to throw your feet if yuh want scoffin's."

He turned a gray face to the Kid.

"Kid," he said, "you'll have to batter for handouts this mornin'. I'll get my own scoffin's. Gee, I feel like I used to when I'd downed three cups. But you batter for handouts, Kid. The women are horstile to me. I look rough and raw. But you're sure to get 'em snivelin' over yuh, a pretty kid like you. We got to walk to the water tank this mornin' and we need handouts."

The boy started to leave the hangout. The Gay-cat stalked into life at his heels.

"Say, Kid," said Frisco Red, "can't have that dorg round. Lose him in the first back yard. Hear me, Kid?"

The boy turned back beseechingly.

"Aw, Red, can't I keep him? Can't I keep him, Red?"

"The first back yard, Kid. Get me? I don't want no pet dorgs for mine. How yuh goin' to batter back doors with him all the time snoopin' round at yer heels?"

"Aw, say now, Red, he ain't hurtin' yer none. He's only a dog—a hobo dog, Red. He won't a-hurt me beggin'."

Frisco Red looked into the deep-sunk eyes of the Kid.

"The first back yard," he said with monotonous insistence.

With shoulders hunched and head drooped miserably forward the Kid led the way. There was the field of rusty brown car-wheels, two by two, forever two by two. Then it was up the rough embankment of gravel where the tracks shot on either way into the lift of distance. Beyond that, after they had mounted it, could be seen a gray flat of marshy land that lay far to a blue suggestion of hills. Hunched of shoulder, shuffling-stepped, the black hulks of the hoboes, at regular intervals along the embankment, punctuated the sky like perverted question marks.

The Kid led the way. The dog ran by his side. His head drooped in sympathy. Every now and then the Kid spoke.

"Aw, Red shouldn't be so mean," he would say. "What's eatin' Red? He acts awful mean."

A side-tracked train of disreputably old boxcars bulked ahead. A man was climbing down the ladder of the first bunk car as, with the dog at his heels, the boy shuffled by. The dog barked at him as he leaped to the ground.

"That your dog, Kid?" he greeted.

The Kid halted. The other hoboes slumped spinelessly by toward town.

"You've said somethin', bo," he answered quite manfully. "Say, yer couldn't stack us up to some eats, could yer, boss—jes' the dog and me?"

The look of the drooping dog and the pale, thin-wristed and wistful Kid had its effect. It was a picture so boyish and forlorn. The Kid ate with the foreman of the block-signal installation crew. And the Gay-cat ate also, out of a tin plate of his own. The boss liked dogs. He placed, so he could watch him, the dog and his tin plate upon the oilcloth-covered table.

Smoking a cigarette he had borrowed from the construction boss the Kid went back to the hangout. There in that deserted field of rusted car-wheels he tossed sticks for the Gay-cat to fetch. It was a trick the dog had learned from some one in the past. Proudly he showed it off. All the time the Kid swore in fond raillery at the dog. When the little brute drew near he loved him with petting and as often with gentle cuffs. It was a strengthening of comradeship.

Frisco Red slouched into the jungle. He looked at the quieted dog. Then he looked at the Kid. The Kid cowered. He put out his hand. In it was the handout he had obtained for Red from the foreman.

Frisco Red squatted down on a tie and munched the cold meat and bread. To the constant clicking of his jaws the burly hobo watched steadily the boy and the dog.

When the last mouthful was finished he wiped his fingers on his stubbly lips. He drew from his overalls' pocket the inevitable little white muslin bag and sheaf of brown papers. These he fortunately had forgotten, the night before, to return to their owner. He lighted a cigarette. He drew deeply a few times. Then, half-consumed, he flipped the cigarette away. He got up in his track-worn shoes.

"Goin' to keep the dorg, Kid?"

"Aw, Red," said the Kid with dry lips. "Aw, let me keep him, Red."

"I told yuh to lose him, didn't I? The first back yard it was, wasn't it?"

"I only went as far as the construction train, Red. Let me keep him, will yer, Red? I didn't pass no back yards; honest, I didn't. Aw, Red!"

Frisco Red reached for the cowering Kid. He grasped him by the nape of the neck. He threw him on his face. He kicked him. He kicked more than once. He kicked viciously.

"The first back yard. Yuh was to ditch him. Yuh didn't."

The Kid sobbed from the straw and excelsior: "Don't, Red! Aw, Red!"

The dog snapped at that swinging foot. A well-directed kick caught him in the soft hanging part of the neck beneath the bristling ears. Over and over into the crackling litter the dog sprawled.

At last the Kid crawled out of it. He lay on his face behind a tie. By a roundabout path far from that booted foot the dog slunk to him. The dog licked his neck and exposed ear.

Frisco Red walked at a sharp stride toward the embankment. At the foot of the embankment he slowed up. He came back.

"Kid," he said, "yuh ditch the dorg."

The huddle behind the tie did not answer. Only in a tumult of sobbing it shook all over.

Frisco Red drew out papers and tobacco. Rolling a cigarette he moved away.

Two hours later, one of a reeling lot of hoboes, he reappeared. All were more or less drunk with cheap whisky. In Sacramento, in an alley behind the Capitol Bar, they had "rolled" a drunken rancher for his pocketbook.

The Gay-cat crouched in fear, at sight of Red, behind the Kid's legs. He whimpered softly in tense nervousness. Frisco Red stood absurdly hesitant on legs askew. He paid no attention to the Kid. He did not see the dog.

There was a consultation among the unsteady men. Then the grotesque squad moved forward. They moved forward in what appeared an exaggeration of their peculiar hobo shuffle. Dully, with heads lolling on necks, they followed the tracks away from town; the while, as occasional accompaniment, they bawled broad songs or the hymns learned in some slum mission where he that would sing might eat.

The endless punctuation of ties led on and on until even the marshes rose and became level with the tracks and were prairie land. Here, behind a barbed-wire fence and beneath soughing eucalyptus trees, a weather-worn farmhouse stood. About the foundations of the farmhouse was a flurry of chickens; but there was no other sign of life.

Along the line of wire fence the water tank upreared on its stilts. Frisco Red and the litter of tramps lay down upon their backs and drowsed in the shade of it. A little apart sat the Kid, the dog between his knees.

It was stinging noontide. The sunlight pelted down upon the drab eucalypti and the drabber men. Everything was silent and dead with heat as high noon of an Indian summer Sunday.

"I'm hungry," said one youngish hobo some time later. "I'd like ter throw my feet at thet house. I'd batter it myself only—only it's horstile."

All knew it was hostile. On the water tank was plainly written that it was hostile. Beside the monikers or road names of a hundred hoboes were scratched such messages as: "Beware of dog." "Farmer has gun." "Farmhouse horstile." The messages were of a nature to cause the boldest of the hoboes to hesitate ere begging at that particular farmer's door.

Frisco Red got up. He drank for long minutes the drippings of the water tank. Then he went over to the trough that was an adjunct of the tank. He doused his head at the uncovered end. He came back. The hair, red and sodden, was dripping into his eyes. "Gee, that stuff had a kick to it!" he said. "I'm burnin' up. Burnin' up and hungry."

The dog escaped, at sight of Red, from between the Kid's knees. Backing away into the sunlight, he barked once in fear of the dripping red hair of the man. Frisco Red stared at the dog. A stupid expression of surprise marked itself on his hair-streaked face.

"You here?" he asked the air. "Where's the dorg?"

He looked round, his head moving stiffly on his neck. The Kid shrank into the sunlight. Circuitously he made toward the burly hobo.

"Aw, let me keep him, Red," he whined.

That dull apathetic surprise in his eyes, the hobo looked at the boy. He looked at him for a long time. Slowly, as he looked, his eyes narrowed into a certain squint of craftiness.

"The whole push is hungry, Kid," he said. "I'm hungry."

"Yes, Red," said the Kid submissively. His body fell into the conventional hobo slouch. Shoulders hunched, head lowered toward the ruts in the road, he followed in the shade of the trees the line of the fence. He turned back a short space on and whistled for the dog. The Gay-cat trotted out with spirit at that call and commenced the inevitable dogging of his steps.

"Kid," called Frisco Red, "better leave the dorg behind. You can't batter that horstile house with him along."

The Kid steadily kept on. He was suspicious.

"Aw, let him come along, Red," he flung over his shoulder.

"Send the dorg back, Kid," said Frisco Red. "Better send him back."

The Kid gave in to that monotonous repetition of command. He shooed the dog back toward the water tank. Dejectedly, tail snuggling between his legs, the dog walked slowly into the shadows of the tank and stretched out, with only now and then a questioning look after the Kid.

The Kid climbed over the one-hinged, wire-secured gate. He approached the front door of the sundozing farmhouse. He knocked and repeated the knock. The door was opened by an asthmatic and worn old woman.

"Such as I have I'll be givin' you with the help of God," she said in a remote way. She invited him into the stifling shadows of the kitchen.

When he came out he carried what the gasping old woman had given him for the other tramps—eight egg sandwiches. He himself in the shadowy kitchen had eaten his fill. An anxious frown knuckled his forehead as he came back. His eye was agile for sight of the dog. He handed the sandwiches to Red and the others.

"The little Gay-cat, where is he gone to?" he asked, his breath coming short and hard as though he were the gasping woman. "My dog? He was here a little while ago."

A great to-do of struggle in the trough made him look past the munching Red. The trough was partitioned into halves. One half was open. The other was covered by a stout board. Under the board Frisco Red had shoved the dog. He had slammed the board tight. There was no chance at all for the dog to climb out. Paddling desperately in the water, with that board but a few inches above its head—scant inches of air and life—the dog was struggling for life. It sobbed passionately. As the Kid looked toward the trough the sobbings rose into a long, echoing whine.

The Kid's pale, dirty face was much paler than usual and by contrast much dirtier. "Aw, Red!" he sobbed.

He ran toward the trough! His dog! Quite unconsciously, as he ran, he pulled up his sleeve for the plunge. The whine died away in a choked sob.

"That's all right, old feller. I'll —I'll ——"

Frisco Red sidled out of the shadows between him and the trough.

"I ditched the dorg, Kid," he said hoarsely. "Now you leave him there. You're not goin' agin me in this. Myself, I'm horstile to him from first sight. The first back yard it was, Kid. The first back yard and yuh didn't."

The burly hobo spread his legs. In the old known gesture he reached out his hand for the Kid's collar. The Kid tried to slip past him for the trough, but Red got his grip. By the collar, as the Kid squirmed, the hobo swung him round into his arms.

"The first back yard, Kid," he muttered.

A certain pride was in his voice. It broke in a scream of pain. Red dropped his hold of the Kid. Frantically he pushed him away. All the while, as he did, he screamed as with pain unendurable.

The Kid had bitten his arm. The Kid had clawed with long fingernails across his temples. The blood was burning into his eyes. The hobo backed away. He screamed with pain. He screamed with fury. He pulled from beneath his overalls apron his miserable weapon. Brushing the blood from his eyes Frisco Red groped forward for the Kid.

Quivering, ghastly white, his eyes aglare with an intensity of outraged feelings, the Kid crouched. To his ears came the shrill wails of his dog. Frisco Red groped toward him. In the hobo's hand was the razor doubled up against the crotch of thumb and forefinger in the regulation hobo manner. It was a glistening, terrible thing. But the Kid did not shrink away. The wail of his dog shrilled on his ears. He was in a madness of revolt. He had bitten Frisco Red's arm. He had scratched Frisco Red's temples. He had aroused in Frisco Red an anger that lusted for blood. The Kid did not shrink away. It would do no good. He had drawn blood. In blood he would have to pay. Always that has been primitive law.

The half-blinded hobo came on. The Kid sprang in. As he sprang he caught that razor-wielding wrist. He turned that wrist. He was half-crazed with a madness of revolt and with fear of that vicious weapon. With strength born of his desperation he turned and turned Red's wrist.

Frisco Red was blinded by blood trickles. To the core of his being he was shocked by the Kid's frenzy of fighting. It was a thing utterly unlooked for. It was an appalling thing to him. It overwhelmed him. The razor fell from his wrenched wrist.

It fell into the gray-yellow dust. In a trice it was stamped out of sight. It was stamped under the feet of the Kid. In that trice the Kid had leaped. Upon the blood-blinded and bewildered hobo, at his bloated stubbly face the Kid leaped. He shrilled curses. He beat upon that face. He scratched. It was a frenzy of fighting.

It was the fight of a wolf and a wounded moose. With the tireless pursuits of his slavery the Kid was strong and healthy. It was a wiry strength, an emaciated healthiness, like that of a lean-flanked wolf. His tissues were not wasted by cheap whisky. He had all that makes for the courage to fight fairly; but his education had run in different channels. He had seen men fight, kicking and clawing and shrieking like depraved souls. Always they had been in liquor. Always the fight had been vicious. It was only for him, in the madness of revolt, to fight as he had been taught. He could not take any chances.

The Kid was on the hobo's neck. Like a wolf dragging down a moose he hung to that neck. Beating and scratching, shrilling curses the while, he worked round. He never released his hold on that neck. He jumped upon the hobo's back.

It was the dreaded "strong-arm" that is the road-kid's standby. Thus upon a man's back, forearms entwined about his neck, a puny boy can exert enough leverage to curl that man, gasping, upon his back. It was that way with the Kid. His thin, bony wrists were knotted about the hobo's throat. He pulled back on them. Frisco Red, as he cursed, swallowed hard for breath. He struggled to heave the Kid off. The Kid pressed his right knee against the joints of the man's backbone at the small of the back. Red shrieked terribly. His back gave. It gave like a fish spine. Drawing for breath, on his back in the dust he collapsed.

(Continued on Page 52)

He Had Drawn Blood. In Blood He Would Have to Pay

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

WHEN THE SEVEN A. M. TUT-TUT LEAVES FOR ANYWHERE

All Ages and Sizes Gathered About That Small Boy and Gave Him Advice at the Top of Their Voices

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

IN TENDERING sundry hints and observations to such of my fellow countrymen as may be contemplating trips abroad I will, with their kindly permission and the editor's, preface this chapter by setting forth briefly the following principles, which apply generally to railroad travel in the Old World:

First—On the Continent all trains leave at or about seven A. M. and reach their destination at or about eleven P. M. You may be going a long distance or a short one—it makes no difference; you leave at seven and you arrive at eleven. The few exceptions to this rule are of no consequence and do not count.

Second—A trunk is the most costly luxury known to European travel. If I could sell my small, shrinking and flat-chested steamer trunk—original value in New York eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents—for what it cost me over on the other side in registration fees, excess charges, mental wear and tear, freightage, forwarding and warehousing bills, tips, bribes, indulgences, and acts of barratry and piracy, I should be able to laugh in the income tax's face.

In this connection I would suggest to the tourist who is traveling with a trunk that he begin his land itinerary in Southern Italy and work northward; thereby, through the gradual shrinkage in weight, he will save much money on his trunk, owing to the pleasing custom among the Italian trainhands of prying it open and making a judicious selection from its contents for personal use and for gifts to friends and relatives.

Third—For the sake of the experience, travel second class once; after that travel first class—and try to forget the experience. With the exception of two or three special-fare, so-called de-luxe trains, first class over there is about what the service was on an accommodation, mixed-freight-and-passenger train in Arkansas immediately following the close of the Civil War.

Fourth—When buying a ticket for anywhere you will receive a cunning little booklet full of detachable leaves—the whole constituting a volume about the size and thickness of one of those portfolios of views that came into popularity with us at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial. Surrender a sheet out of your book on demand of the uniformed official who will come through the train at from five to seven minute intervals. However, he will collect only a sheet every other trip; on the alternate trips he will merely examine your ticket with the air of never having seen it before, and will fold it over, perforate it with his punching machine and return it to you.

Hardships of De-Luxe Travel

BY THE time you reach your destination nothing will be left but the cover; but do not cast this carelessly aside—retain it until you are filing out of the terminal, when it will be taken up by a haughty voluptuary with whiskers. If you have not got it you cannot escape. You will have to go back and live on the train, which is, indeed, a frightful fate to contemplate.

Fifth—Reach the station half an hour before the train starts and claim your seat; then tip the guard liberally to keep other passengers out of your compartment. He has no intention of so doing, but it is customary for Americans to go through this pleasing formality—and it is expected of them.

Sixth—Tip everybody on the train who wears a uniform. Be not afraid of hurting some one's feelings by offering a tip to the wrong person—there will not be any wrong person. A tip is the one form of insult that anybody in Europe will take.

Seventh—Before entering the train inhale deeply several times. This will be your last chance of getting any fresh air until you reach your destination. For self-defense against the germ life prevailing in the atmosphere of the unventilated compartments, smoke a German cigar. A German cigar keeps off any disease except the cholera; it gives you the cholera.

Eighth—Do not linger on the platform, waiting for the locomotive whistle to blow, or the bell to ring, or somebody to yell All aboard! If you do this you will probably keep on lingering until the following morning at seven. As a starting signal the presiding functionary renders a brief solo on a tiny tin trumpet. One puny warning blast from this instrument sets the whole train in motion. It makes you think of Gabriel bringing on the Day of Judgment by tootling on a penny whistle. Another interesting point: The engine does not say Choo-choo as in our country—it says Tut-tut.

Ninth—In England, for convenience in claiming your baggage, change your name to Xenophon or Zymology—there are always about the baggage such crowds of persons who have the commoner initials, such as T for Thompson, J for Jones, and S for Smith. When next I go to England my name will be Zoroaster—Quintus P. Zoroaster.

Tenth—If possible, avoid patronizing the so-called refreshment wagons or dining cars, which are expensive and uniformly bad. Live off the country. Remember, the country is living off of you.

Except eighty or ninety other things the British Channel was the most disappointing thing we encountered in our travels. All my reading on this subject had led me to expect that the Channel would be very choppy and that we should all be very seasick. Nothing of the sort befell. The channel may have been suetty but it was not choppy. The steamer that ferried us over ran as steadily as a clock and everybody felt as fine as a fiddle.

A friend of mine whom I met six weeks later in Florence had better luck. He crossed on an occasion when a test was being made of a device for preventing seasickness. A Frenchman was the inventor and also the experimenter.

This Frenchman had spent valuable years of his life perfecting his invention. It resembled a hammock swung between uprights. The supports were to be bolted to the deck of the ship, and when the Channel began to misbehave the squeamish passenger would climb into the hammock and fasten himself in; and then, by a system of reciprocating oscillations, the hammock would counteract the motion of the ship and the occupant would rest in perfect comfort no matter how high she pitched or how deep she rolled. At least that was the theory of the inventor; and to prove it he offered himself as the subject for the first actual demonstration.

The result was unexpected. The sea was only moderately rough; but that patent hammock bucked like a kicking bronco. The poor Frenchman was the only seasick person aboard—but he was sick enough for the whole crowd. He was seasick with a Gallic abandon; he was seasick both ways from the jack, and other ways too. He was strapped down so he could not get out, which added no little to the pleasure of the occasion for everybody except himself. When the steamer landed the captain of the boat told the distressed owner that, in his opinion, the device was not suited for steamer use. He advised him to rent it to a riding academy.

In crossing from Dover to Calais we had thought we should be going merely from one country to another; we found we had gone from one world to another. That narrow strip of roily water does not separate two countries—it separates two planets.

Gone were the incredible stiffness and the incurable honesty of the race that belonged over yonder on those white chalk cliffs dimly visible along the horizon. Gone were the phlegm and stolidity of those people who manifest emotion only on the occasions when they stand up to sing their national anthem:

God save the King!
The Queen is doing well!

Gone were the green fields of Sussex, which looked as though they had been taken in every night and brushed and dry-cleaned and then put down again in the morning. Gone were the trees that Maxfield Parrish might have painted, so vivid were they in their burnished green-and-yellow coloring, so spectacular in their grouping. Gone was the five-franc note which I had intrusted to a sandwich vender on the railroad platform in the vain hope that he would come back with the change. After that clincher there was no doubt about it—we were in La Belle France all right, all right!

Everything testified to the change. From the pier where we landed a small boy, in a long black tunic belted in at his waist, was fishing; he hooked a little fingerling. At the first tentative tug on his line he set up a shrill clamor.

The French for Sport

AT THAT there came running a fat, kindly looking old priest in a long gown and a shovel hat; and a market woman came, who had arms like a wrestler and skirts that stuck out like a ballet dancer's; and a soldier in baggy red pants came; and thirty or forty others of all ages and sizes came—and they gathered about that small boy and gave him advice at the top of their voices. And when he yanked out the shining little silverfish there could not have been more animation and enthusiasm and excitement if he had landed a full-grown Presbyterian.

They were still congratulating him when we pulled out and went tearing along on our way to Paris, scooting through quaint, stone-walled cities, each one dominated by its crumbly old cathedral; sliding through open country where the fields were all diked and ditched with small canals and bordered with poplars trimmed so that each tree looked like a set of undertaker's whiskers pointing the wrong way.

And in these fields were peasants in sabots at work, looking as though they had just stepped out of one of Millet's pictures. Even the haystacks and the scarecrows were different.

In England the haycocks had been geometrically correct in their dimensions—so square and firm and exact that sections might be sliced off them like cheese, and doors and windows might be carved in them; but these French haystacks were devil-may-care haycocks wearing tufts on their polls like headdresses.

The windmills had a rakish air; and the scarecrows in the truck gardens were debonair and cocky, tilting themselves back on their pins the better to enjoy the view and

One of Them Was Facing Me Not More Than Five or Six Feet Distant

fluttering their ragged vestments in a most jaunty fashion. The land though looked poor—it had a driven, overworked look to it.

Presently, above the clacking voice of our train, we heard a whining roar without; and peering forth we beheld almost over our heads a big monoplane racing with us. It seemed a mighty, winged Thunder Lizard that had come back to link the Age of Stone with the Age of Air. On second thought I am inclined to believe the Thunder Lizard did not flourish in the Stone Age; but if you like the simile as much as I like it we will just let it stand.

Three times on that trip we saw from the windows of our train aviators out enjoying the cool of the evening in their airships; and each time the natives among the passengers jammed into the passageway that flanked the compartments and speculated regarding the identity of the aviators and the make of their machines, and argued and shrugged their shoulders, and quarreled and gesticulated. The whole thing was as Frenchy as tripe in a casserole.

I was wrong, though, a while ago in saying there remained nothing to remind us of the right little, tight little island we had just quit: for we had two Englishmen in our compartment—fit and proper representatives of a certain type of Englishman. They were tall and lean, and had the languid eyes and the long, weary faces and the yellow buck teeth of weary carthorses, and they each wore a fixed expression of intense gloom. You felt sure it was a fixed expression, because any person with such an expression would change it if he could do so by anything short of a surgical operation. And it was quite evident they had come mentally prepared to disapprove of all things and all people in a foreign clime.

The Cyclone Sneeze

SILENTLY, but none the less forcibly, they resented the circumstance that others should be sharing the same compartment with them—or sharing the same train, either, for that matter. The compartment was full, too, which made the situation all the more intolerable—an elderly English lady with a placid face under a mid-Victorian bonnet; a young, pretty woman who was either English or American; the two members of my party, and these two Englishmen.

And when, just as the train was drawing out of Calais, they discovered that the best two seats, which they had promptly preëmpted, belonged to others, and that the seats for which they held reservations faced rearward, so that they must ride with their backs to the locomotive—why, that irked them sore and more. I imagine they wrote a letter to The London Times about it afterward.

As is the pleasing habit of traveling Englishmen, they had brought with them everything portable they owned. Each one had four or five large handbags, and a carryall, and a hatbox, and his tea-caddy, and his plaid blanket done up in a shawlstrap, and his framed picture of the Death of Nelson—and all the rest of it; and they piled those things in the luggage racks until both the racks were chock-full; so the rest of us had to hold our baggage in our laps or sit on it.

One of them was facing me not more than five or six feet distant. He never saw me though. He just gazed steadily through me, studying the pattern of the upholstery on the seat behind me; and I could tell by his look that he did not care for the upholstering—as very naturally he would not, it being French.

We had traveled together thus for some hours when one of them began to cloud up for a sneeze. He tried to sidetrack it, but it would not be sidetracked. The rest of us, looking on, seemed to hear that sneeze coming from a long way off. Personally it reminded me of a musical-sketch team giving an imitation of a brass band marching down Main Street playing the Turkish Patrol—dim and faint at first, you know, and then growing louder and stronger, and gathering volume until it bursts right in your face.

Fascinated we watched his struggles. Would he master it or would it master him? But he lost, and it was probably a good thing he did. If he had swallowed that sneeze it would have drowned him. His nose jibed and went about; his head tilted back farther and farther; his countenance expressed deep agony—and then the log jam at the bend in his nose went out with a roar and he let loose the moistest, loudest kerswoosh! that ever was, I reckon.

He sneezed eight times—the first sneeze unbuttoned his waistcoat, the second unparted his hair, and the third one almost pulled his shoes off; and after that they grew really violent, until the last sneeze shifted his cargo and left him with a list to port and his lee scuppers awash. It made a ruin of him—the Prophet Isaiah could not have remained dignified while wrestling with a sneezing bee of those dimensions—but oh, how it did gladden the rest of us to behold him at the mercy of the elements and to note what a moist, waterlogged wreck they made of him!

It was not long after that before we had another streak of luck. The train jolted over something and a hat fell down from the topmost pinnacle of the mountain of luggage above and hit his friend on the nose. We should have felt better satisfied if it had been a coal scuttle; but it was a reasonably hard and heavy hat and it hit him brimfirst on the tenderest part of his nose and made his eyes water, and we were grateful enough for small blessings. One should not expect too much of an already overworked Providence.

The rest of us were still warm and happy in our souls when, without any whistle-tooting or bell-clanging or station-calling, we slid silently, almost surreptitiously, into the Gare du Nord, at Paris. Neither in England nor on the mainland does any one feel called on to notify you that you have reached your destination.

It is like the old formula for determining the sex of a pigeon—you give the suspected bird some corn, and if he eats it he is a he; but if she eats it she is a she. In Europe

A Tip Is the One Form of Insult That Anybody in Europe Will Take

if it is your destination you get off, and if it is not your destination you stay on. On this occasion we stayed on, feeling rather forlorn and helpless, until we saw that every one else had piled off. We gathered up our belongings and piled off too.

By that time all the available porters had been engaged; so we took up our luggage and walked. We walked the length of the trainshed—and then we stepped right into the recreation hall of the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane, at Matteawan, New York. I knew the place instantly, though the decorations had been changed since I was there last. It was a joy to come on a home institution so far from home—joysome, but a trifle disconcerting too, because all the keepers had died or gone on strike or something; and the lunatics, some of them being in uniform and some in citizen's dress, were leaping from crag to crag, uttering maniacal shrieks.

Divers lunatics, who had been away and were just getting back, and sundry lunatics who were fixing to go away and apparently did not expect ever to get back, were dashing headlong into the arms of still other lunatics, kissing and hugging them, and exchanging farewells and sacré-bleuing with them in the maddest fashion imaginable. From time to time I laid violent hands on a flying, flitting maniac and detained him against his will, and asked him for some directions; but the persons to whom I spoke could not understand me, and when they answered I could not understand them; so we did not make much headway by that.

I could not get out of that asylum until I had surrendered the covers of our ticket books and claimed our baggage and cleared it through the customs office. I knew that; the trouble was I could not find the place to attend to these details. On a chance I tried a door, but it was distinctly the wrong place; and an elderly female on duty there got me out by employing the universal language known of all people. She shook her skirts at me and said Shoo! So I got out, still toting five or six bags and bundles of assorted sizes and shapes, and tried all the other doors in sight.

Finally, by a process of elimination and deduction, I arrived at the right one. To make it harder for me they had put it round a corner in an elbow-shaped wing of the building and had taken the sign off the door. This place was full of porters and loud cries.

To be on the safe side I tendered retaining fees to three of the porters; and thus by the time I had satisfied the customs officials that I had imported no spirits or playing cards or tobacco or soap, or other contraband goods, and had cleared our baggage and started for the cabstand, we amounted to quite a stately procession and attracted no little attention as we passed along. But the tips I had to hand out before the taxi started would stagger the human imagination if I told you the sum total.

There are few finer things than to go into Paris for the first time on a warm, bright Saturday night. At this moment I can think of but one finer thing—and that is when, wearied of being short-changed and bilked and double-charged, and held up for tips or tribute at every step, you are leaving Paris on a Saturday night—or, in fact, any night.

Those first impressions of the life on the boulevards are going to stay in my memory a long, long time—the people, paired off at the tables of the sidewalk cafés, drinking drinks of all colors; a little shopgirl wearing her new, cheap, fetching hat in such a way as to center public attention on her head and divert it from her feet, which were shabby; two small errand boys in white aprons, standing right in the middle of the whirling, swirling traffic, in imminent peril of their lives, while one lighted his cigarette butt from the cigarette butt of his friend; a handful of roistering soldiers, singing as they swept six abreast along the wide, rutty sidewalk; the kiosks for advertising, all thickly plastered over with posters, half of which should have been in an art gallery and the other half in a garbage barrel; a well-dressed pair, kissing in the full glare of a street light; an imitation art student, got up to look like an Apache, and—no doubt—plenty of real Apaches, got up to look like human beings; a silk-hatted gentleman, stopping with perfect courtesy to help a bloused workman lift a baby-laden baby carriage over an awkward spot in the curbing, and the workingman returning thanks with the same perfect courtesy; our own driver, careening along in a manner suggestive of what certain East Side friends of mine would call the Chariot Race from Ben Hirsch; and a stout lady of the middle class sitting under a café awning caressing her pet mole.

To the Belgians belongs the credit of domesticating the formerly ferocious Belgian hare, and the East Indian fakir makes a friend and companion of the king cobra; but it remained for those ingenious people, the Parisians, to tame the mole, which other races have always regarded as unbeautiful and unornamental, and make a cunning little companion of it and spend hours stroking its fleece. This particular mole belonging to the stout middle-aged lady in question was one of the largest moles and one of the curliest I ever saw. It was on the side of her nose.

You see a good deal of mole culture going on here. Later, with the reader's permission, we shall return to Paris and look its inhabitants over at more length; but for the time being I think it well for us to be on our travels. In passing I would merely state that on leaving a Paris hotel you will tip everybody on the premises.

Oh, yes—but you will!

Let us move southward. Let us go to Sunny Italy, which is called Sunny Italy for the same reason that the laughing hyena is called the laughing hyena—not because he laughs so frequently, but because he laughs so seldom. Let us go to Rome, the Eternal City, sitting on her Seven Hills, remembering as we go along that the currency has changed and we no longer compute sums of money in the franc but in the lira. I regret the latter word is not pronounced as spelled—it would give me a chance to say that the common coin of Italy is a lira, and that nearly everybody in Rome is one also.

Ah, Rome—the Roma of the Ancients—the Mistress of the Olden World—the Sacred City! Ah, Rome, if only your stones could speak! It is customary for the tourist, taking his cue from the guidebooks, to carry on like this, forgetting in his enthusiasm that, even if they did speak, they would doubtless speak Italian, which would leave him practically where he was before. And so, having said it myself according to formula, I shall proceed to state the actual facts.

The Eternal City at a Glance

IF, COMING out of a huge and dirty terminal, you emerge on a splendid plaza, miserably paved, and see a priest, a soldier and a beggar; a beautiful child wearing nothing at all to speak of, and a hideous old woman with the eyes of a Madonna looking out of a tragic mask of a face; a magnificent fountain, and nobody using the water, and a great, overpowering smell—oh, yes, you can see a Roman smell; a cart mule with ten dollars' worth of trappings on him, and a driver with ten cents' worth on him; a palace like a dream of stone, entirely surrounded by nightmare hovels; a new, shiny, modern apartment house, and shouldering up against it a crumbly, cankered rubbish heap that was once the playhouse of a Cæsar, its walls bearded like a pard's face with tufted laurel and splotched like a brandy drunkard's with red stains; a church that is a dismal ruin without and a glittering Aladdin's Cave of gold and gems and porphyry and onyx within; a wide and handsome avenue starting from one festering stew of slums

and ending in another festering stew of slums; a grimed and broken archway opening on a lovely hidden courtyard where trees are green and flowers bloom, and in the center there stands a statue which is worth its weight in minted silver and which carries more than its weight in dirt—if in addition everybody in sight is smiling and good-natured and happy, and is trying to sell you something or wheedle you out of something, or pick your pocket of something—you need not, for confirmatory evidence, seek the vast dome of St. Peter's rising yonder in the distance, or the green tops of the cedars and the dusky clumps of the olive groves on the hillsides beyond—you know you are in Rome.

To get the correct likeness of Naples we merely reduce the priests by one-half and increase the beggars by two-thirds; we richen the color masses, thicken the dirt, raise the smells to the nth degree, and set half the populace to singing. We establish in every second doorway a mother with her offspring tucked between her knees and forcibly held there while the mother searches the child's head for a flea; anyhow, it is more charitable to say it is a flea; and we add a special touch of gorgeousness to the street pictures.

For in Naples a cart is a glory of red tires and blue shafts, and green hubs and pink body and purple tailgate, with a canopy on it that would have suited Sheba's Queen; and the mule that draws the cart is caparisoned in brass and plumage like a circus pony; and the driver wears a broad red sash, part of a shirt, and half of a pair of pants—usually the front half. With an outfit such as that, you feel he should be peddling aurora borealises—or, at the very least, rainbows. It is a distinct shock to find he has only chianti or cheeses or garbage in stock.

In Naples, also, there is, even in the most prosaic thing, a sight to gladden your eye if you only hold your nose while you look on it. On the stalls of the truckvenders the cauliflowers and the cabbages are racked up with an artistic effect we could scarcely equal if we had roses and orchids to work with; the fishmonger's cart is a study in still life, and the tripe is what artists call a harmonious interior.

Plute's Italian Brother

NEARLY all the hotels in Italy are converted palaces. They may have been successes as palaces, but, with their marble floors and their high ceilings, and their dank, dark corridors, they distinctly fail to qualify as hotels. I should have preferred them unsaved and sinful. I likewise observed a peculiarity common to hotelkeepers in Italy—they all look like cats. The proprietor of the converted palace where we stopped in Naples was the very image of a tomcat we used to own, named Plutarch's Lives, which was half Maltese and half Mormon. He was a cat that had a fine carrying voice—though better adapted for concert work than parlor singing—and a sweetheart in every port.

This hotelkeeper might have been that cat's own brother with clothes on—he had Plute's roving eye and his bristling whiskers and his sharp white teeth, and Plute's silent, stealthy tread, and his way of purring softly until he had won your confidence and then sticking his claw into you. The only difference was, he stuck you with a bill instead of a claw.

Another interesting idiosyncrasy of the Italian hotelkeeper is that he invariably swears to you his town is the only honest town in Italy, but begs you to beware of the next town which, he assures you with his hand on the place where his heart would be if he had a heart, is full of thieves and liars and counterfeit money and pickpockets.

The tourist agencies issue pamphlets telling how you may send money or jewelry by registered mail in Italy, and then append a footnote warning you against sending money or jewelry by registered mail in Italy. Likewise you are constantly being advised against carrying articles of value in your trunk, unless it is most carefully locked, bolted and strapped. It is good advice too.

An American I met on the boat coming home told me he failed to take such precautions while traveling in Italy; and he said that when he reached the Swiss border his trunk was so light he had to sit on it to keep it from blowing off the bus on the way from the station to the hotel, and so empty that when he opened it at both ends the draft blowing through it gave him a bad cold. However, he may have exaggerated slightly.

If you can forget that you are paying first-class prices for fourth-rate accommodations—forget the dirt in the carriages and the smells in the compartments—a railroad journey through the Italian Peninsula is a wonderful experience. I know it was a wonderful experience for me.

I shall not forget the old walled towns of stone perched precariously on the sloping withers of razorbacked mountains—towns that were old when the Saviour was born; or the ancient Roman aqueducts, all pocked and pecked with age, looping their arches across the land for miles on miles; or the fields, scored and scarified by three thousand years of unremitting, relentless, everlasting agriculture; or the wide-horned Italian cattle that browsed in those fields; or yet the woman who darted to the door of every signal-house we passed and came to attention, with a long cudgel held flat against her shoulder like a sentry's musket.

I do not know why a woman should exhibit an overgrown broomstick when an Italian train passes a flag station, any more than I know why, when a squad of Paris firemen march out of the engine house for exercise, they should carry carbines and knapsacks. I only know that these things are done.

In Tuscany the vineyards make a fine show, for the vines are trained to grow up from the ground and then are bound into streamers and draped from one fruit tree or one shade tree to another, until a whole hillside becomes one long, confusing vista of leafy festoons. The thrifty owner gets the benefit of his grapes and of his trees, and of the earth below, too, for there he raises vegetables and grains, and the like. Like everything else in this land, the system is an old one. I judge it was old enough to be hackneyed when Horace wrote of it:

Now each man, basking on his slopes,
Weds to his widowed tree the vine;
Then, as he gayly quaffs his wine,
Salutes thee, God of all his hopes.

And the Scarecrows in the Truck Gardens Were Debonair and Cocky

The Most Ingenious and Wideawake of All the Earlier Rulers of Germany, King Verboten

The Sight of Women Doing the Bulk of the Hard and Dirty Formwork Becomes Common

Classical quotations interspersed here and there are wonderful helps to a travel article, don't you think?

In rural Italy there are two other scenic details that strike the American as being most curious—one is the amazing prevalence of family washing, and the other is the amazing scarcity of birdlife. To himself the traveler says:

"What becomes of all this intimate and personal display of family apparel I see fluttering from the front windows of every house in this country? Everybody is forever washing clothes, but nobody ever wears it after it is washed. And what has become of all the birds?"

For the first puzzle there is no answer; but the traveler gets the answer to the other when he passes a meatdealer's shop in the town and sees spread on the stalls heaps of pitiably small starlings and sparrows and finches exposed for sale. An Italian will cook and eat anything he can kill that has wings on it, from an ostrich to a katydid.

Thinking this barbarity over, I started to get indignant; but just in time I remembered what we ourselves have done to decimate the canvasback duck and the wild pigeon and the ricebird and the red-worsted pulse-warmer, and other pleasing wild creatures of the earlier days in America, now practically or wholly extinct. And I felt that before I could attend to the tomtits in my Italian brother's eye I must needs pluck a few buffaloes out of my own; so I decided, in view of those things, to collect myself and endeavor to remain perfectly calm.

We came into Venice at the customary hour—to wit, eleven P. M.—and had a real thrill as our train left the mainland and went gliding far out, seemingly right through the placid Adriatic, to where the beaded lights of Venice showed like a necklace about the withered throat of a long-abandoned bride, waiting in the rags of her moldered wedding finery for a bridegroom who comes not.

The Tactless Tax Gatherer

AND better even than this was the journey by gondola from the terminal through narrow canals and under stone bridges where the water lapped with little mouthing tongues at the walls, and the tall, gloomy buildings almost met overhead, so that only a tiny strip of star-buttoned sky showed between. And from dark windows high up came the tinkle of guitars and the sound of song pouring from throats of silver. And so we came to our hotel, which was another converted palace; but baptism is not regarded as essential to conversion in these parts.

On the whole, Venice did not impress me as it has impressed certain other travelers. You see, I was born and raised in one of those Ohio Valley towns where the river gets emotional and temperamental every year or two. In my youth I had passed through several of these visitations, when the family would take the family plate and the family cow, and other treasures, and retire to the attic floor to wait for the spring rise to abate; and when really the most annoying phase of the situation for a housekeeper, sitting on the top landing of his staircase watching the yellow wavelets lap inch by inch over the keys of the piano, and inch by inch climb up the new dining-room wallpaper, was to hear a knocking at a front window upstairs and go to answer it and find that Moscoe Burnett had come in a john-boat to collect the water tax.

The Grand Canal did not stir me as it has stirred some—so far back as '84 I could remember when Jefferson Street at home looked almost exactly like that.

Going through the Austrian Tyrol, between Venice and Vienna, I met two old and dear friends in their native haunts—the plush hat and the hot dog. When such a thing as this happens away over on the other side of the globe it helps us to realize how small a place this world is

(Continued on Page 60)

KEEPING JOHN BARLEYCORN OFF THE TRAIN—By Rufus Steele

The Secret of an Untold Number of Railroad Disasters Never Has Been Solved

WHY didn't the general manager tell me it was not a boost but a jolt he was dealing when he sent me here?"

The new division superintendent at Omaha drove his right fist into his left palm as he paced the floor of his office in the depot building, his extraordinary legs carrying him across the seven widths of green carpeting in seven strides.

"Why couldn't he tell me the division was shot to pieces?" he pursued, with no listener but himself. "Two freights clean off the right-of-way and four close calls in the three weeks I've been here! And Engineer Dennis Mason and the twenty passenger runners he leads by the nose actually boasting that they never climb into the cab until they've had their bracers! And the G. M. must have known it too!"

The truth of the situation caught the new Old Man with the force of an unseen locomotive pilot and lifted him across the room into his chair. Why had four superintendents succeeded each other at Omaha in three years? Why had he, after showing a little skill at handling men, been assigned suddenly to the job? Of course the G. M. knew! Why, the G. M. was watching right now to see whether he—Galloping Garson—could knock the liquor out of Denny Mason's crowd without knocking the whole gang out of the railroad's employ!

The superintendent hunched down and draped one long arm across the back of his chair and one long leg across his maple desk. He was thinking. In thirty minutes he pulled himself together, like a steel trap that had been sprung, and began to make notes on a yellow pad. His campaign was complete. There was a long chance in it—and he was going to take the chance.

A week later Superintendent Garson pushed the pearl button that summoned his chief clerk and inquired:

"Where is Engineer Dennis Mason?"

"In the engineers' room changing his clothes most likely," the clerk answered. "He's due to take out Number Ten in fifty minutes."

"Tell Mr. Mason to report here immediately. Fill his run with a short-call man—Mason won't be pulling Ten today."

Denny Mason entered with his cap collapsed in his great hands. He wore his cab clothes.

"Sit down," said the superintendent.

"No time for that," sparred the red-faced engineer. "I go out in forty minutes—and I haven't oiled."

"Did the clerk tell you your run would be filled today?"

"He's crazy! This has been my regular run four years."

The superintendent swung round to face his man.

What the Pictures Showed

"MASON, why do you allow yourself a drink before taking your locomotive, and why do you lead the enginemen who look up to you to do the same thing, when you know the use of intoxicants is absolutely prohibited by the rules?"

The engineer became as righteously rigid as a Patrick Henry statue.

"I stand on my rights as an American citizen!" he defiantly said.

"What will you stand on when you have piled the flier in the ditch as the monument over a hundred dead passengers?"

"Wait till I do!"

"No; I shall not wait!" Galloping Garson assured him. "I'm going to prevent it. Mason, you are discharged!"

"What—what do you mean?" groped the unbelieving engineer. "Why, I've pulled that train under four superintendents."

"Yes; and you have been the finish of three of them. Now it is your finish!"

"I'm a respectable man of family," shouted Denny Mason. "I've got a wife and four kids dependent on me; and—and I know my business!"

"You have the wife and children," admitted the superintendent quietly; "but you don't know your business, and the family isn't able to make you respectable, though they have probably done their best. It will soon be suppertime at your house and your kids will be eating—what? Liver, probably. But Monte Zink's kids will be eating porterhouse. You were in Zink's Sunshine Saloon from eleven until two, day before yesterday, and in those three hours you took ten drinks."

Mason's lips parted in scorn—then began to frame the word "spy." The superintendent opened a drawer and lifted out a stack of enlarged photographs. The pictures were numbered. The first showed Denny Mason in front of a bar. His face was upturned toward the skylight with a small glass held to his mouth.

"You began," said Galloping Garson, "with whisky." He shuffled the pictures. "The third drink was a cocktail." The shuffling continued. "Whisky—cocktail—whisky! In nine and ten you seem to have both eyes glued to a telescope—that means, of course, you finished on beer. Look at the photographs!

"That thing in breeches there, always staring at the ceiling through a glass, claims to be a respectable family man and an engineer! Say, Mason, while those pictures were being taken through the wall I saw your second little girl coming from school. She had her hands tucked under her arms to keep them from freezing, and there was a hole in her shoe bigger than the dollar you were dribbling to Monte Zink for the stuff that would help you wreck your train. You are fired for being too big a fool to be trusted with an engine. Get out of here!"

The photographs accompanying the indictment had left Denny Mason temporarily without the power of speech. They had transformed the stiffest bully of the Omaha Yards into cartilage. They did not accuse—they damned! Mason swayed, clutched a corner of the desk and went to his knees.

"For God's sake, Mr. Garson," he at last exploded, "tear up those pictures and let's begin all over! I swear I'll do whatever you say."

"Get up and go home!" said Garson. "Let your wife know that when she is through with the supper things you have something to tell her. If she doesn't fall dead from shock when you speak kindly to her tell her you've lost your job. You have always told her it was none of her business when she asked why you forgot to bring home shoes for the babies; but this time you'll have to let her make your affairs her business, because you are going to need her help more than you ever needed anything in your life. Tell her you are in the ditch for a reason that no decent man could ever mention as an excuse. Get down at her feet and beg her to help you. Get acquainted with the mother of your children. After you and she have talked the situation over for four or five days, if you feel like it come here and talk it over with me—I mean both of you come."

As Denny Mason staggered out the clerk came in with a sheaf of papers requiring his chief's signature. The clerk stood silently until the pen had ceased its scratching.

"Excuse me, Mr. Garson," he ventured then, "I wish to ask a question: As a student of railroading I should like to know what kind of a sledgehammer you used to hit that engineer."

In four days Dennis Mason came back. He returned at the heels of a patient-faced woman, who paused awkwardly at the edge of the superintendent's desk but who spoke without timidity.

"We thank you, Mr. Garson," she said. "You've been a friend. I've taught the children to bless your name along with their father's before they tumble into bed at night. Denny and I have come in to tell you that we've had an understanding—we're partners now. It'll be teamwork hereafter. If the railroad doesn't need Denny any longer—why, we haven't any complaint; but I wanted you to know ——"

The road needed Denny. It did not need him for the flier—which was now carrying permanently on the right-hand side of its engine cab a clear-eyed fellow who was no friend of Monte Zink—but for a freight trick that offered the right man an opportunity to earn a passenger run in two or three years.

After a Year on the Wagon

AFTER twelve months the Masons again stood before the superintendent. It was a friendly call. The partnership had made good. Man and wife looked about ten years younger. Something was due them and Garson did not withhold it. He told them their example had revolutionized the conduct of twenty men who held the throttles on his limited trains.

"Are the kids enjoying their porterhouse?" kindly inquired Garson.

"It's still liver," smiled Mason; "though the kids will be learning about porterhouse pretty soon, I guess—the home is almost paid for."

Dennis Mason went out of the service a passenger engineer—and a hero. His second daughter, a proud slip of animation, finds no holes in the shoes she wears to school these days, her wardrobe, as one of the details of her college course, having been carefully arranged by a railroad that honors the memory of her father.

Right on the heels of the discovery that the running of trains by steam could be made safe and practical came the discovery that the running of trains by alcohol could not. The secret of an untold number of railroad disasters never has been solved, for the reason that the engineman's stomach was allowed to go to the cemetery instead of to the chemist. Because alcohol became a factor in transportation soon after steam did, and because it has remained a factor, the general public has never learned to distinguish clearly between a hazard consequent on the natural stimulation of an engine and the hazard consequent on the unnatural stimulation of an engineer.

Late in the first half of the last century trains began to do better than fifteen miles an hour, and immediately splintered rolling stock began to litter the right-of-way. A fact apparent at the beginning, which has never altered a hairbreadth with the coming of devices marvelous beyond the early railroaders' wildest dreams, is that the placing of matter in violent motion—when the matter is measured in hundreds or thousands of tons—is safe only when controlled by intelligence alert to its highest capable degree.

For seventy-five years American mechanical genius has found perhaps its farthest expression in locomotive and train development, yet the invention of the airbrake has been as powerless as the invention of the automatic block system to reduce the operating importance of the human factor—the passengers are still at the mercy of the man on

the forward end, the brass-bound captain, the switchman who now pulls levers in a tower, and the brakeman with his colored lamps and flags.

In this new railroad era of "The people be blessed!" the facts come out. It appears that the vital concern of railroad officials has always been not the rolling stock but the men. For two generations the stuff that could make employees of the transportation department lapse from mental alertness has been a bigger worry than governmental commissions. Railroad officers have wrestled—even as Jacob wrestled—with an enemy more dangerous than open switches, washed-out bridges, and train orders that overlapped. Also, like Jacob, they wrestled unto reward. An insight into what has been and is being accomplished by the railroads makes the familiar propaganda of prohibition seem childish and vain.

The net results are embraced in the twofold statement that trainwrecks are going out of fashion and that every man of the seven hundred thousand men who operate the trains of the United States has subscribed to a rule that appears to leave him no hour in the twenty-four, whether on or off duty, when he may lift an intoxicant to his lips.

It was because two fingers of red liquor can turn a ten-million-dollar safety block-signal system into a ten-million-dollar waste of money that Rule G was framed. This rule, as worded with the maximum of adroitness by the American Railroad Association and set forth in the Standard Book of Rules, is in force on every railroad in the country. It reads thus:

The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal.

Most employees concur in the opinion that the rule is wholly prohibitive—that the loophole one at first seems to see is nothing but a deceptive shadow on an unbroken stone wall. Division superintendents, who are the bookkeepers of the men and directly concerned in enforcing Rule G, differ somewhat in construing its clauses—though none complain that it does not meet their requirements as fully as any mere rule might do. The weakness of Rule G lies in the punishment it prescribes for violation.

All the men of the transportation department begin young. For the most part they are the youths who drift away from the small town and the farm. They begin at braking or firing on freights. There is no such thing as a permanent fireman's or brakeman's job. It is strictly a progressive game that is played. Before the superintendent or the trainmaster admitted the applicant on probation the young man had passed a physical, moral and educational examination more rigorous than he would have to survive to get into the army. He was made to account for every month of his time since he left school. He told of his parents and of what the family hearth was like.

The Road's Best Investments

HE WAS admitted finally, not merely because he answered questions well but because it was believed he was a man capable of being developed. He does develop or he vanishes from the service. The fireman develops into a freight engineer; and on the proudest day of his life he is allowed to pull a passenger train. The brakeman, after four, five or seven years, becomes a freight conductor; after as many more fruitful years he may be uniformed and made master of the train that carries you. Engineer and conductor are the survivors of the fittest of a choice lot.

The railroad regards an engineer as of more interest commercially than his engine, and a conductor as better property than an observation car—the road regards the men it has developed as its chief investments.

The penalty for violation of Rule G is discharge; and a railroad has no eagerness to discharge its chief investments. The roads have gone at the matter the other way round. In varying degrees and by dissimilar methods they have undertaken to assist their men to keep Rule G unbroken.

"People don't quite understand railroading, because railroading is so different from anything else," a veteran passenger conductor said. "For instance, the general impression is that a train in motion is controlled from division headquarters. This is a mistake. A train is controlled from its front and its middle. We are told when to start and when to stop; the rest is in the hands of the engineer and the conductor. They put the train in motion and they land it in the station or in the ditch. Their responsibility is shared by the brakemen and the fireman, by switchmen, signalmen, and the dispatcher who sends the train orders and the operator who scribbles them off the wire and hands them to the conductor; but primarily it is the man on the front end and myself who are responsible.

"I need my wits about me sixty seconds in every minute and sixty minutes in every hour. Things have happened to my train sometimes just because all the wits I have were not enough. It is my opinion that one day, when the devil had used all the tricks in his bag to ruin a trainman and had failed in his attempt, he sat down and invented booze."

"One man or one generation didn't make railroading what it is," said an engine runner who has pulled a transcontinental limited over a mountain division for twenty years; "and it is all one man can do to master enough of it to run an engine as it should be run. If there is any industrial job in the world that calls for more complete concentration, sounder judgment and quicker action than the engineer's, or that has more natural distractions, I have never heard its name.

"Giving all my attention while I'm running is not sufficient; I have to prepare my mind for the run before I climb into the cab. I leave things as harmonious as possible at home, kiss the wife and kids and promise to think about them—when I reach the other end of the division. I avoid quarrels or arguments, and never go near the mailbox before starting out—there might be a reprimand or a query there that would creep into my thoughts when I ought to be devoting myself exclusively to the throttle, the steam gauge and the Johnson bar.

"I do my gabbing and my storytelling with the fireman before we start. He never speaks to me when we are in motion except on business—and then he doesn't holler round the boiler; he comes and stands by my side so I won't have to take my eyes off the track and the semaphores that tell me every two or three minutes what about the block ahead. I build a stockade round my mind and then stand at the gate with a gun; I admit no thoughts except those that concern my orders and my train.

"Some enginemen may think they are big enough to carry a drink; I know I'm not. Frankly I had rather take the Limited over the division with a bandanna across my eyes than with two swallows of whisky in my insides!"

Engineer and Conductor are the Survivors of the Fittest of a Choice Lot

The railroad's big opportunity to help the men with Rule G grows out of the fact that the beardless husky who comes into the service as fireman or brakeman is not likely to have habits already fixed. The first step in cooperation is along the line of protection. The young railroader has some sort of home at one end of the division. The other end of the run, where he will lay over several nights a week, immediately becomes of interest to his superintendent.

The Old Man makes it his business to foster a stopping place for railroaders in that town which will supply something in the way of a cheerful atmosphere, company and diversion. Many a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, offering bed, board, athletics, reading room and amusements, thrives in an unpromising place for the reason that that place happens to be the end of a railroad run and the railroad company secretly takes care of the deficit.

One Eastern road is said to contribute substantially to the Y. M. C. A. in no less than a dozen towns. Many a concern, sectarian or secular, with accommodations near the tracks and the ability to keep the railroader from wandering downtown after supper, finds the railroad a sympathetic listener to the story of its financial needs.

A more difficult task than starting the youngster right has been keeping the veteran out of temptation. The railroad has learned to fight King Barleycorn for every individual who slips into the danger zone. The modern superintendent—through his observation, through his trainmasters, through his countless little sources of information—keeps himself as well informed of what his men are doing in their offtime as when they are running the train. He is not spying on them; he is spying for them.

The Case of Tip Bunter

AT THE first appearance of financial or domestic difficulty the railroader is surrounded with every supporting influence—so that he will not go looking for solace in the neck of a bottle. One Western superintendent who is an odd mixture of iron and benevolence never misses a picnic of any of the brotherhoods. He swings the offspring and persuades the wives to tell him the secret of their pies. Once, when he put off a conference with his general manager to attend an outing of engineers and their families, he was asked whether he considered his going to the picnic as of more importance to the road.

"I do," he replied. "It is absolutely necessary for me to know how every engineer is standing with his family. I must know whether he is proud of his kids. If I don't find a man caring more for his wife as she grows older I prepare to keep a close watch on that man and his run. The engineer who knows he has an angel at home—or a bunch of angels—is not going to want a drink, is not going to pile up his train. One picnic is of more service to me than a hundred detectives. After every little outing of this kind you'll find my trainmasters busy with a list of names. The men whose names are on that list are going to be studied; then they are going to be wrestled with."

The superintendent knows that men do not drink liquor because they are thirsty. His business is with the fact behind the act. There was the case of Tip Bunter. No better mechanic ever groomed mountain-climbing locomotives in a certain Utah roundhouse. His skill at setting engine valves is attested by the fact that he was twice taken back into the service after knocking holes as big as a boilerhead in Rule G. The skeptics said he would fall again. He did; and the foreman told him to get out of the roundhouse forever. The mechanic went on a two weeks' spree.

The Old Man of the division saw Tip Bunter, after he became sober, leaning against a telegraph pole and looking the outcast he was. The Old Man went over and planted a shoulder against the pole.

"What made you do it, Tip?" he inquired.

"I had a right to get drunk if that suited me," testily muttered the jobless mechanic.

"Just as we have a right to let you go hungry because you no longer suit us," assented the Old Man. "But what was the good of doing it?"

"Oh, because nobody cared a rap."

"That isn't true and that isn't the reason. Why did you do it?"

"You're so darned inquisitive I'll just tell you, though it doesn't cut any ice one way or another," snapped Tip Bunter.

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The Boy Who Counted a Million

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

OUR town had thrived while the whale was worth hunting and rum worth shipping; then languished for a couple of decades until the motor car made it a summer haven for the idle rich. It was thus a returned native came upon it, and stayed a bit to ponder its living newness. Three vast new hotels were there, a casino and a bathing beach. Here the moneyed aliens bathed more or less ritually where aforetime the natives had merely "gone in swimming." There were shops that ministered to weird wants, and the long-tranquil waters of the bay were stirred by pleasure craft. Our old general store was now a department store, with no longer a stove in the rear and a pleasant loafing group about it of an evening. Our one-time Lady's & Gents' Eating House was now emblazoned Ye Olde Tea Roome.

It was presently an acceptable game to explore those smartened streets for vestiges of the ancient order, with eyes warily askew for the strange electric car and the playfully murderous motor. Here and there a small shop survived dustily, dusty tradesmen lurking within like bewildered ghosts who had haunted too long and been caught by daylight. One such engaged the eye for its perfect look of the old days. "Silas Balch" spread the name on the glass above the tarnished lettering "Real Estate, Mortgages, Loans," adding in smaller letters, as if an afterthought, "Notary Public."

A glance within revealed the bare floor, the locked safe, the littered desk with its revolving chair, the two straight-backed chairs for clients, the county map on the east wall facing the well-remembered portrait of Daniel Webster caught in a moment of reposeful dignity. On either side of the old frame building were the gay new shops, for this was Main Street. Silas Balch had held his own. But how?

Even in the old days Silas Balch had been far descended into the vale of years—old "Slicky" Balch, the richest man in our town, who lent money at ruinously high rates of interest, who had no foolish and expensive vices, and who permitted himself a smile only when he grimly foreclosed a mortgage.

Hasty computation was revealing old Slicky to be now in his early hundreds when, to the puzzled wanderer's first glance, the veritable ancient one himself seemed to mount the steps, unlock the dingy door and vanish behind the lettered window—the spare, stooping figure, loosely clad in a pepper-and-salt weave from some antique loom, the pinched gray face under the flabby soft hat of dusty felt, the sharp nose above the shaven upper lip, the wisp of whisker, concealing if not adorning the pointed chin. The wanderer stood aghast. By trick of gait and gesture this was old Slicky, yet younger than he could ever have been. What magic draughts of usury had he quaffed to prolong himself on God's green earth and acquire the title thereto by forced sale? Another glance at the window and a tiny bit of lettering, unnoted before, leaped to the eye and illumined the mystery: "Amos Apple, Successor to . . ."

Slicky Balch must have been moldering beneath his own specialty these twenty years. But Amos Apple——

Memory plunged into her sea, where it is thirty odd years deep, and brought Amos Apple to the surface. He had dawned on our world as "the new boy that's come to live on the Stubbs place." Handicapped at once was Amos, for no entirely worthy person had ever lived on the Stubbs place. The house was a battered structure at the edge of town, set in a weed-grown lot that in itself shrieked despair. Usually it was without a tenant. Its transients either progressed to faintly reputable dwellings or slunk off with their scanty belongings. None could long endure the social ignominy of it.

This is not to say that Amos Apple could not by sheer merit have acquired honorable station in our boyish democracy. We were not snobbish; merely exigent in the matter of gifts, powers,

Daily He Stood in His Doorway to See Amos Go By

achievements or peculiar possessions. But we found Amos a born deficient who rapidly slid down the scale of our requirements. Fighting was the first of these. In swift succession he was licked by enough of our gladiators to demonstrate the utter barrenness of such victories. Amos offered a mere tired submission, with so stolid a lack even of annoyance that the proceeding had no zest.

In our sports he was clumsy. We might let him play at baseball when a ninth man must be had, but only in far right-field. Socially he was slow-witted, lacking enthusiasm, initiative, magnetism. The aggressiveness of his upper front teeth might have brought him distinction of a sort; indeed he was dubbed Gopher Apple on his first appearance at school. The teeth were really noteworthy; but unsupported by talent they came to be overlooked, and he was at length merely called Sour. Such was our witty contempt for him. Who was he to stand beside persons of mark—beside him who had the largest collection of birds' eggs, or him who could swim farthest under water, or was the most daring tree-climber, or could unjoint his thumbs with a ghastly ease? How could he have hoped to rank with the doctor's son, who carried a scalpel which he asserted had been dipped in a solution of arsenic and would, therefore, bring to instant and horrible death any whose person it might abrade?

Amos had met no test of worth. He was negligible in all his aspects. Dully he haunted the dim outskirts of fellowship, an unnoted wraith of futility, and one would have been a prophet of parts who had foretold his emergence from that obscurity. Yet he was destined to emerge, and memory now identified the moment when the first intimation of his fame stole upon us like a mist-shod dawn.

A group of Amos' ablest scorners played expertly at hop-scotch on a stretch of broad, elm-bordered sidewalk. It will be observed that each was a person of glittering consequence when it is said that the least notable contestant was Spit Barclay, who, the previous autumn, had found an egg laid and long since abandoned by a cynical or perhaps too prolific screech-owl. The thing had burst in his mouth as he descended the tree, whence—let us be delicately meager of details—had issued his title, after his masterly analysis of the more than peculiar taste of his prize, together with an exciting estimate of the quantity of sassafras bark, happily obtainable on the spot, which in his agony he had macerated.

It was no group from which Amos Apple could have hoped for cordiality. And Amos seemed to know as much when he skulked into view that day. From the opposite sidewalk he surveyed us in silence, unnoted as ever. But after a moment of this he did, for Amos, a daring thing. He crossed the street and overlooked the game, though still from a safe remove. As his attitude remained one of wholly respectful aloofness he was, in the rigor of the game, permitted to remain unmolested. And presently the players became aware that a novel dignity marked his bearing. His ordinary solemnity of visage was strikingly intensified. He gazed aloft, raptly unconscious of us, and his lips moved as if in silent prayer. Curiosity was at once aroused, though this was for the moment ably dissembled, since the laws of caste commonly forbade any recognition of his existence. When, however, his eloquent lips were briefly stilled and he very formally transferred a white bean from the left to the right pocket of his tattered denim overalls, more than one pair of eyes frankly challenged him. There was visible annoyance that this lowly one should thus coerce the attention of his betters. With fine disregard Amos once more fastened his gaze remotely aloft, and again his lips moved swiftly, without sound, yet with a definite effect of rhythm.

One by one the players stood to stare, openly now and in sheer discomfort. There were twistings and writhings among them, lips half parted for insult, threatening steps toward the suddenly mysterious one. Yet he silenced and held them for another interval, until his trancelike absorption broke again and another white bean was solemnly removed from his left to his right pocket. So impressively performed was this transfer that the person of Amos was for once held sacred. The raging curiosity was now voiced, unattended by the physical indignities that would commonly have lent it authority.

"What you doing, Amos?"

But Amos only lifted his gaze to the heavens and again waggled his upper lip in that maddening mystery. And this, quite naturally, was too much. His questioners broke for him. Amos turned and fled. But when our swiftest runner had caught and held him it was seen that his lips were still in frantic action. Again we

At "Sem Hund' Sem Thous', Sem' Hun' Six-Two" the Ruler Rang Upon the Desk

stared, piqued but constrained by the something as of a priestly rite. Amos breathed with difficulty, owing to a tightened collar, but his lips were not stilled.

Then he of the poisoned blade fearsomely drew it and with sinister contortions approached the prisoner. This was rightly considered a guarantee of profuse and explicit details. A moment more the ordeal endured.

"Tell!" commanded the inquisitor, and the eyes of Amos were seen to roll in terror while the speed of his lips increased.

"You tell—now!" The blade was brandished alarmingly.

Then the answer came—exploded rather.

"Hunderd! Countin' a million!"

Again a white bean passed from the left pocket to the right, though this time with a sort of timid bravado.

Counting a million! We took it blankly, I think.

"What do you mean—counting a million?"

"Countin' a million," persisted Amos, and again his lips took up their silent toil.

"There he goes again; stop him!" cried a watchful one, and the collar of Amos was savagely constricted by his captor. Moreover, the captor shook him in hearty disgust.

"I tell you I'm countin' a whole million!" shrieked Amos when sufficient breath was permitted him.

Then the vastness of the thing, the cosmic minutiæ of it, flooded our understandings. The dazed captor slowly released his victim and Amos doggedly confronted us.

"Countin' a million!" he began, as if it were a chant, but the scalpel-waver checked him.

"What do you mean by it? Do you think we want you to count a million? Who's making you do it?"

"No one makin' me do it," declared Amos stoutly. "I thought it up myself. I jest says to myself: 'I'll count a million'—jest like that. I'll count a million. I'll count a million. I'll count a ——"

"Shut up!"

This was harsh but necessary, for Amos was chanting again. But instantly we were paying full tribute to the magnificent inspiration of his genius—not audibly nor openly, to be sure. Magnificent it might be, but it was also intolerable from one so abased and despised.

"You stop it, do you hear? We won't let you count a million." This from one of our quickest minds.

"You can't hinder me from it. How'd you stop me countin' in the night—countin' all night?" Thus Amos staunchly and at the point of the still imminent scalpel. There was a whitish crust on the slender blade.

"I'll count a million myself," warned the scalpel's owner, plagiarizing shamefully. "I'll count two million!"

"Yah, you'd never ketch up!" persisted Amos. "I'm forty-nine thousand seven hunderd a'ready. You'd never ketch up. I'd always be ahead, always be ahead, always be ahead." He had become lyrical again.

"Shut up!"

We deliberated uneasily. Amos had us, it seemed. Then we paltered.

"You can't keep count."

"I can too now! I can too!" sputtered Amos with frantic volubility. "I put a lot of these here little white beans in m' left pants pocket, and ever' time I get to a hunderd I put one over into m' right pocket, and ever' time there's a hunderd little white beans I'm gonna hide a lima bean out in the barn, and when they's ten lima beans I'm gonna drive a nail in our maple tree, and when they's ten nails drove in I'll have a million counted."

He ended the deadly recital breathlessly and faced our gloomy stares. The scalpel's owner tamely sheathed it and desperately resorted to ridicule.

"Well, what do you want to do it for? Ho! Ho! Who'd ever want to count a million!" He jeered, but falsely, lacking power to dissemble the envy that gnawed him. Nor had any of us the spirit to join in his pretense.

"What do you want to count a million for?"

And Amos went accurately to the keystone of his arch.

"No one else ever did—no one else in the whole world," he declared with the fine simplicity of greatness. "No one ever counted a million."

We gasped anew. In the glamour of the bare performance we had not perceived its veritable uniqueness. Amos seemed newly impressed with it himself. He backed off a few paces, with needless caution now, for no one would have laid a hand upon him, and the fanatic light rekindled in his pale-blue eyes.

"Yah! No one ever done it—Alexander the Great never done it, Julius Cæsar never done it, George Wash'n'ton never done it ——"

Slowly he faded down the street, calling back to us as he went the names of trumpery world heroes who had never done what the lowly Amos Apple was then doing.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln, Queen 'Lizabeth, Jesse James, Christopher Columbus, Dan'l Webster ——" They came back with a note of hideous taunting. We were sickeningly done for. No more games were played that day.

Nor had we divined the true eminence Amos was fated to scale. News of his monstrous ambition spread through the quiet town; rapidly among the young, more slowly among the elders. The latter were at first inclined to take the thing lightly, but as the days of spring went by and Amos drew on to the half-million mark, the slow hypnotism of the idea had its way with more than one grown-up.

Majestically He Stalked to a Near-by Maple Tree and Into Its Already Abused Bole He Sternly Drove a Nail

Memory freshly records Amos' daily progress down Main Street. He came into view followed by three or four adoring—and much younger—disciples. He stared raptly ahead and passed with long, flat-footed strides, his restless lips in silent fervor ever weaving the intangible but splendid fabric of his vision. To the wharf he went, where he perched on top of a pile and stared with unseeing eyes out over the blue waters, counting and counting and counting. His disciples sat at a respectful distance, counting also with such concentration as their younger minds permitted. But they were weaker vessels. If, as occurred now and again, one or another of these threatened rivalry by actually achieving ten thousand or so, Amos had only to approach him and hiss out something like "Four hunderd and eighty-six thousand and nine hunderd!" His record was always heart-breaking to these aspirants.

Of the grown-ups there were those who merely called it a fool trick and reformers who declared that it ought to be stopped. Yet the most radical of these would not be above displaying an interest in the "score," as it came to be called. Quite brazenly, as Amos passed on his mumbling way, one of these would grasp his arm and, with affectations of the jesting spirit, demand to be told the score. It was usually the misfortune of Amos to be at some small remove from the terminating hundred. He would glare at his tormentor with harassed, appealing eyes, counting hysterically against time, until he could burst into the relieving "hunderd!" concluding resentfully with some such minor explosion as "Six hunderd an' ninety-four thousand eight hunderd—you lemme alone!" It might be suspected that Amos courted these interruptions in the public highway for the advertisement they gave him. But he was, I am sure, above this; the fire of his genius burned pure. He even attended church gladly for the period of unbroken counting it secured him.

Enters here, quite unobtrusively at first, Silas Balch, Real Estate, Mortgages and the rest of it—old Slicky who, it was believed, could tell offhand, without "figgering," the interest at seven and one-half per cent on some such amount as $219.73 for six years, four months and eighteen days, compounded semi-annually.

One of the first to learn of Amos' audacious project, old Slicky had in the marketplace openly scoffed. "He'll never do it, mark my words! No boy could in these days. Now in my time—well, I never happened to think of it." And he continued incredulous through the first few hundred thousands of Amos' numbered progress. Then, blending with his unbelief, there showed a grudging but very certain respect for such tenacity in one so young. He came to be one of those who daily demanded the score of Amos, and his eyes widened as the score grew. Moreover, he never made any ill-timed demands for this item, as the other grown-ups constantly did. Always he awaited the end of the hundred, marked by the white bean's transfer. Old Slicky was so much the artist himself!

After six hundred thousand he succumbed utterly to the fascination of Amos, and was now a fervid partisan of him he had once derided. Daily he stood in his doorway to see Amos go by. Daily his eagerness mounted with the thousands. At seven hundred thousand the magic that lies in immensities had him briefly engaging Amos in talk at their daily meetings. He frankly wished to know how "it felt" to have counted seven hundred thousand, and Amos, divining the delicate comprehension of a brother artist, seriously sought to analyze and impart the sensation.

"It makes you feel big and excited"—after a conscientious search for the right words.

"Does, hey? What else?"

"Well, now—it makes your backbone feel all grand and funny."

Amos was never a word painter, but his effort seemed to suffice. Old Slicky nodded eloquently. He was sharing the exaltation of it. There was now a bond between them. At eight hundred and fifty thousand, achieved before old Slicky's door and in his breathless presence, he escorted Amos to the town drug store and halted him royally before the soda fountain.

"Take some sodawater," invited Slicky most astoundingly. Amos timidly did so. His infatuated benefactor thereupon, in the presence of excited but veracious witnesses, several of whom had crowded in to behold the spectacle, removed from his most secret pocket a long, flat, well-tied black wallet. Opening this with trembling fingers he took from it a small-change purse with a metal clasp in perfect repair. From this he withdrew a dime and sternly pushed it across the marble slab. Receiving a nickel in change, he thrust it back, even ere Amos had drained his nectar.

"Lickrish drops!" he commanded, and turned to glare at his now gasping audience. As no million had by man ever been counted, so had old Slicky never before spent money with this licentious abandon. It created a sensation in the town that threatened for a week to dim the glory of its provocation.

Amos blushingly accepted the confection in a paper bag and ambled out at the heels of his patron. They were seen to return to the office of old Slicky, and it became known that Amos was to finish his counting in that sanctuary.

(Continued on Page 39)

The Trail of the Tammany Tiger

By Harry Wilson Walker

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

The Most Wonderful Demonstration New York Had Seen

III

MAYOR VAN WYCK'S irritable temper was exhibited from the moment that he took the oath of office as first mayor of Greater New York. The only two Tammany men who were conspicuous by their absence from his inauguration were Richard Croker and John C. Sheehan. Croker had made the rule that he would not visit the city hall, but would issue orders elsewhere; while Sheehan had been left entirely in the cold. Croker had achieved his ambition in having secured a good position for every Tammany leader, with the exception of Sheehan, whom he now regarded as a political enemy.

The new mayor was very abrupt to his predecessor, Colonel William L. Strong, who had prepared a lengthy address of welcome. Van Wyck did not mince words in telling Mayor Strong that he did not want any long-drawn-out speech, and after taking the oath of office he declared the ceremonies at an end. I did not see Mayor Van Wyck until next day. I called at his office—a large outside room that was then used by the mayors.

"I do not like this office," he said snappily. "I wanted to be on the bench. This work is not at all to my taste. I am going to have a miserable four years."

The mayor then left with the same abruptness that he had used in beginning his conversation and went back to his desk in the outer room. I did not see him again for two or three days, and then he called at my hotel.

The King and His Court

"IT IS fortunate that the Democratic party has such a great leader as Croker," said the mayor; "because any mayor that tried to run the political part of his administration and attempted to conduct his other duties would break down. I have been working eighteen hours a day and shall have to continue to do so for months to come. The new charter is full of inconsistencies; besides all the towns and villages in the boroughs of Queens, Brooklyn and Richmond have piled up bonded indebtedness when they became aware that they were to become part of the greater city, with the expectation that the Borough of Manhattan would have to pay the bulk of the debt. It will be a difficult task to keep the tax rate down and weld this greater city together into a workable unit."

During this early period Van Wyck became known only as a hard-working mayor who discouraged publicity. On the other hand, Croker filled considerable space every day in the newspapers. He had established himself in a handsome clubhouse in Fifth Avenue, to the astonishment of the rank and file of his organization. The Avenue was regarded by his constituents as exclusive territory. The old Democratic Club, which Croker now controlled, was first a Tilden and then a Cleveland organization, the great majority of the club members being known as independent Democrats. The club was almost bankrupt, owing to the withdrawal of members who had decided to support W. J. Bryan in 1896.

The day Croker was induced to visit the club the bar license had expired and the club was too poor to pay for a new one. Croker agreed to build up the club, provided he was given the majority of the board of governors. This was agreed to, because the only alternative was to close the club. Croker at once took rooms in this club; practically made it his residence. Every person who had any kind of job under the Van Wyck administration became a member, and it was necessary for the board of governors to meet every night in order to pass on the large number of applicants for membership. Within two weeks the club had about the largest membership of any in New York, and was in a remarkably short time afterward able to pay off the mortgage and still have a fair-sized surplus in the treasury. Inside of a year it was known to be the richest club in the city.

Croker carried on the management of the club on a most luxurious and elaborate scale. There was no end of entertainments of one kind and another. Ladies' day became a feature of New York life. One of the New York papers made a hit by running on its editorial page a court calendar, such as the London dailies print. Croker was called the king, and other prominent officials of the city government were given titles of nobility. This aroused so much interest that the court calendar was continued for nearly a year. Croker behaved as if he were doing his best to enact the rôle of king. He made such a success that he announced that he was going to make the club national in character, his idea being to follow out the plan of the National Liberal Club in London. He thought that all the leading Democrats who visited New York would make their headquarters there. A great many prominent Democrats did go there out of curiosity; for it was really as good as a play to watch Croker every evening. He had a table near the center of the dining room and only the chosen few were permitted to sit with him. An officeholder receiving ten thousand a year or more might be occasionally invited to dine at the "king's table," but an officeholder receiving less than five thousand a year would never think of approaching. Andrew Freedman, who had become Croker's right-hand man in business matters, had a permanent seat at the table.

When the mayor dined at the clubhouse he always dined at the "king's table," as did likewise John F. Carroll, who was now the assistant leader of Tammany Hall and looked after the small details relating to patronage. Any one who wanted to stand well with the chief was expected to dine at the club at least once a week. Only one dollar was charged for the dinner, but each dinner cost the club three dollars. No one ever thought of going into the dining room until Croker was seated. I have always believed that Croker regarded the whole thing as a huge joke and was continually laughing in his sleeve at his subservient followers. Frequently he would not go to the dining room until very late, and the hungry members would feel obliged to bear their hunger. Just as soon as Croker entered the dining room there was a grand rush. The majority of those in the dining room would watch what Croker ordered, and then they would order the same things.

Croker, of course, pretended not to notice this, but he did. Frequently, to carry out his joke, he would order very little, and some of these brawny leaders who had large appetites would suffer because they were afraid to go any further than the chief. Nothing pleased Croker so much as to have Democrats of prominence go to the club. This gave me an opportunity to have my joke as well as Croker. I frequently would invite United States senators who happened to be in the city to dine with me at the club, and on such occasions I always picked out an obscure table in the dining room as far from Croker as possible. Croker felt it incumbent upon himself at the end of the meal to come over to my table in order to meet my distinguished guests. In this way I managed to receive courteous treatment from the leaders far beyond my importance, and it also gave them the impression that I was supposed to look after the national political end of the Democratic party as the representative of Croker.

As it fits in here, I will relate an incident that happened more than a year after Croker had established himself in control of the Democratic Club. William C. Whitney and a number of prominent men among anti-Bryan Democrats had sent a man to Manila to sound Admiral Dewey, and learn if he would agree to become a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president. The night that the man returned from Manila, Croker had a number of prominent Democrats at his table, and among them Colonel Henry Watterson, to hear the message from Admiral Dewey. The message was that Admiral Dewey would not consent to be the Democratic candidate, and this answer had a rather gloomy effect upon all present except Croker.

"I am glad that he won't be a candidate," said Croker, to the astonishment of his guests. "I have a much better candidate—a man who will suit the Southern Democrats."

"Who is it?" asked Colonel Watterson impatiently. "Who is it?"

"General Nelson A. Miles," said Croker with a self-satisfied air.

"Good heavens!" shouted Watterson. "Man alive, don't you know that Miles is the man that put the shackles on Jefferson Davis?"

Van Wyck Takes the Aggressive

AT THIS time Croker was absolutely ignorant of American history or the biography of our leading statesmen. All he knew was that New York state cast so many votes in national conventions, and that no Democrat was likely to be elected president without receiving the electoral vote of the Empire State.

In the meantime Van Wyck was working hard, and he was generally given credit for the good work that he was doing at the city hall, although his frequent manifestations of irritability were telling against him. His nerves were on edge, and no one was quite sure of how they would be received at the mayor's office. He never failed to ask me what people were saying about his administration, and I was brutally frank with him. I continually advised him to assert himself more, and he always insisted that he did wherever the interest of the taxpayer was concerned. Finally early in May Croker set sail for England. There was an immense throng at the docks to see him off, and he announced to the newspaper reporters that during his absence John F. Carroll would act for him. Carroll was the leader of the district in which Van Wyck lived and they were warm friends. I thought at the time that this would be a good thing for Van Wyck, and I was fully convinced of this three weeks after Croker sailed. Van Wyck asserted himself. He removed two Republican police commissioners, and he appointed in their place two Republicans who were pledged to remove Chief of Police McCullagh. William S. Devery was elected chief of police instead.

Colonel Roosevelt Was Regarded by His Followers as the Real Hero of Our War With Spain

As it turned out Devery's selection was the worst thing that could have happened to Van Wyck. About the same time Van Wyck removed two of the aqueduct commissioners. As a result of this action the mayor struck terror in the hearts of the other officeholders, and they did not breathe easily until after the first of July, when the mayor's power of removal expired. After that very few of them were loyal to Van Wyck, although he did not realize it until after his term of office had expired. They knew that they had been selected by Croker and were under obligation only to the organization. I could see the change in their demeanor toward the mayor and I told him of it.

"Mr. Mayor," I said, "if you continue in this office you will be a ruined man. Of course you can't resign, and Tammany won't put you on the bench because they want you in the mayor's office. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to be candidate for governor. You can be elected. I believe you can be nominated and that you can reunite the party up the state. I have already started in to carry out this plan."

Mayor Van Wyck did not at first give me any encouragement, but on the other hand he did not tell me to stop, so I went ahead. The Jacksonian way in which Van Wyck had gone about the removal of the four commissioners had created a good impression on the up-state Democrats. Just at this time Governor Black had vetoed a two-cent-a-mile railroad bill, and the commercial travelers had begun organizing against him. I at once took advantage of this situation and set about organizing the Democratic commercial travelers. I got a great many of them to promise that as they traveled through the state they would boom the New York mayor for governor. I felt that Croker would not be altogether pleased with what I was doing, so I lost no time in launching the Van Wyck gubernatorial boom through the newspapers.

Tammany Solidly for Bryan

TAMMANY always showed up strong in Saratoga toward the end of July. Prominent Democratic politicians from all over the state usually went there to meet the Tammany men. Croker was to be at Saratoga about the first of August. By the end of July Van Wyck was more talked of for the Democratic nomination for governor than any other man, and if Croker was to kill the boom he would have to come out into the open. After I had got the Van Wyck boom pretty well going Senator Murphy indicated that he favored the nomination of ex-Governor Flower, who had bolted Bryan in 1896. I was afraid on this account that Croker might declare himself for Flower shortly after his return, and I began to work on the national Democratic leaders who were Bryan men. It happened that Governor William J. Stone, of Missouri, who was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was in New York at the time that Croker returned from England. The Flower boom was making some headway. I induced Governor Stone to give out interviews to the New York papers, saying that the National Democracy would resent the New York Democracy's nominating any one who had bolted Bryan. The interviews caused considerable sensation in political circles, and they were particularly well received by the up-state Democracy. There was no question as to how the rank and file of Tammany stood; they were almost solidly Bryan.

I Induced Governor Stone to Give Out Interviews to the New York Papers

Croker was always with the rank and file, whether it was for love or fear. As a consequence of this, Croker did not come out for Flower, nor would he say anything about the Van Wyck move.

When I met him at Saratoga his manner to me was not very inviting, but I kept actively at work, and was constantly in company with Van Wyck and his brother, the judge in Brooklyn. One day Croker came up to me and asked me how I was getting on with the Van Wyck boom.

"Van Wyck will be nominated unless you prevent it," I said. Croker said that what he wanted more than anything else was the reëlection of Murphy. I told him that I was as strongly in favor of that as anybody could be, but that as ninety per cent of the Democratic voters of the state were with Bryan, the only possible way to win was to nominate a man for governor who had cordially supported Bryan. I could see that this impressed itself upon Croker and I no longer feared any opposition from him. Then he began to question me thoroughly about the commercial travelers. He thought that it was a splendid idea, which he afterward paid great attention to, and in the Bryan campaign in 1900 Croker was a generous contributor to a commercial travelers' organization.

Ex-Governor Flower was at Saratoga at the time and he sent for me. "I hear you are booming Van Wyck for governor," said Mr. Flower. "I thought that on account of our old friendship you would be for me."

"Governor," I answered, "I would not support my own father for an office if he had bolted Bryan as you did."

There were a number of up-state candidates for governor and David B. Hill was encouraging all of them. He was strongly opposed to Van Wyck, saying that his election meant Tammany domination of the state. The fact of Hill's taking this position forced Croker to favor Van Wyck. I arrived at Syracuse where the convention was to be held several days in advance, and induced everybody I could to wear a badge marked "Commercial Traveler," and containing a picture of Van Wyck. I also distributed hundreds of buttons with Van Wyck's picture, and when the bulk of the delegates gathered together in Syracuse it was generally conceded that Van Wyck was well in the lead. Croker arrived a day ahead of the Tammany delegation, and I rushed to his room every delegate I could whom I knew to be favorable to the New York mayor. From the way Croker acted I have always believed that he intended to support the mayor. When the Tammany delegates arrived, to my great astonishment I found they were very lukewarm. They had not realized until they reached Syracuse how strong Van Wyck was up-state. Before they had been there many hours they were in a state of revolt. They said it was Van Wyck's duty to remain as mayor, and that if he became governor Mr. Randolph Guggenheimer, who was chairman of the city council, would become mayor, and that he was not a sufficiently dyed-in-the-wool Tammany man for them to trust. I soon saw that this was having its effect on Croker.

Late the night before the convention was to meet to make a nomination I learned that Croker had fully decided to yield to the wishes of his leaders. A number of the up-state delegates who had been for Mayor Van Wyck, then proposed that Judge Augustus Van Wyck should be nominated instead of his brother. The whole object of my efforts was defeated. I went to bed that night feeling more melancholy than I ever had been before, though personally I was just as fond of the Brooklyn Van Wyck.

Colonel Roosevelt two or three days previous to this had been nominated governor by the Republicans, and he was regarded by his followers as the real hero of our war with Spain. I became the manager of Judge Van Wyck's campaign tour, and although he was defeated by less than seventeen thousand votes, I think it is conceded that he would have triumphed over Colonel Roosevelt had it not been that during the last two weeks of the campaign the question of Croker's interference with the independence of the judiciary was made an issue, and handled by Roosevelt in a most masterly manner. Once when T. R.'s voice failed, he said: "As long as Croker's voice holds out it makes no difference."

Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Dailey had been refused a renomination by Croker, although almost every leader in Tammany Hall believed that Dailey as a matter of good politics should have been renominated. When Judge Dailey first went on the bench he refused to appoint a clerk at the request of Croker. Croker then vowed that if he remained in power Dailey would retire from the bench at the end of his term. Thus Croker threw away the governorship and changed history by his stubbornness. Independent Democrats, although not opposing

"Good Heavens!" Shouted Watterson. "Man Alive, Don't You Know That Miles Is the Man That Put the Shackles on Jefferson Davis?"

Van Wyck, held meetings denouncing Croker for his action regarding Justice Dailey. At one of the big meetings Bourke Cockran graphically described the situation in Tammany Hall.

"A nominal government is installed at the city hall—the actual government is administered in the Democratic Club," said Cockran. "Officials are sworn and appointed to discharge certain functions, and to a certain extent they do discharge them; but outside the mere routine duties of their departments, every exercise of discretionary power is controlled by, prescribed by, a private individual—Croker—who is not even under the necessity of recording his decrees or of acknowledging them.

"All city appointments are made through favor or the forbearance of the boss, whose nod may make a fortune or destroy a career. Every great interest in this great city courts his favor and dreads his hostility. Considering his power I wonder at his forbearance. Thousands of men are eager to do him any menial service. Croker has not created the boss-ship which he administers. He is the product of a system brought on by existing conditions."

Croker Before the Mazet Committee

CROKER laid the defeat of Van Wyck to Senator Hill. Judge Van Wyck left the supreme court bench when he accepted the nomination for governor, so that he returned to his law practice after his defeat. His brother, the mayor, seemed to be more irritable than ever in his relations with visitors at the city hall, and the newspapers were anything but friendly to him. In view of the hard work that he really was doing he might have received considerable praise, but he did not seem to crave that. I happen to know that it was entirely through Van Wyck's initiative that the present subway system was established. Without consulting any one, Van Wyck arranged to save thirty million dollars to use in the subway construction. He accomplished this by saving so much from the appropriations of each department.

One day he went unannounced to a meeting of the Rapid Transit Commissioners, and astonished them by saying that he had arranged to secure the money in order that they might begin work at once. The commissioners were greatly surprised, for they had expected no such good luck under the Tammany administration. I urged the mayor at the time to give these facts to the newspapers, but he would not hear of it, preferring, if any credit was due, that it should go to Croker and the Tammany organization.

The lid was entirely off the town and gambling was conducted almost openly. There was no question that leading police officials were growing rich from this source of revenue, and that considerable money was finding its way into the hands of Tammany politicians. The newspapers openly charged that Chief Devery was rapidly becoming a rich man.

In the spring of 1899 a committee of the legislature was appointed to investigate conditions in New York City. The committee took the name of Mazet, from its chairman. In April of that year Croker was the star witness. He testified that he was working for his pocket all the time.

The investigation showed how Tammany was commercializing politics. But the probe did not go very deep on account of the bipartisan agreement still existing between Mr. Croker and Senator Platt. Another conspicuous witness at that time was Charles F. Murphy. The investigation drew Murphy more into the limelight than he had ever been before. Murphy was then the head of the dock board and he was closely examined about contracts with

(Continued on Page 68)

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

At a Little Shop She Must Purchase Postcards

XIII

PETER took the polished horns to the hospital the next morning, and approached Jimmy with his hands behind him and an atmosphere of mystery that enshrouded him like a cloak. Jimmy, having had a good night and having taken the morning's medicine without argument, had been allowed up in a roller chair. It struck Peter with a pang that the boy looked more frail day by day, more transparent.

"I have brought you," said Peter gravely, "the cod-liver oil."

"I've had it!"

"Then guess."

"Dad's letter?"

"You've just had one. Don't be a piggy."

"Animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Vegetable," said Peter shamelessly.

"Soft or hard?"

"Soft."

This was plainly a disappointment. A pair of horns might be vegetable; they could hardly be soft.

"A kitten?"

"A kitten is not vegetable, James."

"I know. A bowl of gelatine from Harry!" For by this time Harmony was his very good friend, admitted to the Jimmy club, which consisted of Nurse Elisabet, the *dozent* with the red beard, Anna and Peter, and of course the sentry, who did not know that he belonged.

"Gelatine, to be sure," replied Peter, and produced the horns.

It was a joyous moment in the long low ward, with its triple row of beds, its barred windows, its clean, uneven old floor. As if to add a touch of completeness the sentry outside, peering in, saw the wheeled chair with its occupant, and celebrated this advance along the road to recovery by placing on the window-ledge a wooden replica of himself, bayonet and all, carved from a bit of cigar box.

"Everybody is very nice to me," said Jimmy contentedly. "When my father comes back I shall tell him. He is very fond of people who are kind to me. There was a woman on the ship —— What is bulging your pocket, Peter?"

"My handkerchief."

"That is not where you mostly carry your handkerchief."

Peter was injured. He scowled ferociously at being doubted and stood up before the wheeled chair to be searched. The ward watched joyously, while from pocket after pocket of Peter's old gray suit came Jimmy's salvage—two nuts, a packet of figs, a postcard that represented a stout colonel of hussars on his back on a frozen lake, with a private soldier waiting to go through the various salutations due his rank before assisting him. A gala day, indeed, if one could forget the grave in the little mountain town with only a name on the cross at its head, and if one did not notice that the boy was thinner than ever, that his hands soon tired of playing and lay in his lap, that Nurse Elisabet, who was much inured to death and lived her days with tragedy, caught him to her almost fiercely as she lifted him back from the chair into the smooth white bed.

He fell asleep with Peter's arm under his head and the horns of the deer beside him. On the bedside stand stood the wooden sentry, keeping guard. As Peter drew his arm away he became aware of the Nurse Elisabet beckoning to him from a door at the end of the ward. Peter left the sentinel on guard and tiptoed down the room. Just outside, round a corner, was the *dozent's* laboratory, and beyond the tiny closet where he slept, where on a stand was the photograph of the lady he would marry when he had become a professor and required no one's consent.

The *dozent* was waiting for Peter. In the amiable conspiracy which kept the boy happy he was arch-plotter. His familiarity with Austrian intrigue had made him invaluable. He it was who had originated the idea of making Jimmy responsible for the order of the ward, so that a burly *Träger* quarreling over his daily tobacco with the nurse in charge, or brawling over his soup with another patient, was likely to be hailed in a thin soprano, and to stand, grinning sheepishly, while Jimmy, in mixed English and German, restored the decorum of the ward. They were a quarrelsome lot, the convalescents. Jimmy was so busy some days settling disputes and awarding decisions that he slept almost all night. This was as it should be.

The *dozent* waited for Peter. His red beard twitched and his white coat, stained from the laboratory table, looked quite villainous. He held out a letter.

"This has come for the child," he said in quite good English. He was obliged to speak English. Day by day he taught in the clinics Americans who scorned his native tongue, and who brought him the money with which some day he would marry. He liked the English language; he liked Americans because they learned quickly. He held out an envelope with a black border and Peter took it.

"From Paris!" he said. "Who in the world —— I suppose I'd better open it."

"So I thought. It appears a letter of—how you say it? Ah, yes, condolence."

Peter opened the letter and read it. Then without a word he gave it open to the *dozent*. There was silence in the laboratory while the *dozent* read it, silence except for his canary, which was chipping at a lump of sugar. Peter's face was very sober.

"So. A mother! You knew nothing of a mother?"

"Something from the papers I found. She left when the boy was a baby—went on the stage, I think. He has no recollection of her, which is a good thing. She seems to have been a bad lot."

"She comes to take him away. That is impossible."

"Of course it is impossible," said Peter savagely. "She's not going to see the child if I can help it. She left because—she's the boy's mother, but that's the best you can say of her. This letter —— Well, you've read it."

"She is as a stranger to him?"

"Absolutely. She will come in mourning—look at that black border—and tell him his father is dead, and kill him. I know the type."

The canary chipped at his sugar; the red beard of the *dozent* twitched, as does the beard of one who plots. Peter re-read the gushing letter in his hand and thought fiercely.

"She is on her way here," said the *dozent*. "That is bad. Paris to Wien is two days and a night. She may hourly arrive."

"We might send him away—to another hospital."

The *dozent* shrugged his shoulders.

"Had I a home ——" he said, and glanced through the door to the portrait on the stand. "It would be possible to hide the boy, at least for a time. In the interval the mother might be watched, and if she proved a fit person the boy could be given to her. It is, of course, an affair of police."

This gave Peter pause. He had no money for fines, no time for imprisonment, and he shared the common horror of the great jail. He read the letter again, and tried to read into the lines Jimmy's mother, and failed. He glanced into the ward. Jimmy still slept. A burly convalescent, with a saber cut from temple to ear and the general appearance of an assassin, had stopped beside the bed and was drawing up the blanket round the small shoulders.

"I can give orders that the woman be not admitted today," said the *dozent*. "That gives us a few hours. She will go to the police, and tomorrow she will be admitted. In the mean time ——"

"In the mean time," Peter replied, "I'll try to think of something. If I thought she could be warned and would leave him here ——"

"She will not. She will buy him garments and she will travel with him through the Riviera and to Nice. She says Nice. She wishes to be there for carnival, and the boy will die."

Peter took the letter and went home. He rode, that he might read it again in the bus. But no scrap of comfort could he get from it. It spoke of the dead father coldly, and the father had been the boy's idol. No good woman could have been so heartless. It offered the boy a seat in one of the least reputable of the Paris theaters to hear his mother sing. And in the envelope, overlooked before, Peter found a cutting from a French newspaper, a picture of the music-hall type that made him groan. It was endorsed "Mama."

Harmony had had a busy morning. First she had put her house in order, working deftly, her pretty hair pinned up in a towel—all in order but Peter's room. That was to have a special cleaning later. Next, still with her hair tied up, she had spent two hours with her violin, standing very close to the stove to save fuel and keep her fingers warm. She played well that morning: even her own critical ears were satisfied, and the *portier*, repairing a window lock in an empty room below, was entranced. He sat on the window-sill in the biting cold and listened. Many music students had lived in the apartment with the great salon; there had been much music of one sort and another, but none like this.

"She tears my heart from my bosom," muttered the *portier*, sighing, and almost swallowed a screw that he held in his teeth.

After the practicing Harmony cleaned Peter's room. She felt very tender toward Peter that day. The hurt left by Mrs. Boyer's visit had died away, but there remained a clear vision of Peter standing behind the chair and offering himself humbly in marriage, so that a bad situation might be made better. And as with a man tenderness expresses itself in the giving of gifts, so with a woman it means giving of service. Harmony cleaned Peter's room.

It was really rather tidy. Peter's few belongings did not spread to any extent and years of bachelorhood had taught him the rudiments of order. Harmony took the covers from washstand and dressing table and washed and ironed them. She cleaned Peter's worn brushes and brought a pincushion of her own for his one extra scarfpin. Finally she brought her own steamer rug and folded it across the foot of the bed. There was no stove in the room; it had been Harmony's room once, and she knew to the full how cold it could be.

Having made all comfortable for the outer man she prepared for the inner. She was in the kitchen, still with her hair tied up, when Anna came home.

Anna was preoccupied. Instead of her cheery greeting she came somberly back to the kitchen, a letter in her hand. History was making fast that day.

"Hello, Harry," she said. "I'm going to take a bite and hurry off. Don't bother, I'll attend to myself." She stuffed the letter into her belt and got a plate from a shelf. "How pretty you look with your head tied up! If stupid Peter saw you now he would fall in love with you."

"Then I shall take it off. Peter must be saved!"

Anna sat down at the tiny table and drank her tea. She felt rather better after the tea. Harmony, having taken the towel off, was busy over the brick stove. There was nothing said for a moment. Then:

"I am out of patience with Peter," said Anna.

"Why?"

"Because he hasn't fallen in love with you. Where are his eyes?"

"Please, Anna!"

"It's better as it is, no doubt, for both of you. But it's superhuman of Peter. I wonder ——"

"Yes?"

"I think I'll not tell you what I wonder." And Harmony, rather afraid of Anna's frank speech, did not insist.

As she drank her tea and made a pretense at eating, Anna's thoughts wandered from Peter to Harmony to the letter in her belt and back again to Peter and Harmony. For some time Anna had been suspicious of Peter. From her dozen years of advantage in age and experience she looked down on Peter's thirty years of youth, and thought she knew something that Peter himself did not suspect. Peter being unintrospective, Anna did his heart-searching for him. She believed he was madly in love with Harmony and did not himself suspect it. As she watched the girl over her tea-cup, revealing herself in a thousand unposed gestures of youth and grace, a thousand lovelinesses, something of the responsibility she and Peter had assumed came over her. She sighed and felt for her letter.

"I've had rather bad news," she said at last.

"From home?"

"Yes. My father—did you know I have a father?"

"You hadn't spoken of him."

"I never do. As a father he hasn't amounted to much. But he's very ill, and—I've a conscience."

Harmony turned a startled face to her.

"You are not going back to America?"

"Oh no, not now anyhow. If I become hag-ridden with remorse and do go I'll find some one to take my place. Don't worry."

The lunch was a silent meal. Anna was hurrying off as Peter came in, and there was no time to discuss Peter's new complication with her. Harmony and Peter ate together, Harmony rather silent. Anna's unfortunate comment about Peter had made her constrained. After the meal Peter, pipe in mouth, carried the dishes to the kitchen, and there it was that he gave her the letter. What Peter's slower mind had been a perceptible time in grasping Harmony comprehended at once—and not only the situation, but its solution.

"Don't let her have him!" she said, putting down the letter. "Bring him here. Oh, Peter, how good we must be to him!"

And that after all was how the thing was settled. So simple, so obvious was it that these three expatriates, these waifs and estrays, banded together against a common poverty, a common loneliness, should share without question whatever was theirs to divide. Peter and Anna gave cheerfully of their substance, Harmony of her labor, that a small boy should be saved a tragic knowledge until he was well enough to bear it, or until, if God so willed, he might learn it himself without pain.

The friendly sentry on duty again that night proved singularly blind. Thus it happened that, although the night was clear when the twin dials of the Votivkirche showed nine o'clock, he did not notice a cab that halted across the street from the hospital.

Still more strange that, although Peter passed within a dozen feet of him, carrying a wriggling and excited figure wrapped in a blanket and insisting on uncovering its feet, the sentry was able the next day to say that he had observed such a person carrying a bundle, but that it was a short stocky person, quite lame, and that the bundle was undoubtedly clothing going to the laundry.

Perhaps—it is just possible—the sentry had his suspicions. It is undeniable that as Jimmy in the cab on Peter's knee, with Peter's arm close about him, looked back at the hospital, the sentry was going through the manual of arms very solemnly under the stars and facing toward the carriage.

"Animal, Vegetable or Mineral?"

XIV

FOR two days at Semmering it rained. The Raxalpe and the Schneeberg sulked behind walls of mist. From the little balcony of the *Pension* Waldheim one looked out over a sea of cloud, pierced here and there by islands that were crags or by the tops of sunken masts that were evergreen trees. The roads were masses of slippery mud, up which the horses steamed and sweated. The gray cloud fog hung over everything; the barking of a dog loomed out of it near at hand where no dog was to be seen. Children cried and wild birds squawked; one saw them not.

During the second night a landslide occurred on the side of the mountain with a rumble like the noise of fifty trains. In the morning, the rain clouds lifting for a moment, Marie saw the narrow yellow line of the slip.

Everything was saturated with moisture. It did no good to close the heavy wooden shutters at night: in the morning the air of the room was sticky and clothing was moist to the touch. Stewart, confined to the house, grew irritable.

He chafed against the confinement; he resented the food, the weather. Even Marie's content at her unusual leisure irked him. He accused her of purring like a cat by the fire, and stamped out more than once, only to be driven in by the curious thunderstorms of early Alpine winter.

On the night of the second day the weather changed. Marie, awakening early, stepped out on to the balcony and closed the door carefully behind her. A new world lay beneath her, a marvel of glittering branches, of white plain far below; the snowy mane of the Raxalpe was become a garment. And from behind the villa came the cheerful sound of sleigh-bells, of horses' feet on crisp snow, of runners sliding easily along frozen roads. Even the barking of the dog in the next yard had ceased rumbling and become sharp staccato.

The balcony extended round the corner of the house. Marie, eagerly discovering her new world, peered about, and seeing no one near ventured so far. The road was in view, and a small girl on ski was struggling to prevent a collision between two plump feet. Even as Marie saw her the inevitable happened and she went headlong into a drift. A governess who had been kneeling before a shrine by the road hastily crossed herself and ran to the rescue.

It was a marvelous morning, a day of days. The governess and the child went on out of vision. Marie stood still, looking at the shrine. A drift had piled about its foot, where the governess had placed a bunch of Alpine flowers. Down on her knees on the balcony went the little Marie, regardless of the snow, and prayed to the shrine of the Virgin below—for what? For forgiveness? For a better life? Not at all. She prayed that the heels of the American girl would keep her in out of the snow.

The prayer of the wicked availeth nothing; even the godly at times must suffer disappointment. And when one prays of heels, who can know of the yearning back of the praying? Marie, rising and dusting her chilled knees, saw the party of Americans on the road, clad in stout boots and swinging along gayly. Marie shrugged her shoulders resignedly. She should have gone to the shrine itself; a balcony was not a holy place. But one thing she determined—the Americans went toward the Sonnwendstein. She would advise against the Sonnwendstein for that day.

Marie's day of days had begun wrong after all. For Stewart rose with the Sonnwendstein in his mind, and no suggestion of Marie's that in another day a path would be broken had any effect on him. He was eager to be off, committed the extravagance of ordering an egg apiece for breakfast, and finally proclaimed that if Marie feared the climb he would go alone.

Marie made many delays: she dressed slowly, and must run back to see if the balcony door was securely closed. At a little shop where they stopped to buy mountain sticks she must purchase postcards and send them at once. Stewart was fairly patient: air and exercise were having their effect.

It was eleven o'clock when, having crossed the valley, they commenced to mount the slope of the Sonnwendstein. The climb was easy; the road wound back and forward on itself so that one ascended with hardly an effort. Stewart gave Marie a hand here and there, and even paused to let her sit on a boulder and rest. The snow was not heavy; he showed her the footprints of a party that had gone ahead, and to amuse her tried to count the number of people. When he found it was five he grew thoughtful. There were five in Anita's party. Thanks to Marie's delays they met the Americans coming down. The meeting was a short one: the party went on down, gayly talking. Marie and Stewart climbed silently. Marie's day was spoiled; Stewart had promised to dine at the hotel.

Marie's sordid little tragedy played itself out in Semmering. Stewart neglected her almost completely; he took fewer and fewer meals at the villa. In two weeks he spent one evening with the girl, and was so irritable that she went to bed crying. The little mountain resort was filling up; there were more and more Americans. Christmas was drawing near and a dozen or so American doctors came up, bringing their families for the holidays. It was difficult to enter a shop without encountering some of them. To add to the difficulty, the party at the hotel, finding it crowded there, decided to go into a *pension* and suggested moving to the Waldheim.

Stewart himself was wretchedly uncomfortable. Marie's tragedy was his predicament. He disliked himself very cordially, loathing himself and his situation with the newborn humility of the lover. For Stewart was in love for the first time in his life. In his despair he wrote to Peter Byrne. It was characteristic of Peter that, however indifferent people might be in prosperity, they always turned to him in trouble. Stewart's letter concluded:

I have made out a poor case for myself; but I'm in a hole, as you can see. I would like to chuck everything here and sail for home with these people who go in January. But, confound it, Byrne, what am I to do with Marie? And that brings me to what I've been wanting to say all along, and haven't had the courage to. Marie likes you and you rather liked her, didn't you? You could talk her into reason if anybody could. Now that you know how things are, can't you come up over Sunday? It's asking a lot, and I know it; but things are pretty bad.

Peter received the letter on the morning of the day before Christmas. He read it several times and, recalling the look he had seen more than once in Marie Jedlicka's eyes, he knew that things were very bad indeed.

But Peter was a man of family in those days, and Christmas is a family festival not to be lightly ignored. He wired to Stewart that he would come up as soon as possible after Christmas. Then, because of the look in Marie's eyes and because he feared for her a sad Christmas, full of heartaches and God knows what loneliness, he bought her a most

All Day He Had Stayed in Bed for the Privilege of an Extra Hour

hideous brooch, which he thought admirable in every way and highly ornamental and which he could not afford at all. This he mailed, with a cheery greeting, and feeling happier and much poorer made his way homeward.

XV

CHRISTMAS EVE in the salon of Maria Theresa! Christmas Eve, with the great chandelier recklessly ablaze and a pig's head with cranberry eyes for supper! Christmas Eve, with a two-foot tree gleaming with candles on the stand, and beside the stand, in a huge chair, Jimmy!

It had been a busy day for Harmony. In the morning there had been shopping and marketing, and such a temptation to be reckless, with the shops full of ecstasies and the old flower women fairly overburdened. There had been anxieties, too, such as the pig's head, which must be done a certain way, and Jimmy, who must be left with the *portier's* wife as nurse while all of them went to the hospital. The house revolved around Jimmy now, Jimmy, who seemed the better for the moving, and whose mother as yet had failed to materialize.

In the afternoon Harmony played at the hospital. Peter took her as the early twilight was falling in through the gate where the sentry kept guard and so to the great courtyard. In this grim playground men wandered about, smoking their daily allowance of tobacco and moving to keep warm, offscourings of the barracks, derelicts of the slums, with here and there an honest citizen lamenting a Christmas away from home. The hospital was always pathetic to Harmony; on this Christmas Eve she found it harrowing. Its very size shocked her, that there should be so much suffering, so much that was appalling, frightful, insupportable. Peter felt her quiver under his hand.

A hospital in festivity is very affecting. It smiles through its tears. And in every assemblage there are sharply defined lines of difference. There are those who are going home soon, God willing: there are those who will go home some time after long days and longer nights. And there are those who will never go home and who know it. And because of this the ones who are never going home are most festively clad, as if, by way of compensation, the nurses mean to give them all future Christmases in one. They receive an extra orange, or a pair of gloves perhaps—and they are not the less grateful because they understand. And when everything is over they lay away in the bedside stand the gloves they will never wear, and divide the extra orange with a less fortunate one who is almost recovered. Their last Christmas is past.

"How beautiful the tree was!" they say. Or, "Did you hear how the children sang? So little, to sing like that! It made me think—of angels."

Peter led Harmony across the courtyard, through many twisting corridors, and up and down more twisting staircases to the room where she was to play. There were many Christmas trees in the hospital that afternoon; no one hall could have held the thousands of patients, the doctors, the nurses. Sometimes a single ward had its own tree, its own entertainment. Occasionally two or three joined forces, preëmpted a lecture room, and wheeled or hobbled or carried in their convalescents. In such case an imposing audience was the result.

Into such a room Peter led Harmony. It was an amphitheater, the seats rising in tiers, half circle above half circle, to the dusk of the roof. In the pit stood the tree, candlelighted. There was no other illumination in the room. The semi-darkness, the blazing tree, the rows of hopeful, hoping, hopeless, rising above, white faces over white gowns, the soft rustle of expectancy, the silence when the *dozent* with the red beard stepped out and began to read an address—all caught Harmony by the throat. Peter, keenly alive to everything she did, felt rather than heard her soft sob.

Peter saw the hospital anew that dark afternoon, saw it through Harmony's eyes. Layer after layer his professional callus fell away, leaving him quick again. He had lived so long close to the heart of humanity that he had reduced its throbbing to beats that might be counted. Now, once more, Peter was back in the early days, when a heart was not a pump, but a thing that ached or thrilled or struggled, that loved or hated or yearned.

The orchestra, insisting on sadly sentimental music, was fast turning festivity into gloom. It played Handel's Largo; it threw its whole soul into the assurance that the world, after all, was only a poor place, that heaven was a better. It preached resignation with every deep vibration of the cello. Harmony fidgeted.

"How terrible!" she whispered. "To turn their Christmas Eve into mourning! Stop them!"

"Stop a German orchestra?"

"They are crying, some of them. Oh, Peter!"

The music came to an end at last. Tears were dried. Followed recitations, gifts, a speech of thanks from Nurse Elisabet for the patients. Then—Harmony.

Harmony never remembered afterward what she had played. It was joyous, she knew, for the whole atmosphere changed. Laughter came; even the candles burned more cheerfully. When she had finished a student in a white coat asked her to play a German Volkspiel, and roared it out to her accompaniment with much vigor and humor. The audience joined in, at first timidly, then lustily.

Harmony stood alone by the tree, violin poised, smiling at the applause. Her eyes, running along the dim amphitheater, sought Peter's, and finding them dwelt there a moment. Then she began to play softly and as softly the others sang.

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,"

they sang, with upturned eyes.

"Alles schläft, einsam wacht. . . ."

Visions came to Peter that afternoon in the darkness, visions in which his poverty was forgotten or mattered not at all. Visions of a Christmas Eve in a home that he had earned, of a tree, of a girl-woman, of a still and holy night, of a child.

"Nur das traute, hoch heilige Paar
Holder Knabe im lokkigen Haar
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh',
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh',"

they sang.

There was real festivity at the old lodge of Maria Theresa that night.

Jimmy had taken his full place in the household. The best room, which had been Anna's, had been given up to him. Here, carefully tended, with a fire all day in the stove, Jimmy reigned from the bed. To him Harmony brought her small puzzles and together they solved them.

"Shall it be a steak tonight?" thus Harmony humbly. "Or chops?"

"With tomato sauce?"

"If Peter allows, yes."

Much thinking on Jimmy's part, and then:

"Fish," he would decide. "Fish with egg dressing." They would argue for a time, and compromise on fish.

The boy was better. Peter shook his head over any permanent improvement, but Anna fiercely seized each crumb of hope. Many and bitter were the battles she and Peter fought at night over his treatment, frightful the litter of authorities Harmony put straight every morning.

The extra expense was not much, but it told. Peter's carefully calculated expenditures felt the strain. He gave up a course in X-ray on which he had set his heart and cut off his hour in the coffee house as a luxury. There was no hardship about the latter renunciation. Life for Peter was spelling itself very much in terms of Harmony and Jimmy those days. He resented anything that took him from them.

There were anxieties of a different sort also. Anna's father was failing. He had written her a feeble, half senile appeal to let bygones be bygones and come back to see him before he died. Anna was Peter's great prop. What would he do should she decide to go home? He had built his house on the sand indeed.

So far the threatened danger of a mother to Jimmy had not materialized. Peter was puzzled, but satisfied. He still wrote letters of marvelous adventure; Jimmy still watched for them, listened breathless, treasured them under his pillow. But he spoke less of his father. The open page of his childish mind was being written over with new impressions. "Dad" was already a memory; Peter and Harmony and Anna were realities. Sometimes he called Peter "Dad." At those times Peter caught the boy to him in an agony of tenderness.

And as the little apartment revolved round Jimmy, so was this Christmas Eve given up to him. All day he had stayed in bed for the privilege of an extra hour propped up among pillows in the salon. All day he had strung little red berries that looked like cranberries for the tree, or fastened threads to the tiny cakes that were for trimming only, and sternly forbidden to eat.

A marvelous day that for Jimmy. Late in the afternoon the *portier*, with a collar on, had mounted the stairs and sheepishly presented him with a pair of white mice in a wooden cage. Jimmy was thrilled. The cage was on his knees all evening, and one of the mice was clearly ill of a cake with pink icing. The *portier's* gift was a stealthy one, while his wife was having coffee with her cousin, the brushmaker. But the spirit of Christmas does strange things. That very evening, while the *portier* was roistering in a beer hall preparatory to the midnight mass, came the *portier's* wife, puffing from the stairs, and brought a puzzle box that only the initiated could open, and when one succeeded at last there was a picture of the Christ-Child within.

Young McLean came to call that evening—came to call and remained to worship. It was the first time since Mrs. Boyer that a visitor had come. McLean, interested with everything and palpably not shocked, was a comforting caller. He seemed to Harmony, who had had bad moments since the day of Mrs. Boyer's visit, to put the hallmark of respectability on the household, to restore it to something it had lost or had never had.

She was quite unconscious of McLean's admiration. She and Anna put Jimmy to bed. The tree candles were burned out: Peter was extinguishing the dying remnants when Harmony came back. McLean was at the piano, thrumming softly. Peter, turning around suddenly, surprised an expression on the younger man's face that startled him.

For that one night Harmony had laid aside her mourning, and wore white, soft white, tucked in at the neck, short-sleeved, trailing. Peter had never seen her in white before.

It was Peter's way to sit back and listen: his steady eyes were always alert, good-humored, but he talked very little. That night he was unusually silent. He sat in the shadow away from the lamp and watched the two at the piano: McLean playing a bit of this or that, the girl bending over a string of her violin. Anna came in and sat down near him.

"The boy is quite fascinated," she whispered. "Watch his eyes!"

"He is a nice boy." This from Peter, as if he argued with himself.

"As men go!" This was a challenge Peter was usually quick to accept. That night he only smiled. "It would be a good thing for her: his people are wealthy."

Money, always money! Peter ground his teeth over his pipe stem. Eminently it would be a good thing for Harmony, this nice boy in his well-made evening clothes, who spoke Harmony's own language of music, who was almost speechless over her playing, and who looked up at her with eyes in which admiration was not unmixed with adoration.

Peter was restless. As the music went on he tiptoed out of the room and took to pacing up and down the little corridor. Each time as he passed the door he tried not to glance in; each time he paused involuntarily. Jealousy had her will of him that night, jealousy, when he had never acknowledged even to himself how much the girl was to him.

Jimmy was restless. Usually Harmony's music put him to sleep; but that night he lay awake, even after Peter had closed all the doors. Peter came in and sat with him in the dark, going over now and then to cover him, or to give him a drink, or to pick up the cage of mice which Jimmy insisted on having beside him and which constantly slipped off on to the floor. After a time Peter lighted the night-light, a bit of wick on a cork floating in a saucer of lard oil, and set it on the bedside table. Then round it he arranged Jimmy's treasures, the deer antlers, the cage of mice, the box, the wooden sentry. The boy fell asleep. Peter sat in the room, his dead pipe in his teeth, and thought of many things.

It was very late when young McLean left. The two had played until they stopped for very weariness. Anna had

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"The Boy Is Quite Fascinated," She Whispered

A YEAR IN BOHEMIA

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Sophie Marston Went After Barlay Tooth and Nail

II

WHEN I realized that my husband had been disloyal to me; when I knew that he would not give up that other woman, would not come to our old home for the summer with the children and me; when I heard him shut the door and go to her, I think I went mad for a few minutes. I came to myself walking in the streets. After a time I found myself at the apartment house where Rhoda Sheldon lived. I hesitated; then I entered. I felt that if I stayed in the company of my own thoughts any longer I should throw myself into the water.

Rhoda knew at once that something had gone wrong. She told me afterward that my eyes were insane; that I looked as if I wanted to tear the flesh off my bones. She kissed me with more feeling than usual and put me in her most comfortable chair, talking about inconsequential matters while I looked at her blankly, not hearing, as miserably absorbed in my grief as if she were not speaking. Presently she said:

"Dollie, you know I am loyal to you and fond of you. I wasn't the first day we met; it was Grant I liked. Because you are so quiet and so conservative and so conventional, I thought you were just a little backwoods person born to hamper a brilliant husband."

"I suppose my dumpy figure helped," I put in bitterly.

"But," she continued, "I found out that though you are conservative, it is your independent thinking that has made you that; you are not that just because you are blind. Also you efface yourself because you think Grant is so important."

I began to say something, but she interrupted:

"Wait just a minute. You need me; you can't bear this thing alone. I went through it all alone because I couldn't trust any one. I like you too well to want you to suffer as I did without any vent."

Until she spoke of her suffering I had felt repelled, unwilling to confide in her. But when I saw in her eyes a shadow of the same torture that I knew was in my own I broke down, weeping on her breast.

"Don't men know what Sophie Marston is like?" I sobbed.

"Some of them don't. Some of them do and don't care," she replied. "For that man is rare who will judge severely a pretty woman who he thinks is fond of him."

"I can't bear it," I said.

"Oh, yes, you can," Rhoda said. "I'm here to help you."

"You say you have suffered, Rhoda?" I asked. "I thought you believed a man and wife should each go his or her own way?"

"Oh, yes," Rhoda said in a hard voice; "of course I play the game. Dollie, do you remember that first supper you attended in my house? There were over forty people there. Of all those people, only you and Grant, Archie and I and the Sigersons were living with the same partners with whom they had set out."

"Oh, not really!" I gasped.

"You take so much for granted," Rhoda said—"and so do the real Bohemians, for that matter. You take it for granted that people have never been divorced. We Bohemians take it for granted that we are to accept each other at our face values and not ask any questions."

"The Sigersons!" I said. "That woman's face has haunted me. She isn't happy. I don't see how she could deceive any one. And no one seems to feel sorry——"

"Of course they aren't sorry; however, we cover it up with manners. Ours is a cut-throat game of getting what we want. It's might that conquers, and the beaten one has the privilege of sheltering her wounds the best way she can—for in the end it is always the woman who is beaten."

"Sigerson looks like a brute," I said bitterly.

Somehow abusing any man made me feel a little as if I were punishing Grant and bringing him to heel.

"Sigerson is a brute," Rhoda said. "They were married over twenty years ago, and she worked like a slave to advance him. They came to New York ten years ago and in ten weeks she had lost him. You have only to look at her face to see what she has gone through and still goes through. She adores him. She looked at it in this way: She could divorce him, and maybe she would get alimony and maybe she wouldn't, according as he felt like paying up. For after all, you know, the courts may order a man to pay alimony, but they can't make him do it. If she did divorce him she could not hope to marry any one else, for she's too faded and she hasn't any charm. So she just plays the game his way. He falls in love with a new woman every year, and stays away from his wife for weeks and even months at a time. She never complains, never asks questions. When he is nominally at home, and comes in at three or four in the morning, she always has hot potato soup ready for him. If he is sick she nurses him."

"Doesn't he know it hurts! How has he got the hardihood?" I stormed.

"Of course he knows, but he likes himself better than any one in the world. He would answer you that he supports her, and that if she doesn't like his way of living she is free to leave whenever she likes. I think he does appreciate her patience—and he likes the potato soup. Poor woman! She could play the game better if the men liked her more."

Rhoda looked at me speculatively. Then she went on:

"I want to help you, so I'll tell you my own little tale of woe. Archie and I were lovers till about seven years ago, when he fell in love with some one else. I won't tell you what it cost me. When I got over the first smart I had an affair of my own. It didn't amuse me very much, and while it did have the effect on him that I hoped it would, that came too late to help me much."

"Don't talk about it if you don't want to, Rhoda," I said.

"Oh, I don't mind," she said wearily. "Archie and I are the best of comrades. I am sure he is sorry for that first affair of his, and I think he loves me better than he ever did. The difficulty is I'm not like most women—I can't forgive and let things be as before. That first affair of his killed my love. I like him awfully and I'll never leave him, but he robbed me of something infinitely precious. I'd like to love again. I've really looked about a bit for a great love, but I haven't found it in Bohemia. Archie and I have both philandered a bit since those first affairs, but not seriously."

Rhoda's eyes flashed and she added:

"I can't help feeling glad that he is the one that had to pay most in the end in our case. And still I do keep hoping I'll somehow get back that old fondness for him. A woman's life is so empty when she is not in love."

"Oh, it isn't fair!" I said passionately. "The men have such an advantage of us. All wives can't be pretty and fascinating. We've spent our youth and looks on taking care of the children and on advancing our husbands, and then——"

"Then along come these unattached women of whom the world of Bohemia is full," Rhoda said—"girls of about twenty-eight; women separated from their husbands and seeking an understanding soul. They are always younger than we are, Dollie, and always with a little more vitality."

In our passionate duet we had been generalizing so vigorously that we had rather lost sight of my problem. I felt that Rhoda's words had made me understand our world as I never had before; it had made me realize the dangers of Bohemian life.

How I longed for the old binding force of the marriage tie as we had seen it in our little Western home! I wanted Grant and me to be humdrum, and fixed eternally in a rut and happy.

"What shall I do, Rhoda?" I asked helplessly.

"Of course, Dollie," Rhoda said, "Grant doesn't understand your suffering. He just thinks you're unreasonable. Men have a queer way of using that word, and letting it cover a multitude of traits in women which interfere with their having their own way. Really, Dollie, the best way to get on with a man would be to let him have his own way in every detail."

"It wouldn't be good for him, any more than it would be good for a child," I said drearily.

"We're talking of tact and not of morals, you little Puritan," Rhoda said. "Now as to what you're to do, you can't stop Grant—yet."

"You mean there is no way I can get him away from Mrs. Marston?"

"She wouldn't have it, and her tenacity is perfectly devilish. And Grant wouldn't have it. This is a piquant experience for him. Try to think of it from his point of view, Dollie. Imagine being married for seventeen years, and then coming to New York to find a score of pretty and charming women eager to attract you and considering you handsome and brilliant."

"Don't, Rhoda!" I said sharply.

"But Grant is handsome and brilliant," she persisted. "If you saw it, don't you suppose other women have eyes too? And there are plenty of women, like Sophie Marston, whose joy in the chase is intensified because the prey is supposed to belong to another woman."

"I suppose I am too jealous and unhappy to be reasonable," I sighed.

Rhoda went on in the tone of a kindly surgeon who believes that the sight of the knife will prove good for the patient:

"Now the best way to lose Grant forever is to make scenes at home. That will drive him to Sophie for sympathy."

"I won't make scenes."

"And the next best way to make sure of losing him is to be cold and hard to him, and show that you think him a poor husband, and are only speaking to him at all for the children's sakes."

"Do you mean that I've got to act as if I approved of all this?" I demanded fiercely, looking at Rhoda with eyes that were full of indignation.

"Just that. You've got to play the game his way, for a while at least. You can't lose by it, and you're sure to

lose the other way. If you keep on friendly terms with Grant, you've gained just so much."

I reflected. "Very well," I said, "I'll try to play Grant's game. I'll have all these people here, including Sophie Marston, and I'll go out whenever I'm invited."

"You talk as if you had intended to sulk at home," said Rhoda with a sharp glance.

I blushed and she went on: "That isn't enough. You'll have to stop being such a mouse. You spoke of your dumpy figure. It isn't a bad figure, if you'd take care of it. You must wear conspicuous colors—deep blues and queer yellows. You can with your coloring. And you must be nice to the men."

"If you mean that I must flirt, I can't do it," I said.

"No, I don't mean you to flirt. They'll do that if you give them half a chance," Rhoda said. "I mean you're to try to forget when you are talking to a man that you are married. What difference does it make, in discussing a new play with Archie, whether you remember that you are married or not?"

"I don't think it does, but I feel as if it did," I said. "But, Rhoda, even if I could do as you say, Grant would only take it as an excuse for carrying on his attentions to her."

"He'll do that anyway. I don't think he'll get jealous because men begin to pay you attention, but he won't expect it, and he'll have more respect for you. Besides, it will take your mind off Grant and Sophie."

I could not agree with her. I knew that I had no talent for flirting. I could not try to philander with some man to make Grant jealous. But I put myself in her hands to the extent of staying all night with her, telling her, too, that I could not bear to see Grant again before I left for our old home. She suggested that I go with her to the seashore to visit Mary Sigerson while Helena did the packing.

I think Rhoda believed that it would do me good to see Mary Sigerson with the look of strained pleasure all gone from her face, and on it serenity. She supposed that the contemplation of Mary and herself, two who had gone the road I was now about to travel, and quite as unwilling as I, might help me. For, as she pointed out, they both had lived through it and were getting quite a lot out of life. But I was by no means at the stage when any one else's example did me any good. I didn't accept my misery any the more placidly because Rhoda and Mary Sigerson had survived theirs. Rhoda did her best to comfort me, sometimes by abusing Grant and sometimes by excusing him.

"What a stupid give-away it was for him to hand you that jewelry," she said cynically. "That alone proves that he is new to this business. The convincing thing for him to have done would have been to come home and complain about the dinner, and ask you how you expected him to do his full stint of work on overdone beef. Never mind, Dollie, he'll soon get sick of her."

"He hasn't in seven months," I said miserably.

"That was because he was gently wading in, so to speak," Rhoda pointed out. "He didn't take the sudden dive that Teddy Sigerson would have taken and that Sophie is accustomed to. That was what kept her interested. She was determined to get him, and the way he held off only whetted her appetite. She'll tire him out this summer, you'll see. For one thing, she'll insist on late hours; there will have to be gayety every night. For another thing, she always has wretched food. It's so stupid in her, but she's really no judge of what good food is. She'll ruin his digestion and make him unfit to work, and he'll be glad to crawl back to you."

"I'm to have him when he is no good for her any more," I said bitterly.

"But you want him on any terms, don't you, Dollie?" she asked gently.

"I don't know what I want," I said. "I can't tell until I have gone home; until I have begun to live without him."

"You've got a great hold on him as long as you have the children," Rhoda said softly. "Isn't it strange how men can torture a woman with indifference and resent her sense of possession, and yet they want to own their children? Look even at this brute of a Teddy Sigerson! He comes to see Mary once a week and writes her twice a week. It's just because she is going to be the mother of his baby. There isn't a day during the last twenty years when he wouldn't have let her go if she had tried to divorce him. But now, he'd fight like a Turk if she suggested it."

But I didn't want Grant to wish to hold me just for the sake of the children. I wanted him to want me because he loved me. Rhoda saw that.

"He does love you," she said. "This is only temporary. Sophie is like a disease, and when she passes off him his blood will be clear and he won't have another attack. He's not like Sigerson; he's not even like Archie."

I did not see Grant before I went home. I wrote him that I was coming to our flat, but would rather not meet him. He replied that he would do as I said, though it would look strange to the children if he did not see us off. I replied passionately that that was not the only thing that would look strange to the children, if they knew the whole truth about our life in New York. To this he made no answer. When I arrived at our flat I found a note from him, inclosing the monthly sum he allowed me for housekeeping, and saying that he would send the same amount while I was gone, but that he hoped I'd be able to manage return railway fares out of it, because he had been slacking up on his work of late and, besides, proposed to take a rest during part of the summer.

There was no happiness in going to my old home without Grant. Archie and Rhoda traveled with us, for they had not yet sold their farm, and indeed they were glad to go to it and rest and save money. When we reached our journey's end there was a crowd of friends to meet us, and I think I should have broken down if it had not been for Rhoda's warning hand on my arm. I explained to every one who asked that Grant was coming later; that business was keeping him in New York.

My mother thought I looked older and my friends said I looked smarter. I knew I did. As soon as I had been among them for a little while I realized that I really had taken on a kind of cosmopolitan air. Rhoda said so too. She said that whatever lack Grant might find in me, he could not accuse me of not keeping up with the procession. I was not one of these dowdy wives who hold their husbands back.

"Sophie Marston would say I was trying to hold him back," I said. "She would say that I was keeping his soul from developing."

"When Sophie goes to hell," Rhoda reflected, "this will be her punishment: She will be made to fall in love with a fascinating devil, and then for a billion years she will have to watch him making love to a series of devilesses, each more fascinating than she is."

One of Rhoda's forms of comfort was to figure out various kinds of punishment for Sophie here and hereafter. We both knew that if we were willing to wait she would be punished in this world. For she could not always be thirty-five and a siren of men.

"The woman has uncanny luck," I said. "She will probably die just before she comes to the end of her power of making wives unhappy."

I don't know what I should have done without the Sheldons that summer. To every one but Rhoda I had to keep up a pretense. To her I could speak freely. As the summer wore on Grant, who wrote me a brief letter weekly, always posted in New York, said nothing about coming to me. I do not know what I should have written if he had said he would come. But when he showed no signs of wanting to be with the children I felt I had lost him indeed.

Only a woman whose husband some other woman has taken can realize what I suffered. The horror of thinking through the day: "Is he with her now?" All his little ways I knew so well; it was maddening to think that any other woman should know them too. A man has only one way of making love. No matter how different the quality of love he feels for different women, his fashion of expressing it must be the same. When Rhoda was thinking up tortures for Sophie Marston I wanted to add: "Give her the torture of jealousy. There is nothing worse than that."

I am told that it is feminine for a jealous wife to wish to crush the woman in the case, but excuse her husband. If that is true I am not feminine. I blamed Grant precisely as much as I did Sophie. I don't think I really should have wished to take revenge on either of them, but I certainly should have been glad if I could have made them both sorry, and then got my husband back.

August drew toward a close and Grant had not come. At last he sent a letter inquiring if it was not pretty nearly time for Tommy's school to open and wanting to know when I was coming back. He said that he thought I ought to try to rent the house to the schoolteachers again, and that indeed it would be impossible to do anything else, for he did not see his way to supporting the flat and the house both. He had not been working so hard as he meant to, and his finances were such that he could not manage unless we were all living under the same roof as economically as was consistent. I showed this letter to Rhoda.

"He's spent all his money on her," I said wildly.

"No, he hasn't," replied Rhoda. "I must do Sophie the justice to say that she does not graft off men. She would, of course, if she had to, but she gets heaps of cash out of the poor wretch she's married to. She's already got more mere things than any man she's ever known could possibly raise for her. I suppose Grant has given her a few presents, but what has happened is what I've told you: She's hurt his power of work, and that's all to your advantage."

"I know his work has gone downhill," I said. "It's not good for a man's art just to be working for money. Still, I don't see how Grant's inferior work is to my advantage."

"Well, anyhow," Rhoda said a little impatiently, "this letter has taught you what you want to do. You don't want to divorce him and you do want to go back to him."

"No, I don't want to divorce him," I said miserably. "I can't give him up."

"You poor dear!" Rhoda said; "what you want is to go back to him, and have things as they used to be. But you can't do that, Dollie. You'll have to go back on his terms. He knows he has the whiphand of you too. That's what he means when he talks of money. Oh, I don't mean to say he is doing it consciously," she added, as I made a movement of protest. "But a man can be very brutal to a woman when she's in his power, and when he's angry at her; and he's angry at you because you've put him in the wrong."

For the moment I was angry at Rhoda too, and I wished fruitlessly, as I had wished so many times, that we had never gone to New York, and that I had never had to listen to her cynical interpretations of human nature. And to think that the human nature belonged to the one I loved most on earth, and that I had to admit that there was some truth in what Rhoda said!

"I'm Afraid I'm Old-Fashioned. I Really Believe That There is Only One Great Love in a Life"

"You'll find that things will be better," Rhoda said. "By now his first enthusiasm for Sophie is dulled. She makes the men devote themselves so deeply to her that she soon tires them. Just go back and act as if nothing had ever happened and I am sure things will change."

Grant was at the station to meet us. He greeted us joyfully and kissed us all, even Tommy, who glanced about fearfully to see if any other male creature was looking on. It was then that I noticed Helena's attitude toward her father. She shrank from him the least bit when he kissed her the second time. He did not notice it, but I did. This child, who understood me as no one else did, could not forgive her father because he had chosen not to spend the summer with us.

When we reached the flat I saw that Grant had had it thoroughly cleaned for our homecoming, and I praised him for that. He carried Helena's dress-suit case to her room and Tommy's to the spareroom and mine to our room. He put his arm about me and whispered:

"I've taken yours to the right place, haven't I, Dollie?"

"Oh, yes," I said, but I could not make my tone warm or forgiving. Perhaps I lost a chance there for reconciliation. I don't know. Rhoda says not. She says that all any man would want in such an affair would be for his wife not to make a fuss.

Grant was a homekeeping soul for the next few days. Our friends were slowly coming back to town from the mountains and the sea. Through Rhoda I learned that Sophie Marston was in Maine with her husband—one of her placating trips, Rhoda called it—and rejoiced to think what boredom Sophie must be enduring. For my part I ceased to give Grant full credit for his present devotion.

Early in October Knight gave a supper, with the usual people present—all except Sophie Marston. She came when the evening was almost over. Late entrances were her specialty, but this one had not been calculated. She explained that she had not been able to stand her husband a minute longer, had reached New York at eleven, and had telephoned about until she found who was having a party. She and Grant gravitated to each other at once. I could tell by the amused eyes of some of the group that they considered that Sophie had not yet done her worst to my husband. Archie Sheldon sat by me and talked. I don't know what he said, but I know that he was infinitely kind.

Sigerson was present, and almost none of the group had seen him since he had become the father of twins six weeks before. Some of them congratulated him and some of them teased him. Sigerson, so strange are men, seemed far more willing to conceal the fact of his affection for his children than he ever had been to conceal his attraction for women other than his wife. He seemed positively irritated when Knight accused him of having spent most of the six weeks at the shore with his wife and babies.

I Believe the Child Hid in the Closet Most of the Time

"Well, what if I have?" he asked sharply. "How do I know but the maid might leave or the nurse? Mary and the children have to have some one to look out for them."

Sigerson had no sense of humor, and his friends kept him annoyed and apologizing for his attention to his wife and children until Rhoda interfered and rescued him. Afterward he came to me, as one of the few women present who had children, and gave me a chance to draw him out about the twins. I did not like Sigerson and I was loath to believe that he could have any real sense of fatherhood. It was only, I thought, the newness of the sensation that interested him. But I had to believe that he really did feel a sense of proprietorship in his children, and affection for them. He described their appearance to me minutely, bragged about their strength and their appetites and their lung capacity and their prehensile qualities. I listened to him, thinking all the time how little he deserved the happiness of having them.

I am frequently blunt and impulsive, and I interrupted him as he was telling me his theory of gymnastics for babies by saying abruptly:

"I can tell you what your wife said when they told her their sex. She said: 'Thank God, they are boys.'"

His jaw dropped.

"How did you know?" he asked. "Did she write you?"

"I just guessed," I said.

He stared at me. Of course he didn't understand. But I knew that poor Mary Sigerson, who had welcomed these children as the great reward of her life of pain and as the means of getting at last a family life for herself and her husband, had out of her very love and experience been grateful that they were not girls whom their husbands might some day hurt. Human like the rest of us, she was not sparing thought for the girl babies whom those boys might grow up to hurt.

"Well, they're great kids anyway," he said.

"Let me tell you this," I said: "You may be their father, but they won't be your children unless you help Mary bring them up."

"I'm helping her now," he said almost indignantly. "I rocked one of them to sleep yesterday. I'm going back day after tomorrow too. I just came down for a change."

I rose to join Rhoda; I never could stand very much of Teddy Sigerson. But I reflected that Mary Sigerson's life promised well, after all. A man like Sigerson could be held at fifty with children where he couldn't have been at thirty. Tears came into my eyes. I almost wished I could begin over with Helena and Tommy as lures to get Grant away from Mrs. Marston. She and Grant were off by themselves in a corner of Knight's smoking room.

It was dreadful just to look at the woman who had taken my husband away from me. I had intended to avoid her, but that was not always possible. One night she and I had arrived together at a studio flat and were taking off our things in a bedroom. Grant had not yet come, so she felt no reason for hurrying. She began to talk about Archie Sheldon.

"Archie is a wonderful person, Mrs. Hollister," she said. "I knew him first seven years ago. We were very close friends. I think I helped him; but Rhoda——" She finished with an injured sigh.

In the mirror I saw her face with its mixture of triumphant reminiscence and mock sentimentality, and I realized that it had been she who had first spoiled Rhoda's happiness; it had been she with whom Archie had fallen in love. I wondered bitterly if Sophie Marston ever would, in Teddy Sigerson's words, "get hers." I didn't think she would.

"So often a man marries the wrong person," she went on plaintively as I rubbed a powder-puff over my face. "And after that his life principle sinks, unless the great love comes that develops his soul."

I went on powdering my face.

"But what about the man's wife and children?" I asked lightly.

"They cannot be considered, if it is a question of developing his soul," she said earnestly.

"I'm afraid I'm not so keen an individualist as some people," I said, taking some pride in the way I kept my tone light and seemed primarily absorbed in beautifying my face. "For example, take Teddy Sigerson. He's had half a dozen love affairs, I'm told. Did he need them all to develop his soul?"

"Certainly," she returned firmly.

"Make a Scene, if You Want to, But You Know What Helena's Will Is"

"I'm afraid I'm old-fashioned," I said, returning my powder-puff to its box. "I really believe that there is only one great love in a life."

"Ah, you are wrong!" she said, in a tone which I suppose she thought was thrilling. "It may take several great loves fully to develop a person's soul."

I raised my eyebrows at her in a supercilious fashion. It is the only facial trick I have that is especially effective.

"Really, Mrs. Marston," I said, "I wish you would tell me what is the good of a soul like that when it is fully developed."

She made no answer. There was none to make. I walked off furious at her insolence. If I had had the power at that moment to transport her to a desert island where there were only women who disliked her, I am afraid Sophie Marston would never have seen New York again.

That evening among the guests was a young man who came late. He was about twenty-eight, very blond and very handsome. Knight and two or three other men gave welcoming shouts. Rhoda peered doubtfully at the newcomer, and then she said to me excitedly:

"It's young Baring! He was with Scott on that expedition to the South Pole. It's four years since he's been in New York, so no wonder we failed to remember him. And, Dollie, I've a new plan to quell Grant and Sophie! You needn't ask me what it is, for I'm not going to tell you yet."

Sophie Marston craned her neck from the corner where she lurked with Grant. She reminded me of nothing so much as a tigress scenting new prey. Rhoda, I am sure, had the same thought. But presently Sophie sank back and again gave all her attention to Grant.

"Never mind," said Rhoda; "he'll be her meat sooner or later. But, Dollie, don't let us wait for that. I told you I thought I saw a way out, and I'm going to make you take it whether you like it or not."

At the moment I was too unhappy and listless to care what she meant. A very few days later I was to learn. She and Helena came to me together. Helena looked unhappy, but transfigured, and Rhoda looked rather guilty.

"I'm afraid you'll never forgive me," she said hesitatingly, "but I've been talking to Helena."

"What do you mean?" I asked suspiciously and resentfully.

Helena put her slim arms round my neck.

"Mother dear, you mustn't blame Aunt Rhoda," she said. "I've known for a long time that you weren't happy, but you wouldn't tell me why. And Aunt Rhoda explained that it is because you don't like father's friends and what they do. So we thought out a plan for making father sick of them too." *(Continued on Page 76)*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1914

Steel Armor for Passengers

AMERICANS are always looking for a machine to save our lives because we have no time to save them ourselves by hand. To get the simplest safeguards for life and limb introduced into factories using dangerous machinery took an enormous amount of political agitation. Though the first blame for unguarded dangerous machinery rests on the employer, there is no question that workmen themselves take quite lightly the risks involved.

Trolley companies are finding it expedient to adopt a type of vehicle that is hermetically sealed when in motion, in order to prevent reckless citizens from jumping on and off moving cars. Stout chains and guards are necessary to keep impatient ferry passengers from throwing themselves into the water at each end of the trip. The annual railroad slaughter is appalling; but the first analysis of the figures shows that a great proportion of those killed are trespassers who should not have been on the tracks at all, or being there should certainly have kept vigilant watch for trains.

Just now we are insisting on all-steel cars, which are no better than any other cars until after a collision or derailment caused by human carelessness has occurred. This is more or less like dressing pedestrians in motorproof steel armor, instead of requiring both chauffeurs and pedestrians to go circumspectly.

Of course all-steel cars are good and should finally be the only sort used on passenger trains; but to supplant the present wooden cars with steel ones will take ten years at the very least, and probably twenty. To do this in ten years would require the construction of from five thousand to six thousand cars of this type a year—and the lower figure is decidedly above the present capacity of the shops.

There is no question that carelessness of life is an American characteristic. So long as it remains one, no mechanical device will save us from a heavy mortality record.

The Russian Temperance Plan

THAT the Czar's Government is willing to keep his beloved subjects from worrying overmuch about politics by supplying them liberally with vodka is a charge that has recently been made with some force by Russian radicals. The statistics are rather on their side. For several years the traffic in vodka has been a government monopoly, for which Count Witte was originally responsible.

In ten years sales of vodka have increased by two hundred and fifty million dollars—the increase last year alone being over forty million dollars—which largely comes out of very meagerly furnished pockets. It is hardly disputed that drunkenness has greatly increased during the period of government monopoly; that there are industrial communities where at week-ends "in every house some one lies drunk"; that the spread of inebriety is a national problem.

Count Witte now comes forward with a novel suggestion: In addition to restricting the sale of vodka he would turn over to temperance societies a considerable part of the government revenue derived from the traffic, to be used by them in persuading people to abstain from the government's alcohol. The proposed temperance fund would amount to fifty million dollars a year, or about a tenth of the national drink bill.

Giving a man a penny's worth of temperance for every dime he spends in drink does not look like a final solution of the liquor problem; but there is something in the suggestion that every government deriving a revenue from alcohol might study.

Policing the Seven Seas

"MAN'S control stops with the shore," said Byron; but in one very important sense it is much less true now than when he said it. Social control over the high seas is extended almost year by year. We are in the process of setting up a police court for Neptune.

In Byron's time the captain on the deck of his ship ten miles from shore was almost as unfettered by human control as the elements themselves; but law now steadily pushes out to sea.

It will not be long before a vessel in mid-Pacific will be subject to as exact and binding regulations as an automobile on Fifth Avenue. She will have to turn square corners and the captain will be arrested by wireless if he lets the tail-light go out.

No one nation, of course, could do much by way of socializing the ocean; but fourteen nations participated in the international conference on safety at sea that sat in London last November and ended its session recently. The conference formulated regulations as to an international patrol for ice and derelicts, watertight compartments, fire bulkheads, lifeboats and crews to man them, wireless apparatus, prohibition of dangerous cargoes on passenger vessels, and the like.

No doubt these rules will be duly ratified, thus constituting a code of police regulations covering practically every vessel on every high sea.

Humanity afloat almost anywhere on salt water, under almost any flag, will be as much safeguarded by law as in a city street.

Broadly speaking, the true interest of one nation is the true interest of all. This fact gets more and more practical recognition each year. In another generation it will be so universally recognized that dreadnoughts will be used as floating police stations to see that bars on transatlantic liners are closed promptly at one o'clock.

A Monroe Complication

IN 1910 Mexico issued some bonds and sold them to foreign investors. The bonds were secured not only by the general credit of the nation but by a special pledge of sixty-two per cent of its customs receipts. On application they were officially viséed by the French Government and listed on the Paris Bourse, which was equivalent to the French Government's introducing them to French investors. The other day President Huerta announced that interest on the bonds would not be paid, owing to circumstances over which he had no control. Naturally the French Government made a formal protest. These bonds are held in England also, and probably in Germany and the Netherlands.

Mexico is now in the position of a defaulting mortgagor. Suppose the mortgagees—the bondholders—elect to foreclose on the customs receipts. Would this country have a moral right, by virtue of the Monroe Doctrine, to forbid it?

When a country financially no stronger than Mexico borrows money abroad on bonds it is an almost invariable rule to give some specific security over and above the general credit of the nation—such as a first lien on customs receipts or on some governmental monopoly—exactly as a farmer gives a mortgage on his farm.

Even Japan thus secures foreign loans. Can we prevent a country like Mexico, which is theoretically under our wing because of the Monroe Doctrine, from giving a specific lien on some national asset? And if we cannot or do not prevent that, should we prevent the foreign creditor from foreclosing when a default occurs?

Probably France will not press the point in respect of the mortgaged customs dues at this time; but the point is very likely to be pressed some time.

English Schools and Ours

ENGLISH free schools are very good as free schools go. Free instruction furnished by the London County Council is said by respectable authority to be better than the average furnished by private schools, because the public body, with the resources of the community to draw on, can get the pick of teachers; but an Englishman in tolerable circumstances must not send his children to these free schools. They are for the poor; and in spite of all democratic politics the poor and the tolerably well-off people are still two distinct folks in England.

One of the heaviest burdens on many an English income of two thousand dollars a year consists of the cost of maintaining one or two children in expensive pay schools, while in this country the children of a similarly circumstanced family would go to the free schools as a matter of course. Some Americans consider private schools more efficient; but those Americans who choose private schools for children under fourteen on purely social grounds are quite insignificant—thank heaven!—both numerically and intellectually.

In England there is hardly a choice. The tolerably well-off child does not go to the free school. "We do not make these class distinctions," said an Englishman recently; "they were made for us generations ago and we cannot ignore them."

In spite of Lloyd George, the sharp class distinctions do not seem in the way of getting unmade very fast.

Curbing the Money Trust

NEARLY forty years ago, when the biggest pot of money in the United States was inconsiderable in comparison with today's hoards, Henry George wrote:

> But there is another far more insidious and far more general form of monopoly. In the aggregation of large masses of capital under a common control there is developed a new and essentially different power from that power of increase which is a general characteristic of capital, and which gives rise to interest. While the latter is, so to speak, constructive in its nature, the power which rises on it as aggregation proceeds is destructive.
>
> A railroad company approaches a small town as a highwayman approaches his victim. The threat, "If you do not accede to our terms we will leave your town two or three miles on one side!" is as efficacious as the "Stand and deliver!" when backed by a cocked pistol. . . . Or if, where there is water communication, an opposition boat is put on, rates are reduced until she is forced off; and then the public is compelled to pay the cost of the operation. . . . And just as robbers unite to plunder in concert and divide the spoils, so do the trunklines of the railroad unite to raise rates and pool their earnings.
>
> And just as the Duke of Buckingham's creatures, under authority of the king's patent granting a monopoly of gold thread, searched private houses and seized persons and papers, so does the great telegraph company, which by power of associated capital deprives the people of the full benefit of a beneficent invention, tamper with correspondence and crush out newspapers that offend it.

The tremendous power to plunder possessed by great masses of aggregated capital has long been recognized; but what should be done to cure the evils of which Henry George spoke?

Obviously railroads should be forbidden by law to hold up towns along a prospective right-of-way. They are already forbidden by law to raise rates except by permission of the Government. Law already reaches toward a prevention of that cutthroat competition to crush rivals of which the great singletaxer spoke. We do not think a telegraph company would venture to tamper with correspondence or discriminate against any newspaper nowadays. If it should the fault would be largely our own for not having brought telegraphing sufficiently under Government regulation.

In short, the best safeguard against a Money Trust is efficient inspection and regulation of those great and indispensable activities and agencies that employ big aggregations of capital.

If a Money Trust means the aggregation of large masses of capital under a common control, there will be several of them just so long as the capitalistic system endures. The safeguard lies not in disintegrating the masses, but in forbidding them to do injurious things.

Some Bargains in Books

OUR mail constantly reminds us that one of the most deserving booksellers in the country is comparatively little known to the public. We imagine his sales are not at all what his authors think they should be or what the merit of the books really warrants, and that he must be as much in the dumps about the book trade as every other publisher we know anything about habitually is.

This bookseller's business style is Superintendent of Documents and his address is Government Printing Office, Washington, District of Columbia. His output covers a great variety of subjects and his prices are merely the cost of printing. On application he will send you a circular; and if you are interested in any one of many special subjects you will very likely find, on inquiry, that he has something worth looking at.

For many people the idea of favor and patronage is so closely associated with the idea of government that if they want a Government publication their first notion is to find a senator or a representative, or other influential person, who will procure it for them gratis. Indeed a great many people do not know that anything of the Government's can be procured except by the exercise of some pull; but it is not worth while to bother the senator or representative or anybody else.

The easy and simple way to get a Government publication is to send to the Superintendent of Documents and buy it at cost. You are beholden to nobody then, and the price is so low that you would probably rather pay it than ask a favor.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Shagbark by the Genesee

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!" Thus the poet wrote and thus the souses sing, for no ballad lends itself with greater effect to the harmony superinduced by conviviality than the tender lines of The Old Oaken Bucket, of which this line is the tenderest. How dear, indeed!

Full well do I remember a tall and stately shagbark hickory tree that stood proudly on the banks of the Genesee River—a noble shagbark hickory tree that guarded the calm waters of the Buck Hole, where the boys of Geneseo—the same being the most beautiful village in the most beautiful valley in these United States, or any other—went to swim—a haughty hickory and a high. How well do I remember that tree! Many a time have I shucked nuts beneath it—and shucked a calico shirt, and a pair of what it were courtesy to call pants, underneath it in the summer, to go whooping and headlong from its shade into the water.

And now it comes to mind with all the clearness of vivid retrospect, for I venture to say it is the only shagbark hickory tree in all this broad domain of ours that has attained a celebrity because of the recent assumption of the reins of government by the Democratic party—the driving being done exclusively by that eminent tooler of the political coach in which we are riding—Mr. Woodrow Wilson, to be exact. It is the only tree of this kind. I am certain of that.

There can be no denial of the fact that trees have played great parts in politics as well as in poetry and in prose, from the great oak under which the barons met for the signing of Magna Charta down to those other oaks under which the Republican party was formed, and which were variously located at Jackson, Michigan, and at other points—the geography depending on the native obligations of the historian.

This tree, however, the shagbark hickory tree that stood—and, I hope, still stands—on the banks of the Genesee at Geneseo, is preëminently the historic tree of this era of the New Freedom; and it is my happy duty to tell the reason why. A historic tree—a historic hickory tree—and the tale appends.

Away back yonder in the late seventies and the early eighties there was a brick house on Main Street, in Geneseo, not far from the Wallace House and next to the home of good Doctor West, who assuaged the ills of most of the populace. It was a big house, one of the big houses of the village, and notable because it was the residence of a most imposing Democrat of the old school, one Benjamin Franklin Angel, who had been Minister to Sweden and Norway, by appointment of President Buchanan—a stately man, who moved about in black broadcloth and becoming dignity, albeit a peppery one and much averse to having his harvest apples stolen.

The Episcopal church and the rectory were just across the street; and that rectory was overflowing with boys, sons of the beloved Mr. Coale. Back of both church and rectory was a large lot, and there a coterie of the village boys played ball and pursued various other sports and pastimes.

How Buck Hole Became Historic Ground

WHEN summer came and school was out the big house that sheltered the diplomatist of those former days took on an air of life and gayety, for then there came to spend the heated term grandsons from New York—several of them—from the city of New York, mark you!—regular city boys. There came grandsons clad in city clothes, wearing shoes in July—think of that!—and stiff starched shirts and collars, and various other paraphernalia that seemed both unnecessary and absurd to the native lads—strange garments that stamped their wearers as dudes, and to be scorned and scoffed at as such.

However, they had pocket money and they were eager to be of the gang. So they were taken in each summer and their eccentricities of costume were tolerated, as were their eccentricities of speech and New York manners; for trips to Rogers' corner drug store, with its soda fountain, the city boys standing treat, served to soften asperities caused by the enormities of Eton jackets and the insufferable stuckupness of shoes in summer, as well as condoned patronizing descriptions of the wonders of the elevated railroad, the theaters and the crowds, and all the wonderful details of metropolitan life.

So the grandsons of the Democrat of the old school were taken in and made integral parts of the definite section of boydom that used the lot back of the church as a rendezvous, battlefield and amphitheater.

He Was a Nice Boy, With a Lisp, a Smile and a Trustful Disposition

Once a day, at least, the whole crowd went rollicking down River Hill, across the railroad tracks, through the lumberyard, and thence to the deep side of the Buck Hole—only the kids who could not swim were forced to go round by the mill, tramp across the dusty covered bridge, and walk up the river bank to the shallow side. The older visitors were taken to the deep side, where the long slide was made in the slippery blue clay and where there was a high bank.

The brief ceremony of undressing took place regularly beneath the hickory tree—a brief ceremony, indeed, for when the last fence was climbed and the race across the narrow intervening field began it was an inexpert and clumsy boy who did not arrive there in such a state of preparedness that a shake and a clutch at the neck of a shirt were sufficient to unincumber him of all impedimenta in the way of clothes. The city boys, cramped as they were by shoes and collars, were forced laboriously to divest themselves, and were rarely ready to splash in before the rest had raced across the hole and back again.

Still, no boy, however tempered his aversion to city boys with city airs may have been by lavish soda-water hospitality, ever could or ever will be so false to all the accepted tenets of boydom as to let escape the chance provided by such a swimming expedition to prove rural superiority over urban sophistication.

Thus and then the shagbark hickory tree played its part; for the first time the city boys went in, after neatly piling their clothes beneath the tree—at that precise moment, with the metropolitan innocents disporting themselves in the water or on the blue-clay slide, the village boys swam down stream, climbed out, made a long détour to reach the foot of the hickory, and, taking the fashionable clothes of the city boys, tied a few artistic knots in each shirt; and then, with an accuracy achieved by long practice, they threw the garments one by one into the branches of the tree and sneaked back into the water to overwhelm the visitors with boyish kindness and attention.

The hours passed and the time came to hurrah back to the village. The village boys dashed up the bank and inserted themselves helter-skelter into pants and shirts—then waited. The visitors came. Greatly to the astonishment of all present, the city boys found themselves totally without protection against the outer air, save such as hung in the branches of the tree. There was much sympathy. It was the universal and vociferous opinion that the Temple Hill gang had sneaked in and done the dastardly deed. All hands tried to club down the clothes, but to no avail; for the city boys were inexpert at clubbing and the village boys took good care to throw clumsily.

Then came the distressing but now historic moment. The clothes must be secured. So the elder of the city boys was incited to climb the tree. Need I say more? Imagine a boy brought up in New York nakedly climbing a shagbark hickory tree! The world presents no sadder sight—no more tearful spectacle.

I draw the veil, but only over the sorrows of the climber; for it is at this point and because of this episode repeated summer after summer—so credulous are city boys and so persuasive and innocent are village boys in such circumstances—because of this episode the tree became historic, and now, I hope, stands there as the only shagbark hickory tree in the country ever climbed by a future ambassador to Germany, when said potential diplomatist wore nothing to guard him against the shaggy and rasping bark save his tender city skin and such protection as his tears of woe afforded by softening the edges of those slings and arrows of his outrageous fortune.

The Hickory Hero's Rise in Life

YOU have guessed the name of the climber—none other than James W. Gerard, now, as the dispatches tell us, hobnobbing with the Kaiser and shedding as much luster on the job of being our ambassador to the Kaiser's domain as he shed scalding tears on the occasion to which I have referred. Possibly there will be a brass plate put on that tree. Let us hope so. Surely the Democracy must have one historic tree—an obvious necessity.

Jimmy Gerard was a nice boy, with a lisp, a smile and a trustful disposition. Presently he ceased to come to Geneseo for the summer visit and presently others of us left that favorite spot; and thus the world wagged along and Jimmy Gerard became James W. Gerard, one of the leading young lawyers of New York.

The spirit of his stern granddad's Democracy always was strong in him and possibly he inherited his tendency to diplomacy, for his rise in politics was rapid. At an age when most young lawyers are just beginning to get cases he was on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Always diplomatic, he maintained an equable political position in the metropolis until he became a judge. After that he was judicial, of course.

The call of the chancelleries was strong within him. He was as ardently and usefully for Mr. Wilson after the nomination as a judge could be; and when the election was over and the contest won his friends and admirers suggested him as a most admirable person for an ambassadorship. The President canvassed his qualities and named him; and now he is in Berlin doing what an ambassador to Germany does with exceeding credit to himself.

He is in his middle forties—a most affable, polished and courteous man; a clever speaker, and tactful and tractable. He will make no mistakes, will represent his country skillfully, and undoubtedly will continue in high favor with the Germans, for he is able, cultured and a fine specimen of a well-bred young American. He made an excellent record for himself while he was a judge, and there seems to be no reason why he should not be as successful in diplomacy as he was in law.

Show me, I say, a hickory tree so worthy of celebration. You cannot. It is much more than thirty years since that ambassador-in-futuro shinned up that tree and left shreds of his epidermis on every jagged shag; but now the tree has come into its own. It is a noble tree—a historic hickory.

Of course we did not know, away back yonder, that the city boy would one day be *persona grata* at the Court of the Kaiser. We did not know that, for the future then was of no concern. Had we known it—ah, well, I suppose if we had known it we should have tied knots in his stockings and pants as well as in his shirt, and thrown the whole regalia into the topmost branches rather than tossed it into the lowest boughs.

The Translation of the Specialist

Business Explanations to the Public Usually Begin Inside

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ON THE books of a big manufacturing corporation the figures showing yearly sales to one of its best customers began to go down in a most alarming way, apparently without cause.

This company makes machinery and supplies of a technical nature, and its customer was another big corporation, which buys such equipment and with it produces various forms of service for sale to the general public.

The Steward Refused Pointblank

Both companies seemed to be the last word in large-scale organization and modern specialization. Everything the manufacturing concern made was centered in its particular department, with the best experts obtainable, paying little attention to other products, and backed by research laboratories that sought advancement in the realm of pure science, as well as in matters of practical utility.

The public-service corporation, too, had specialists to make and distribute its products; and because it operated over a dozen states it had everything down to fine averages in finance, administration, standardization, and so on. Yet sales of the first corporation to the second were falling off.

One banner year they had reached nearly a quarter of a million dollars; but several years later the total had dropped to less than a hundred thousand, and two years after that only thirty thousand dollars' worth of equipment was sold to the second company, despite steady growth in its plant and business.

The situation became so serious that one of the manufacturing company's officers—a first-rate executive—undertook an investigation; and here is what he found:

From the many departments of his company a dozen or more experts were constantly calling on the purchasing and operating heads of the other company. All were technical men, each an authority in his line. One was abreast of developments in power production; another knew what the practice would be tomorrow in transmission; and others were deeply versed in transformers, alternators, switchboard apparatus, meters—but none of them knew much about other experts' fields or had a grasp of the business as a whole, or could grasp the customer's side of problems. Each had the specialist's disposition of regarding his subject as most important. Few knew where their specialties fitted into the other fellows' specialties. All were lacking in sales sense.

Utility Corporations and the Public

IN TRYING to give the public-service company the best technical aid the manufacturing company had been bothering it with non-essentials, and the customer had cut down purchases in self-defense.

When he understood what was the matter this executive organized a clearing house for his own specialists, through which all the information, advice, schemes and technicalities were brought together, checked, harmonized, boiled down and translated into the bare essentials. The specialists were kept at the works and communication between the two companies was delegated to a couple of men who had little technical knowledge, but were strong on the generalities.

This new plan was developed about two years ago. Last year that manufacturing company's sales to the public-service company exceeded a million dollars!

In business everywhere this is a day of explanation. The public is asking questions that are apparently simple. It wants to know about rules, methods, rates, shortcomings, and so on, of the big public-service corporations; and it is curious about the affairs of industrial and commercial houses that yesterday were regarded as sacredly private enterprises.

Answering these questions is not always simple, for they involve technicalities and difficulties in carrying on the business; but they must be answered, nevertheless. The business has found that out by trying other measures. At first, it bluntly told the public to be blowed—with the outcome that public opinion singled out the most blunt and conspicuous official in sight and lynched him, with the willing assistance of his competitors and political opponents.

Then business tried hiding its head in the sand. When the public asked Why? it was blind, deaf and dumb. That did not work out happily either; and then it turned to special pleaders and secret agents, trying to influence public opinion and legislation, with no more success.

Finally the business world has come to understand that frankness is the best basis for meeting these questions. When the public asks Why? nowadays, business is disposed to tell the truth. This involves more difficulties than one would suppose. Some months ago a crack passenger train going West ran into a blizzard. Autumn had hardly gone and there was no reason to think of snow in that place and season; but a big storm came sweeping East, burying the track in snowbanks, and the train ran into it, with the result that what was usually but a few hours' brisk run to its destination turned out to be an all-day creeping over a disorganized system.

This train was luxuriously equipped. It carried club cars, a barber, a manicure, a stenographer, and received the latest newspapers and market quotations all along the line; but for a whole day it ran without a dining car, and passengers accustomed to fat living were up against the elemental situation of having nothing to eat—three meals were missed forever, and not even a cup of warm coffee was obtainable.

When that train reached its destination eleven hours late it did not carry the crowd of confident, conservative business men who were its ordinary passengers, but a mob of howling radicals eager for the blood of the man who had blundered. By one mischance in a few hours there was created enough ill will to offset a year of good train service.

Now when the railroad management looks into a shortcoming of this kind it finds precisely what the executive found at the bottom of the manufacturing company's diminishing sales—namely, specialization. Like other big business, railroading has been divided and subdivided. Each detail of its work is in charge of some specialist who centers on that one thing alone and develops it to the finest point, without much reference to other details or grasp of railroading as a whole.

All the specialties and the specialists are bound together in a unit organization that is a masterpiece of specialization too. Normally the units fit into one another and do their work skillfully; but if a blizzard happens along out of season, running wild, and the unit system provides for dropping the dining car off at a certain station where it has been found best to drop it in normal weather, off she goes, regardless, according to schedule.

In another case a fast train running East in the night apparently got tired of following the rails, for presently it left them and wandered a few hundred feet over into a cornfield, where the engineer brought it to a stop. None of the cars turned over and nobody was hurt; but the steam-heating connection from the engine was broken and in half an hour the passengers, who were all up to see what was the matter, were shivering with cold.

On that train was a young man connected with the passenger department. Hooked behind was the breakfast car, locked and dark. The young man from the passenger department knocked on the door until the steward cautiously peered out, and then told him to open the car, get his crew at work making hot coffee, and serve everybody with coffee and sandwiches free of charge. The steward refused pointblank. His car was scheduled to open for breakfast, several hours later. He had to obey his orders. Besides, though the passengers might be cold and the train in a cornfield, he was still responsible for all the sandwiches and coffee, and anybody who got them would have to pay him.

The young man from the passenger department argued; but it was only when he paid for the refreshments out of his own pocket that the steward felt free to depart from the rules so far as to serve them. It cost the young man forty-odd dollars; but all the passengers got warm and cheerful, felt that the railroad company was big enough to take care of them, and went back to bed. The next morning, on arriving in New York, he went to his chief.

"You may fire me when I tell you what I did last night," he said, and explained the whole case.

"That was the right thing to do," said the chief. "I'd 'a' fired you if you hadn't done it!"

Specialism Run Into the Ground

BOTH of these happenings occurred on the same railroad and to the same crack train. One turned out happily, because a man was on hand to go over the routine; the other turned out otherwise, because there was no such man.

Some of the most difficult explanations the business world is now called on to make do not involve statements to the public as to why service is not better, or how it broke down, but explanations to workers inside the organization as to what the business stands for as a whole, what it is driving at, and how those shortcomings may be eliminated that arise because every man sticks too close to his own job.

For years the specialist has been sought and encouraged everywhere. This began in Germany. The German felt that his country was a bit crowded and looked about the world for room to grow. Most of the good colonies were already in possession of other nations. Not being able to expand geographically, therefore, the German did it mentally. He sat down at home and expanded into a series of the hydrocarbons, and it was a magnificent success. Thus modern specialization appears to have been born, and other nations have been going in for it ever since.

American business, however, now suspects that the specialist has been rather overdone. He is often blind in one eye or deaf in both ears, so far as the rest of the organization is concerned. The organization tends to be a diversified patchwork of splendid technicalities. It lacks organization spirit. It is afraid to break a rule in an emergency—or does not know how to break one intelligently;

Three Meals Were Missed Forever, and Not Even a Cup of Warm Coffee Was Obtainable

so there is a disposition to develop the human side of business as it existed in days when organizations were smaller.

Twenty-odd years ago a young man ran a mill in one of the famous metal-working valleys of New England. His business office was in town. Once a week, however, he appeared at the mill, opened his desk, and got in touch with things and people. Workmen came in from the shop to ask his advice about educating a boy or investing a few hundred dollars. Farmers hauling cordwood to the mill in winter looked in, when they saw he was there, to ask how everything was going. Everybody called him by his first name.

Since then a great trust has grown out of that mill. It has two dozen big plants scattered over the country and processes have been wonderfully developed by specialists. He was president for years and guiding spirit of the organization during its growth.

The other day he resigned, saying that the company has reached a point where it is indispensable to get into it some of the old, close personal touch of the days when he ran the original mill. Size and distance and specialization have brought public criticism, legislative regulation, labor troubles and other difficulties—all due, he believes, to the cultivation of the technicalities at the expense of the humanities; so the rest of his business career will be devoted to restoring the humanities. He says he himself does not know just how this is to be done; but he is certain it is the next thing to do and he is going to find out how to do it.

Some months ago a man prominent in a great public-service industry brought to light a larger phase of the same problem. This industry was about to hold its yearly convention, and he urged that presidents of companies and managers and executives generally attend the meeting in person.

In the early days of that industry, he reminded them, every company was run by a superintendent or manager, or perhaps by its actual owner, because it was small. These men came to conventions and were able to discuss any phase of the business from their own experience and with authority. Any broad issue that arose was pretty sure to be settled promptly and wisely.

As the business grew, however, and companies became larger, they were split up into departments, each in charge of a specialist. Presently the yearly conventions were attended by these specialists only and devoted chiefly to technical matters. When it came to discussion of engineering, maintenance, cost accounting or claim adjustment, the specialist was in his element; but where the industry touched public welfare in matters like franchises, state regulation, valuations, investors' and employees' interests, the specialists could not speak with authority or give much light.

The Specialists' Narrow Groove

Because these broad generalities of the industry were being neglected at conventions it was under fire from the public; and he believed that good public relations could not be restored until the big fellows with the say-so again took an active part in the meetings.

For years the man dealing with broad human issues in business has held the specialist in awe, looking on him as one so deeply learned in his particular line that it was useless for a mere layman to try to follow his mental processes and, therefore, to be judged only by his results. This view has been helped by the specialist's disposition to wrap up his knowledge in mysterious technical jargon of his own making.

Now that overspecialization fails to produce results in some important directions, however, the man concerned with the generalities of business begins to see that there is a good deal of charlatanry in specialization—that it is as full of dogma in some ways as the old world of theology ever was; and that many an engineering, electrical, chemical or metallurgical expert would willingly burn other experts at the stake as technical heretics.

The broad-gauge business man sees, too, that mystery, jargon and fine-spun points in specialization usually cover up lack of true technical ability.

So, without discounting the value of special knowledge and service, business has its eyes on the specialist with a view to broadening his gauge. It is going to translate him into plain language, make him human, and set him working with the team.

The specialist himself has gone so far in his own special direction that nowadays he begins to be lonesome. Big concerns grow up by making and marketing highly technical products, and big public projects of a technical nature are carried out. The specialist knows all about doing the work, and success is built on his skill and learning; yet he sees other men climb past him into the big jobs and salaries—bankers, salesmen, managers, lawyers, politicians. When they want anything from him they retain him by a fee for consultation, or just press a buzzer and summon him from the laboratory.

He is beginning to ask why he holds no place on the boards and commissions, and why a great specialist is so seldom found sitting in the boss' chair. Echo answers very plainly. It tells him that it is because he lacks knowledge of people, perspective, and the shrewd generalities and humanities that go so far in administration. He admits that echo is right and now shows a disposition to make good his shortcomings.

Yesterday the specialist's conception of a great specialist was a man too busy with his specialty to pay attention to anything else; but today he sees that paying a good deal of attention to everything else is about the best way to become a great specialist—for specialists and specialties are not of much value in business unless they fit in.

And in the work of explanation, by which business is now being adjusted to the public's standards, and public standards modified by a better understanding of business conditions, the specialist fits in patly and has broad possibilities ahead of him, for both business and himself.

Broadening a Technical Man

A rundown machinery concern was taken over by a man whose experience had been chiefly along the lines of organizing and selling. This concern made a type of mechanical equipment that was then coming into wide use among all sorts of manufacturers, and made it well, but had no particular standing in the industry technically, compared with competitors who maintained experts.

To secure technical standing, the new boss picked out the best-known consulting specialist in that field and secured his exclusive services, on a salary, to advise the salesforce in selling equipment and bidding for contracts, and to supervise design and installation for customers.

This expert was really a wizard in his own work, but he was a narrow man in every other way.

His new boss went to work to educate him in the generalities. A big convention of manufacturers was to be held. The boss asked the expert to attend and give a little talk.

"Humph! What do a lot of manufacturers know about my line?" objected the specialist. "If I put my knowledge and time into a paper they wouldn't be interested in the facts. I'm too busy to talk anyway. Besides, it would hurt me professionally."

"You've got those fellows sized up just right," said the boss. "They don't think about our equipment five minutes a week. They wouldn't understand the science of it; but I believe you can tell them in fifteen or twenty minutes how to use our equipment to the best advantage as part of a big plant."

The boss was a good salesman; and his specialist was at the convention and read a paper free from technical terms. It explained how to use the equipment in a general manufacturing plant so that employees could be kept busy in slack seasons and pressure relieved when times were good.

That simple, non-technical treatment of a complicated specialty was the feature of the convention. Trade journals printed it, manufacturers commended it, and in three months the specialist was looked on among laymen as the one authority in his line—because he was the only one they had ever been able to understand.

Once he had tasted the pleasures of general reputation the specialist liked it and repeated his hit at other conventions. In a year or so his counsel in connection with equipment was in such demand, and the concern doing such business, that his earnings increased far beyond anything he could have hoped for as a specialist in the bare technicalities.

And it all came about because a general man took pains to translate a special man into ordinary terms for the benefit of people who needed his special services.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by James H. Collins.

"Yes; serve Campbell's Tomato Soup"

"Prepare it as a Cream-of-tomato, please."

And this is done as easily as said; and almost as quickly. Simply heat the contents of the can and an equal quantity of milk separately. Bring them to the boiling-point but do not let them boil. And when ready to serve take them from over the fire and *pour the hot soup into the hot milk*—this prevents curdling.

The whole process doesn't require over three minutes. And you have as fine a cream-of-tomato soup as you ever tasted.

You ought to enjoy this palatable and nourishing soup two or three times a week at least. Why not have it for dinner *today?*

21 kinds—10c a can

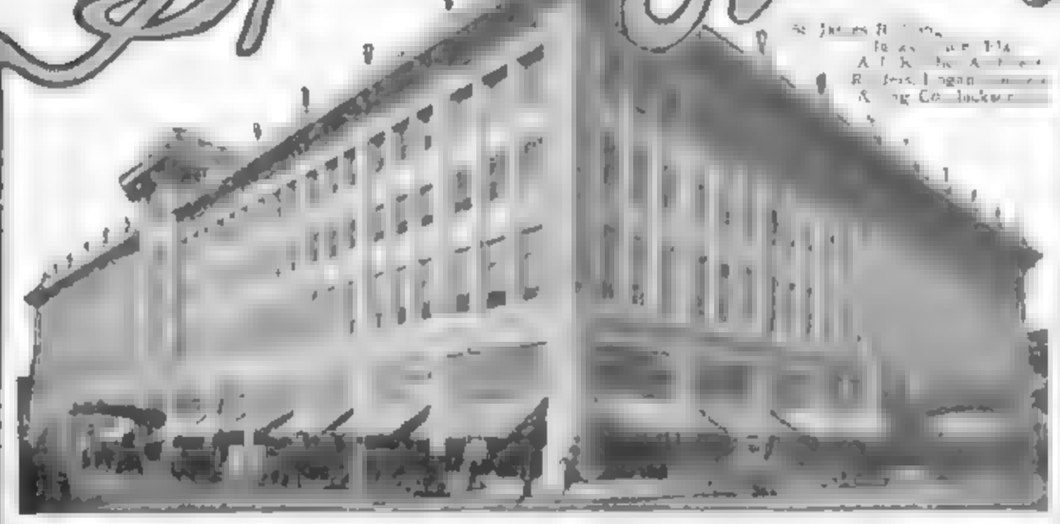
Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Beef	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Mutton Broth
Celery	Ox Tail
Chicken	Pea
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable

Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Barrett Specification Roofs



For Large Business Buildings

THE St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla., is built on modern lines. And like almost all first-class modern buildings, its 60,000 square feet of roof are covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

The general acceptance of The Barrett Specification among first class engineers and architects is a highly significant development in the roofing trade. It is a movement which began with the leaders of the profession, who recognized its technical soundness. Accordingly, the inclusion of The Barrett Specification in full in building specifications is rapidly becoming a universal custom.

The Barrett Specification has the advantage of furnishing a uniform and fair basis for competitive bids, together with satisfactory methods for determining the quality of the workmanship and materials on the job. Our own experts are usually available to inspect the contractor's work and certify whether or not the Specification has been strictly complied with.

A Barrett Specification Roof will usually last twenty or more years without a cent's worth of repairs. It takes the base rate of insurance. It gives the most service per dollar, its unit cost being less than a quarter of a cent per foot per year of service.

Booklets on Request.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

What Next?

Antiseptics as Fertilizers

AN ODD discovery has recently been made—that the very antiseptics that help quickly to heal a cut or wound will help to raise plants quickly and healthily. Antiseptics are too expensive now to be used regularly as fertilizers, but the distinguished British chemists who have made the discovery see hope of actually applying the idea to plant growth before long.

Steam is an excellent disinfectant, for instance, and under some conditions even now steam could be used as a substitute for fertilizers.

Why antiseptics will do this is not fully understood yet. The first result of applying them—formaldehyde, for instance—to the soil is to kill off large numbers of the bacteria in the earth.

After the chemical has evaporated the bacteria begin to appear again; and the bacteria that are useful in producing ammonia multiply with great rapidity until there are many times as many of these in the soil as there were before treatment. The final effect is therefore the same as though fertilizers had been applied.

Thus, in order to fertilize soil by antiseptics, what is needed is something that will work its way through the dirt thoroughly and kill off the bacteria quickly—and then take itself out of the way, so that other bacteria will get a chance to grow.

Steam does all this best; but formaldehyde and a long list of chemicals have been found to do the work fairly well, though expensively at their present cost.

Rapid Stars

EVEN astronomers are expressing astonishment at a new speed record recently discovered among the stars. The Andromeda nebula has been found to be moving in the general direction of the earth at the rate of about sixteen million miles a day, or nearly two hundred miles a second. This is vastly faster than the motion of the earth round the sun or of the sun in space.

It will be some time before the nebula approaches very close to the earth, however. Observations of the nebula by telescope and photographs do not show the slightest measurable trace of movement toward the earth, which indicates that it is so far away that traveling sixteen million miles a day is too slow to be apparent. The discovery that it is coming at this rate was made by a study of the spectrum of its light.

Seeing Double

PHOTOGRAPHS that give the same effect as pictures in a stereoscope, but that give the plastic effect without the use of any lens, have now been produced. The only requirement in viewing them to get the effect is to look at them squarely in front. The idea has been worked out so that it appears practical and a few such photographs have been exhibited, though the idea has not yet gone much beyond the laboratory stage.

In order to get the plastic effect it is necessary that the person looking at such photographs should really see two photographs blended together exactly as they are blended by a stereoscope, and the new device accomplishes this. Two photographs are placed one above the other, and the whole problem is to prevent them from interfering with each other. Each photograph is on a glass transparency, but one is taken so that it will be visible only when placed on a black background, and the other only when on a white background.

After the two have been placed one over the other a sheet of ribbed glass is placed over both. The ribbed glass has the effect of giving a different view for each of a person's eyes. The right eye will see the picture at one angle through the ribs and the left eye at a different angle. The whole device is so arranged that the right eye sees only one of the two photographs and the left eye sees only the other photograph. The eyes then blend the two together and give the stereoscopic effect.

In the best examples produced the person viewing the picture does not notice the ribs at all, but sees only a sharply defined picture with plastic values.

Satisfaction

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Hunt's Fruits

"The Kind that is NOT Lye-Peeled"

grow in favor every year because they can be depended upon for quality and flavor. Our present reputation is founded upon quality and our future reputation depends on satisfying you. The secret of our success is your confidence in our fruits.

"Hunt's is bought
When the best is sought."

Hunt's Supreme Quality, **35c**

ALL GROCERS

Special prices in assorted dozens or cases.

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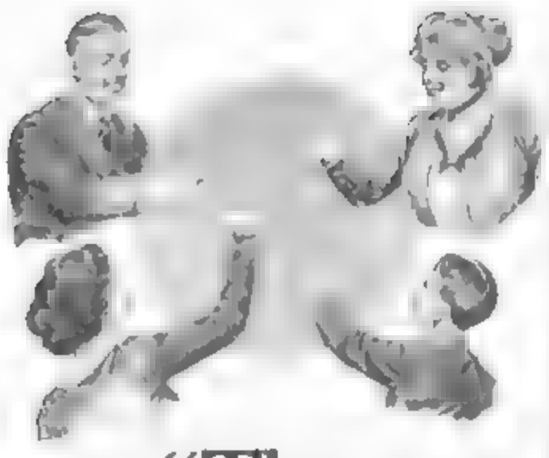
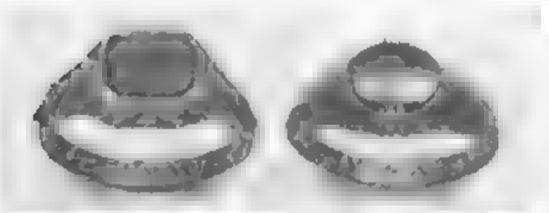


"The Gift of Gifts" Is Always a Beautiful Ring



Lot 3991 — $12

Lot 3876 — $12

YOU are never at a loss to know what to give *any* time, *anywhere* or to *any one* when you think of beautiful rings—W-W-W Guaranteed Rings.

A fine ring is a gift from the heart. Regardless of what the passing fancy in jewelry may be, a W-W-W ring is always a *better* gift because it is *the gift that endures.* Its style, beauty and sentiment will never diminish.

When You Give a W-W-W Guaranteed Ring

you *perpetuate* your gift. You also give a ring that is wonderfully fashioned—a ring that is made *only* in solid gold—a ring bejeweled with any favorite precious or semi-precious stones—whole pearls, turquoise, sapphires, rubies, garnets, sardonyx, amethyst—any desired birthstone. Such a ring makes a perfect gift for Easter.

And Guaranteed

And your gift is *doubly* welcome, for with it goes the famous W-W-W guarantee, which says:

If ever a stone comes out or is cracked, we guarantee to replace and reset it free. This covers all stones but diamonds.

At Your Own Price

Ask your jeweler to show you W-W-W Rings. Match them with these pictures. Try them on. Then learn how you can get just the ring you want at just the price you wish to pay—$3, $4, $5, $10 and up.

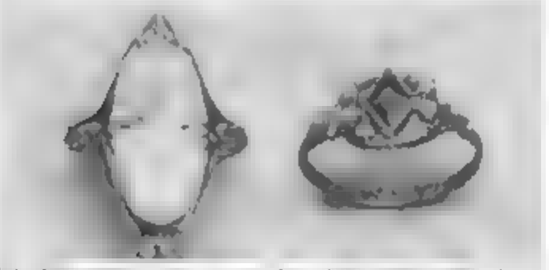
$5 Special and "Mother's Ring"

Ask particularly to see these two special W-W-W Rings. The first is a most unusual value for the money. The other is "Mother's Ring" designed and patented by us. Richly set in various sizes of hand-carved coral cameo.

Make your gifts *rings.* Buy yourself a fine ring. To aid in your selection, write for interesting book on rings. It is free.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER, Dept. A-196, Buffalo, N. Y.

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones Do Stay (58)



Lot 3882 — ladies' cluster ring with diamond shaped genuine garnets or any birth stone, with four genuine white $6

MY LADY'S CONSCIENCE

(Continued from Page 7)

We exercise this unrecorded clemency wherever possible—tempering the wind to the weak. Many a lady's maid, palpably coerced into smuggling, has been sent away with a lecture. The law reads to the contrary, holding all parties to a conspiracy to be equally guilty; but I am sure most of those who have thus escaped will be on our side in the future.

There was one woman on whom being caught in an attempt to defraud made such an extraordinary impression and resulted in such an extraordinary sequel that I must cite it as the one instance of its kind on record.

She was a woman past middle age and a bit eccentric. Always she carried with her a rope to be used as a means of escape in case of fire. For years she had made a study of the philosophy and religions of the East, and better to pursue this hobby she went to India. Shortly before starting home she bought a pearl necklace, paying ten thousand dollars for it. Homeward bound she stopped in Paris and there was told by a jeweler that she had been victimized. The pearl necklace was worth but five thousand dollars at the outside.

These details I learned subsequently from her. The voyage to New York found her brooding over her loss; and, womanlike—or manlike, for that matter—she was making plans to recoup. What was more natural than the thought of defeating the customs?

That is what she tried to do. She unstrung the necklace and wrapped the pearls in two paper packages, one much smaller than the other. In her declaration she specified simply pearls, and she was prepared to produce for inspection the smaller package.

Under the very first questions, however, she faltered and gave up the entire string, stating the full cost. She simply could not lie. So long as the fraud had been confined to a clerical operation she could submerge her conscience; but she could go no further.

Pearls Lead to a Tragedy

The pearls were seized and with their owner taken to the Custom House preparatory to a hearing. There the woman confided to me the history of the necklace. She added that she had but one friend in New York, and if that person should hear of her plight she believed she would die of mortification. I felt extremely sorry for her and suggested that she employ counsel. This she did; the hearing was postponed and she was allowed to go to a hotel. She selected one of the smaller, quieter places on Fifth Avenue.

Early next morning, standing on a corner near that hotel, a sleepy policeman chanced to look up. Dangling from a rope over the sidewalk of the avenue he saw a woman's body. The lady from India had tied her fire-escape coil about her neck, fastened it in the room, and leaped through a window to her death.

Contrary to general belief, the customs service maintains no agents abroad to spy on the casual traveler in the matter of his purchases. Certain men are sent there as attachés of the Treasury Department, but their chief duty is to keep in touch with and report market-price changes as a basis for duties on this side.

We do manage to hear of any conspicuous jewel sale; but the returning American, no matter how potential his purchasing power or how great his reputation for exercising that power, steps on the dock innocent in the eyes of every inspector, unless there are marked indications to the contrary. This is one of the cardinal doctrines of the service. And therein lies one of its greatest problems.

To indicate by word or action that he suspected, of intent to smuggle, a pompous individual, with a haughty wife, two demure daughters and twenty trunks, might embroil an inspector in an unpleasantness leading to his dismissal. Yet even swifter might be his end should a costly lot of dutiable articles escape him. Only a level-headed man of skill and long experience can meet such situations with credit.

To a veteran, baggage speaks a various language. By noting the character and the number of pieces he can with reasonable accuracy tell you the size of the family

A Federal in the service of the Lemp Brewing Company, St. Louis.

FEDERAL

Not Merely Sold to You— But Fitted to Your Business

We pride ourselves upon the fact that so many concerns now using large fleets of Federals started with the purchase of one, and bought the others largely because of the assistance we were able to give them in economizing haulage labor and costs. For instance:

"During July, 1912, we purchased one of your Federal Trucks. After unloading from the shipping car we at once made a temporary body and started the rig on its way. With the exception of two weeks for painting last winter the truck has done daily work. Never in the last year's use have we been held up a minute. The truck has been used in hauling water from our spring to city warehouse, a distance of about four miles (round trip); roads are very poor in places in winter, but wherever the FEDERAL can get traction it will go through."—Rock Spring Water Co.

Many other bottlers, dairies and creameries have had similar experiences with Federals.

Our advisory service—the result of years of experience in practically every line and under all haulage conditions—is free to any manufacturer. It is one of the best means of demonstrating conclusively the relative value of motor and other haulage in different lines of business.

Why not write us? One of our representatives will be glad to call; and he will not try to sell you a truck unless he has convinced both you and himself that you can use one profitably.

Federal Motor Truck Company

104 Leavitt Avenue — Detroit, Michigan

Take the tube home

YOU introduce into your household a dentifrice with three distinct advantages when you take home a tube of

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

As your dentist can tell you—this three fold superiority makes Colgate's an *unusually* good dentifrice.

It is safe—the base (which we ourselves manufacture for use only in our dentifrices) gives it cleansing efficiency. This base is wholly free from the hard, sharp-edged crystals which in inferior dentifrices so often scratch the enamel.

It is convenient—the ribbon form enables you to use just the right amount without waste or scattering.

It is delicious—the flavor is so pleasant that regular twice-a-day care of the teeth becomes a habit because Colgate's is a treat.

Take the Tube home without a day's delay.

Your dealer has Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for you: or Colgate's Dental Powder if you prefer that form—as good a Powder as the other is a Cream. For a refreshing mouth wash—Colgate's Rince Bouche.

A generous trial size of Ribbon Dental Cream sent on receipt of 4c in stamps. Our booklets "Oral Hygiene" and "The Jungle Pow Wow" (for young children) included on request

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton St., New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined

accompanying it, the sex of the various members and the approximate age of each. A glance at the hotel, steamship and railroad labels reveals to him with equal swiftness a fair idea of the course of their journey; and a cursory examination of the condition of the baggage gives him more than a suggestion as to the duration of the trip. The determination of the latter is highly important.

Obviously persons who have been away from home a year have had greater need for making and greater opportunity to make purchases than those absent a month. Similarly brand-new trunks almost always indicate that the passenger's luggage capacity has not kept pace with the additions to his wardrobe and effects. It is a curious thing that perhaps four out of ten persons will fail to include a new piece of luggage—itself dutiable—in their declarations. Oftener than otherwise it is a case of honest forgetfulness.

Now a word concerning tips—both kinds, gratuities and what purport to be inside information of smuggling plots. We are equally suspicious of each. Aside from the fact that accepting fees of any sort is prohibited, we have learned by experience to regard with suspicion even the individual anxious to press a cigar on us. If you are a passenger it might be well to remember this. To offer an honest inspector a tip will not only get you nothing but will incite him to probe every cranny of your trunks. Undoubtedly there are amiable persons whose motives are of the best; but it is not human nature to give without expecting a return.

Tips of the other sort pour into the Custom House continually. They come by mail, telephone and telegraph—warning us to watch Mr. A. or Mrs. B., who is, so our mysterious informants assert, about to smuggle in a fortune in jewels, perhaps concealed in the gentleman's socks or the lady's coiffure.

The vast majority of such communications are based on malice, desire for revenge, misinformation, a perverted sense of humor, or what-not; and we take them with considerable salt. If one should incite an investigation the case is put in the hands of a tried and tactful inspector, lest he stumble into an embarrassing situation.

The Lady Who Boasted

Regularly we receive misleading reports concerning persons of prominence. For years some busybody, writing anonymously, has sought to involve a well-known woman writer, accusing her of repeated attempts to bring in diamonds in her shoes. This woman makes frequent trips abroad. Her mythical attempts to beat the customs have become a matter of jest with her and certain inspectors.

Yet I have in mind a vivid exception to the rule. One of the most important arrests ever made in the history of the service was brought about on information received from a patriotic woman.

While in a London hotel she overheard another American woman boasting, while she displayed valuable jewels purchased abroad, that she knew a customs official who would enter the jewels free. This so roused the unintentional eavesdropper that she made it a point to ascertain the steamer on which the other was sailing. When the vessel docked in New York the customs authorities had in their possession proof that the jewels in question had been purchased abroad. Moreover, they were aware of their cost, and had other facts. The jewels were found cleverly concealed on the woman's person and, after a scene trying to all concerned, were seized. The woman was heavily fined.

Possibly you wonder, in view of the fact that no spies are kept abroad and tips are seldom productive of results, how frauds against the revenue as attempted by the passenger are discovered. It is no exaggeration to say that ninety-five per cent of the seizures are the result of original observation on the piers. No oath is required of the passenger; no traps are set for him.

On the contrary every opportunity is offered him to play on the square. If he has omitted to declare certain articles he may assume the rôle of forgetfulness and get by with it. The inspector is only too glad to clean the slate, provided the case is not a flagrant one. Let me quote here the words of a Nestor, as contained in a rulebook for the guidance of the tyro:

"The discovery of undeclared foreign articles requires careful consideration. The fact of their omission may indicate a willful intent to defraud, ignorance, or a careless indifference to the law. To determine which taxes the judgment and common sense of the inspector. The method of packing, whether hidden or visible; the value and bulk of the articles; the actions and explanations of the passenger before and after discovery; and even his mentality are factors to be cautiously weighed.

"It is not infrequently the case that small articles are omitted from a large declaration unintentionally, by reason of the large number of small purchases, or that the passenger declares nothing, deeming that a few small, inexpensive articles are too insignificant to mention. In the absence of any evidence of intent to conceal or defraud, such instances should not be taken too seriously.

"The successful inspector finds that a close study of human nature and externals is of material assistance in formulating an opinion of the power, desire and opportunity of a passenger to purchase. Intuitively he considers age, sex, nationality, occupation, residence, station of life, demeanor, condition, personal appearance."

Things Inspectors Notice

"He learns in this wise, among other things, that the aged, infirm and sickly acquire only necessaries; that the wardrobes of women are more lavishly replenished than those of men; that the nationalities of the different travelers are reflected in the character of the articles imported; that the American of wealth is the most liberal and general buyer of all tourists; that occupation is frequently denoted by particular articles in the baggage; that there are a marked difference and a wide range between the possessions of a schoolteacher and a dressmaker; that the baggage of physicians is likely to contain surgical instruments; that frequently the most valuable of the dutiable effects are on the person and not in the trunks; and that the passenger's demeanor is more often a better index of his intent than the declaration of the baggage."

The last clause cannot be made too emphatic. Frank and positive answers are always a point in the passenger's favor. We notice everything—whether his hands tremble; whether he licks his lips nervously; whether he walks unnaturally, as if afraid of jouncing something from his clothing; whether he seems loath to stoop or move rapidly. Meantime, no matter what we suspect, we proceed—or endeavor to—with an air of courteous solicitude, as if our sole aim were to grease his way through the annoyance occasioned.

Visitors to the piers have to be closely watched. Frequently small articles, particularly jewelry, are passed to them. It is not uncommon for a thousand persons with pier passes to greet an incoming liner, mingling with perhaps more than a thousand cabin passengers.

One pretty little girl not so long ago, after impressing the inspector with her naïve frankness, turned to a girl who had come to meet her, opened her fur coat ever so slightly and whispered stagily:

"This is all I have!"

Unfortunately for her the remark was overheard. "All she had" turned out to be a diamond sunburst, which was seized while she wept.

Naturally we save time in examinations by taking into consideration the class of the ship and the port from which she comes. The gayest birds of passage, with the plumpest purses and accordingly the most staggering array of foreign purchases, come and go, as a rule, on the big, supersumptuous floating hotels, which, notwithstanding their leviathan proportions, speed from Daunt's Rock to Ambrose Light at almost express-train speed.

In their baggage and on their persons are the rarest finds—jewelry, laces, furs, Continental-made gowns and garments. The quality sloughs off as the luxuriousness of the craft decreases.

Passengers from the West Indies seldom have anything of great value—souvenirs, usually duty free, predominating. On ships from Mexican and Cuban ports we center our attention on drawnwork, mantillas, tobaccos and cigars.

Of late we have been busy with the aigret crusade. By this I mean enforcement of the new law barring the plumage of wild birds. Most of the women have bowed before the regulation with good grace; a few have been fussy and argumentative. The newspaper boys have written a lot

NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR BABY

The Best that Money can buy is Absolute Safety—Baby's Food must Possess the Maximum of Purity and Nourishment.

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

Is known and recognized in every Civilized Country as the Leading Brand of Condensed Milk.

Its principal use in all lands is for the Feeding of Infants. It is prepared with Scrupulous Care for this specific purpose.

No expense is spared to safeguard the production of the raw milk from which Eagle Brand is prepared. Every sanitary precaution is taken at Dairies and Condensing Plants, with a Determination to supply a product that is Perfectly Safe for the Baby.

Send for our Baby's Book and Feeding Chart—also our booklet "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme."

BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 NEW YORK

about our wielding long shears and snipping off hat decorations while the owners shrieked. That is not true. If the feathers are found to be those of a wild bird the owner is requested politely to remove them. If she has not the means at hand implements are provided.

The contraband property is then taken to the public stores for destruction. More than one woman has blushed when feathers she bought at a fancy price, as those of an egret or osprey, have been returned to her as imitations. Aigrets of the horsehair or barnyard variety are plentiful.

Recently I questioned a woman passenger about the plumes on her hat.

"That's right!" broke in her husband, a big, wholesome sort of man. "I'm a game-warden. Take 'em along! I'm in favor of the law."

"Oh, you are, are you!" exclaimed the wife. "Well, then ——" And she snatched her hat from her head and threw it off the pier into the Hudson.

The plumage of unplucked game birds also comes under the ban. This has hit a number of New York's exclusive clubs, which import for their fastidious members pheasants, grouse, and so forth.

Several consignments have been held up while the anxious importers contended that they were not game birds, having been raised in captivity. If they were not game when they arrived such shipments as were removed to the public stores, pending determination of this moot question, were certainly game by the time they reached the club table.

While on the subject of prohibited articles, I must not forget sealskins. The importation of skins or manufactures thereof of seals taken in the North Pacific is absolutely prohibited, even if they are bought in this country. When found they will be seized and destroyed—unless you care to ship them back to Europe.

If you have any sealskin you wish to take abroad—and bring back—the only way to avoid conflict with the law is to register it at the Custom House before you sail. Production of this certificate of registration when you return and identification of the skin will insure its entry.

The Forbidden Mongoose

Finally, do not try to import a mongoose. Rikki's entrance is barred, the theory being that we have in this country more chickens than cobras. The mongoose, I understand, is a great killer. It has never been my pleasure to find one aboard ship or on a passenger's person or in a trunk. Nor have I ever run across a flying fox, or fruit bat. He likewise is classed as a nuisance.

At the outset I mentioned being a dog fancier as a necessary qualification of an inspector. Not only are dogs dutiable, but they are subject to inspection by the Bureau of Animal Industry in order that the state of their health and their breed and origin may be ascertained.

As it is inexpedient for the bureau to have its inspectors at the pier, this duty devolves on us. Dangerously unhealthy dogs are sent to a quarantine station at Athenia, New Jersey. You can picture My Lady's perturbation if she thinks Cutie or Tootles—or whatever his name may be—is likely to be seized. Many Tootleses cross and recross the ocean in luxury these days.

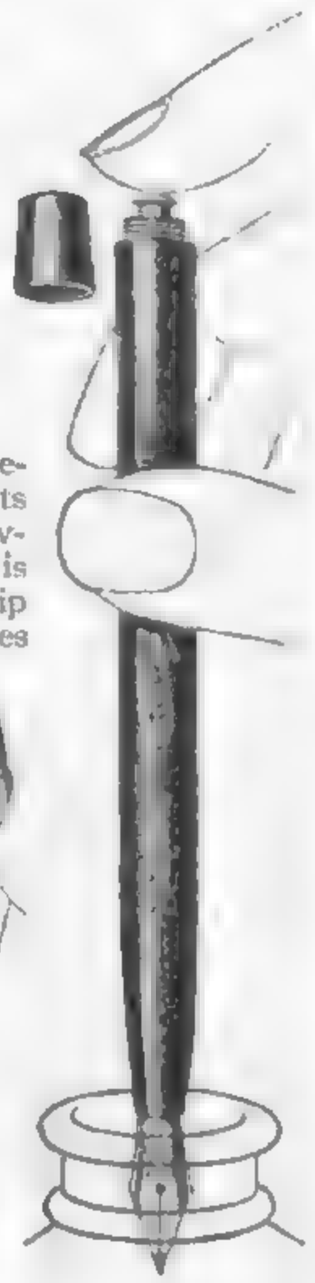
A few years ago a well-known woman, accompanying the body of her late husband, sent a wireless message summoning a young New York physician to meet her at Quarantine. She was a wealthy woman; and the young physician, who had heard of her husband's illness abroad—but not of his death—climbed aboard at Quarantine with visions of fat fees and enhanced reputation. What was his disgust to be informed by the lady that she had summoned him to examine her pet dog! That is a true story.

The Magnet Lamp

A LITTLE electric light that will stick to almost any part of an automobile where it is placed is the latest form of the electric magnet, which has come into such great use for odd purposes in the last few years.

The magnet is on the side of the lamp and obtains its current from the same wires that supply the lighting element. As most parts of an automobile are of steel, it can be applied almost anywhere and stays put, furnishing light for any repairing or cleaning operations.

A new idea in Self-Filling Fountain Pens

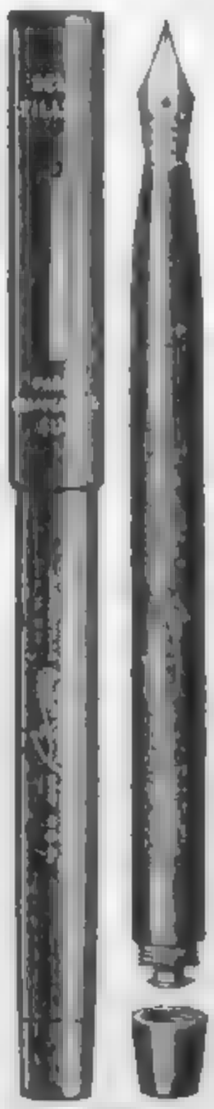


The wonderful new Parker Self-Filler is a decidedly different self-filling fountain pen. Its barrel, without projections or outside contrivances, is a refreshing innovation. There is nothing in the way to interfere with your grip or impede writing. From outward appearances you can't even tell it's a self-filler, but to see it work!—well, that just about settles it. You want one for its convenience, writing qualities and because the new self-filling idea will win your instant approval. G. S. Parker

Press the button—fills in 2 seconds

Take off the shield cap at end of barrel, drop pen point in *any inkwell*, press the button and it *fills itself in 2 seconds.*

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
Self-Filling Fountain Pen



Parker Self-Filler
Remove cap—press button—Pen fills in 2 seconds.

The new Parker Self-Filler is a practical fountain pen behind which are experience, stability and a well grounded reputation, plus the endorsement of 15,000 of the most progressive merchants in the country. Ask any Parker dealer to show you this wonderfully handy pen. It makes writing a positive comfort. Find out for yourself how a clever invention made possible this big improvement in fountain pens. Regular prices prevail—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5.

Transparent Pen

If you fancy something dif... you'll like the pen. Lucky ... This ... the ink-supply ... the ink back above the barrel.

The Parker Jack Knife Safety

The most cherished of all fountain pens and a great favorite with ladies. It simply can't leak. A locking device holds in the ink. You can carry it upside down, rightside up or flat—drop it into any pocket or toss it into a trunk or traveling bag without danger of leaking or smearing fingers or linen. It has the wonderful *Lucky Curve*, the big idea that has made the Parker cleanly.

Parker Fountain Pens are made in over 200 styles—Self-Filling, Safety and Standard. Furnished with disappearing clip which clings to the pocket like a steel trap, but snaps back to the level of barrel when you write—25c extra. If you cannot locate a dealer, write us and we will send you illustrated catalog showing all styles.

Parker Pen Company
90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

You are cordially invited to visit our New York Retail Store in the big Woolworth Building, and see every style of Parker Pen we manufacture.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Three Beautiful Patterns

Made in the Heaviest Grade of Silver Plate

OLD COLONY CROMWELL VINTAGE

THESE designs indicate the wide variety of styles to be had in this time tried silver

Ask your dealer for silver marked 1847 ROGERS BROS. and backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years. Send for catalogue "R 90"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

MERIDEN, CONN.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Hamilton, Canada

Our Brands Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: To be conservative about it, I have seen our valued Republic tottering to its fall ten times in the past twenty years, and have observed twice as many crises within that period which, though not totting the nation to a totter, shook it to its foundations; or, in other words, headed it toward the reefs—to say nothing of jamming it over to the edge of the precipice.

We laugh at the excitability of the French and jeer at the ebullitions of our lemon-colored neighbors to the south of us; but all persons and sundry will have a difficult time showing me where either the French or the Latins have anything on the Americans when it comes to emotional absurdity as related to national affairs. We tell ourselves we are a clear-headed and a sober-minded people, when the fact is there is no nation on the face of the earth more volatile than ours.

We may have been staid in days gone by, but as things stand now we fly off the handle at the slightest provocation and oftentimes without the slightest provocation. And we run round in desultory circles, shouting over whatever crisis seems to crise at the moment, without any idea as to what it is all about, where we are going, why we want to go, or what we intend to do after we get there.

As I recall our history, the progress of this country has been marked by one crisis after another. We had them in the beginning and we have had them regularly ever since—like chills and fever—and have escaped dissolution each time and proceeded on our way with considerable celerity.

However, few remember the past and fewer still take a pear at the future. Today is always the hottest day, or the coldest, or the finest; so the crisis that is at hand is the one to be excited over; and, as it falls out, we are now excited over the Mexican business. The newspapers are clamoring about it and the statesmen are yammering about it, and everybody is all torn up about it—that is, everybody with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, who has the final say in the matter.

The Warlike Investor

Let me tell you something about Mexico, Jim, and you can stick a pin in it: Unless there shall be some real—not fancied, but real—affront to our national honor and our settled American policy of the Monroe Doctrine, there is no more chance of our going to war over Mexico or with Mexico, because of what has happened or is happening, than there is of our going to war with Switzerland because we don't like the size of the holes in Swiss cheese.

It may happen, of course, that some of our Mexican friends will indulge in some indecency like the blowing up of the Maine and force us to go over there and larrup the whole lot of them—federals, constitutionalists, brigands, bandits and hoss-thieves included; but unless that sort of thing does happen, or a chesty European nation breaks in in an arrogant manner, we shall continue in our attitude of absolute calm.

Notwithstanding the newspaper screams about it, and the editorial howls, the Mexican situation isn't at this writing, and never has been up to this time, a crisis or anything like a crisis. What it is and what it has been is a troublesome affair nearby that has never in any sense demanded the sacrifice of the lives of our soldiers or the spending of our money. When you get to the bottom of most of these demands for immediate action of some kind in Mexico you will find they are based on self-interest and on nothing else.

The loud shouters for protection and intervention, the men who are proclaiming that we have sacrificed our national honor and have become cowards, and all that, are men who own land or mines, or have some other similar interest there; and they do not care a hoot about national honor except to invoke it to help them save their money. There isn't one of them who isn't perfectly willing to have a thousand, or ten thousand, American soldiers killed by bullets or disease if the slaughter will avert the greater—to these men—disaster of losing a few dollars.

One man in this country who understands this is President Wilson; and you can put it down, Jim, and so can all others who are interested, that a greater incentive to war than greed and self-interest is needed to force him to move a soldier across the border. There have been some anxious moments for him, but those have not been due to any lack of determination on his part to hold off, any lack of patience, any lack of self-control. They have been due to unforeseen situations arising always through the blundering, the vanity, the incapacity, the absolute asininity of others. The President hasn't flickered an eyelash since he took his stand on Mexico. He is not going to fight on a pretext or a protest, or because a lot of hollow-headed jingoes are shouting at him.

If there should come a real cause for fighting he will be on the Mexicans before they think he has started; but he is not a person who deals with half facts. More than any man I have ever known in public life, Woodrow Wilson demands to be shown. You cannot convince him with conversation. You cannot scare him with threats. You cannot swerve him by clamor. If you have the facts on your side he admits them and acts accordingly; but he does not admit them until he has proved to his own satisfaction that what you have are facts, and not half facts or shadows of facts, or reports, or rumors, or opinions.

The Englishman's Conundrum

Often the President must be reminded of the yarn about the Englishman who was a visitor at the Lambs' Club, in New York. At the time the members of the club were amusing themselves by asking conundrums. The Englishman listened for several nights, vainly trying to think up a conundrum of his own, so he might get into the game. He was out of it. No conundrum occurred to him.

One night, however, he came in beaming. "I say, you fellows," he shouted, "I have thought up a jolly good conundrum for you, you know."

"What is it?" chorused the crowd.

"Aw," the Englishman replied, pulling at his mustache—"Aw, what is it, you know, that has feathers, a long bill, builds its nest on a chimney, stands on one leg, is popularly assumed to bring the babies, and barks like a dog, you know?"

Nobody could guess.

"What is it?" was finally demanded.

"A stork!" exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly.

"A stork? Why, you bally ass, a stork doesn't bark like a dog."

"I know that, old chap; I know that. I put that in to make it more difficult!"

A whole heap of things seem to have been put into the President's Mexican conundrum to make it more difficult. Take that Benton killing, for example. That was bad enough; but when there were hopes of composing it, what happened? Why, nothing—nothing, at all, except that our old friend Carranza, universally esteemed to be the brains and, what is more to the point, the horse-sense possessor of the constitutionalists, gave a loud snort, grabbed out a handful of his own whiskers and went stark, staring, raving mad at the exact moment when all the horse sense he was reputed to have was worth as much a gram as radium to the constitutionalist cause.

Instead of assuring Secretary Bryan that he would do all he could to help get himself and his people, and especially his brigand Villa out of the mess, Carranza haughtily replied that, inasmuch as Benton was a British citizen, he, Carranza, as supreme chief of the constitutionalists, would treat only with representatives of Great Britain in the matter. Whereupon the jingo press shouted that Bryan had been rebuffed by a rebel chieftain, and the pot began to boil again so furiously that it sounded like Mount Pelée blowing off its head.

It so happens that I know the men who are earnestly trying to bring about some semblance of order in Mexico, and who are trying to do what they think is best by eliminating Huerta and giving support to Carranza and the constitutionalists. Some of these men are in Washington. They have been and are in close touch with affairs, and

they have been aided to some extent by the friendly attitude of this Government toward the anti-Huerta movement. They worked for a long time to get the embargo on arms removed and they have had considerable success otherwise. Do not think they are doing all this for love, Jim, for they are not; but they have at least a semblance of right on their side and certainly have a strong case against Huerta.

Well, I have heard many men in my time rise to heights of denunciation of other men; but I must confess that all I ever heard before was merely kindergarten work compared with what these men said about Carranza the day he made it more difficult. The telegrams they shot into that swelled-up patriot must have scorched his whiskers! They told him about himself in code, in Spanish, in Mexican, in English and in American. They roasted, toasted, basted and lambasted him. They described to him what an idiot he is in any and all sorts of language the telegraph company would accept; and what the company wouldn't take straight, for fear there might be some lady operators on the line, they sent in code.

It all goes to show, though, that in a situation like this anything is likely to happen—or everything. No person on earth knowing the circumstances would have supposed Carranza would have taken such a wallop at men who were trying to help him, and at a president and a secretary of state who felt, bad as the constitutionalist outfit is, that it is the best to be had, and is to be tolerated for a time provided it comports itself anywhere within the bounds of reason.

Anyway you look at it, it is a nasty mess; but that doesn't mean that we are to go to war about it. War, James, is a much more serious proposition than the gentlemen who howl about the flag imagine. No person realizes its seriousness more than President Wilson. War, as General Sherman said, is hell! And this Administration isn't taking any of that, as we put it in English.

Meantime the celebrated aggregation of topliners in the State Department has been broken up. Of the Bryan-Moore-Folk combination there remains only Bryan, for John Bassett Moore has resigned and Joseph W. Folk has shifted. John Bassett couldn't stand the gaff and Joseph Wingate wouldn't, so Moore is retiring to private life and Folk is to become first attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Colonel Bryan holds the fort alone.

The action of Moore is not surprising. He is a big man, Jim, is John Bassett Moore, within his limitations. He lacks initiative, though he didn't need any where he was. When you tell him what you want, within the radius of his activities, he is a wonder at working out the correct details. He knows how to do everything that international law and usage demand—but he starts nothing.

Cite a set of circumstances to him, and after he has looked into the case he will hand you all the precedents, all the traditions, all the law, all the difficulties neatly tabulated, all the specifications and all the plans of operation, based on every national or international event of similar character from the time the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea until now.

His heart was bowed from the very first however. He was in wrong—if you know what that colloquialism means. Of course you understand—or if you do not I am telling you—that John Bassett Moore is the author of an eight-volume work on international law and author of many other volumes of similar import; indeed, he is our leading authority on that evanescent subject. When President Wilson came in Mr. Moore was lecturing on international law at Columbia University. The President, who knew Moore, knew his reputation and admired him, and sent for Moore; and Moore came to the White House.

The President asked Moore to take the place of counselor for the State Department, ranking next to Mr. Bryan, and Moore consented.

Wherefore, the story goes, the President, after thanking Moore, suggested that he go over to the State Department and see Mr. Bryan, his new chief, and arrange about going into the Department. Moore went. Mr. Bryan received him graciously. They talked of many things. Mr. Bryan told Moore how glad he was to have him as his right hand, how sure he was they would get along together; they made many polite exchanges and a pleasant time was had.

As Moore rose to go, Mr. Bryan said:

"By the way, Mr. Moore, there is another thing I should have mentioned. Of course, as you know, there are many matters constantly arising in this Department that have to do with international law. Have you ever made any particular inquiry into that subject?" Well, I am telling you the story, Jim—telling it as it was told to me—Moore tottered out; and from that time, which was a year ago, until he quit there never has been any other outcome of his latest adventure into our diplomacy. His heart was broken at that particular juncture.

Small wonder, too, when one considers those eight volumes and what they contain!

Yours diplomatically, BILL.

The Forehanded Man

By WILL PAYNE

UNDOUBTEDLY a great many small investors start wrong. I shall not attempt to estimate the number of letters I have received describing wrong starts, and I have heard many verbal reports on the same subject. It strikes me that the man who is beginning to invest is very apt both to fear too much and to expect too much, with the melancholy result that a lot of people start their investing career with a loss.

We used to hear that the great difficulty in making a fortune lay in accumulating the first thousand dollars; after that it would be comparatively plain sailing. Probably the typical amateur investor in this country is a man on salary or in a profession. He sets a point at which he will begin investing—one thousand dollars or five thousand, according to his income.

When he has reached that point he expects something rather important to happen. The nest-egg, no doubt, represents a good deal of self-denial and careful nursing on his part. Now that it is ready to hatch, he wants it to produce a bird commensurate with the pains he has bestowed on it.

He could have had a good deal of fun with the tens, twenties or hundreds he has dutifully salted down to make up that investible capital; his wife could have had some fine clothes and the flat some new furniture. He rather feels that the foregone enjoyments ought to come back to him in a lump—or quite rapidly.

Naturally a poor five per cent looks inadequate. A man cannot get rich very fast by adding only fifty dollars a year of bond interest to his income. Twelve per cent, or something with a handsome bonus of common stock, looks more like what he wants. Of course there are no statistics on the subject; but I am satisfied that venders of wildcat securities find their victims pretty largely among people who are making their first investment—especially if women with life-insurance money be included; in fact it is only the fakers who can promise what first investors are so apt to want—safety and an extravagant return.

On the other hand, by an odd sort of paradox, it is rather characteristic of the first investor to hesitate unduly long before investing at all. I knew a man who wound up a small business in which he had been engaged a good while, realizing twelve thousand dollars cash. The business from which he retired was the only one he knew anything in particular about. He spent eight months looking for a satisfactory investment for his twelve thousand, rejecting opportunity after opportunity because it did not quite come up to his mark. Then he invested all his money in a fly-by-night concern and lost two-thirds of it.

Almost everywhere in the United States some sound bank will pay at least three per cent interest on a time deposit. If a man accumulates any money at all it naturally goes into a bank. He feels that it is safe there—yet wants a greater return than three per cent. Now if he has never made an investment he is very likely to attach an exaggerated importance to the rather simple act of converting that bank credit into a bond credit or a mortgage credit—of exchanging the piece of paper

The New Art Round Boxes—

*Decorated art round boxes in two, three and five pound sizes $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 * For [illegible] with Whitman's Super Extra Chocolates (or Confections). Covers handsomely decorated with types of fair women*

Easter Gifts of Whitman's

YOU could give nothing more appropriate, more acceptable or more genuinely satisfactory than a box of Whitman's at Easter—or any other time. A variety of choice is offered in the special Easter List below.

A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks—

The most aristocratic package of sweets ever put up. Designed particularly for those who do not care for cream centers. Selected chocolates—all hard and nut centers. In one-half, one, two, three and five-pound boxes, at $1.00 the pound.*

The Sampler Package—

Affords an opportunity to enjoy, or sample, ten varieties, selected from ten popular Whitman packages. Two sizes, $1.00 and $2.00.*

When you have decided which you like best, you can get them in individual packages.

Assorted Milk Chocolates—

One of the newer Whitman favorites. Made with coatings of pure milk chocolate. Centers are creams and nuts. An artistic 20-oz. box, $1.00.*

Old Time Favorites—

This package is the response to a demand for old-fashioned candies—Caramels, Mints, Taffies, Molasses Candy, Gum-Drops, etc. In bright, 20-oz. boxes with an old-time design, 60c a package.*

"1842" Bitter Sweets—

Put up especially for folks who delight in the combination of the old-style bitter chocolate coatings and very sweet, creamy centers. Really one of the choicest of the many Whitman varieties. A taste makes many people devoted to them. One and two-pound boxes, 80c a pound.*

The Pink of Perfection Package—

Chocolates or confections, in one, two and five-pound boxes, $1.00 a pound.* A beautiful box in old-rose and gold—ribbon bedecked. Contents packed in removable trays.

Whitman's candies are sent fresh and frequently from the factory to each local agency. Every package is guaranteed. If there is no Whitman agency near you, we'll send any of the Easter List, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Write for Illustrated List of Gift Packages.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip

*Above prices apply to U. S. only—east of the Mississippi.

For Service, Endurance, Economy—
Build YOUR Roads of Concrete

BAD streets and roads are a disgrace to a community. They are a menace to life. They hamper commercial activity. They actually help to keep some towns from expanding.

Any highway should outlive its guarantee and that is why wide-awake public officials in every section of the country *are specifying concrete* for new highways.

Concrete, *made with Lehigh Portland Cement*, is the logical form of road construction.

Lehigh Cement gives a concrete road just the strength, resisting power, solidity and surface that mean ideal service under every traffic condition.

It is extremely economical. It is an assurance against continuous and expensive upkeep. No need of pocket-draining, special assessments to over-tax the members of your community.

And here's another vital reason why you should specify

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT

Concrete made with Lehigh, grows stronger with each succeeding year. All tests prove that its strength continues to increase. It continually gathers power to resist the wear and tear of traffic, rain and snow, heat and cold.

We want every public officer or tax payer to know about Lehigh Cement for concrete roads. Write and tell us about the road plans in your community. We will help you in planning concrete roads and give you some valuable information. We have some astonishing figures on the economy of Lehigh Cement concrete that apply equally to the construction of private roads, terraces, walks and other forms of private home construction.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

673 Young Building, Allentown, Pa.
376 Consumers Building, Chicago, Ill.

11 Mills—Annual Capacity Over 12,000,000 Barrels

"Concrete's the Thing—Lehigh's the Cement"

which shows that the bank owes him so many dollars for another piece which shows that some other concern owes him the same amount. He sort of feels that this exchange is a letting go of the sheet-anchor and sailing away on unknown seas. So in many cases, by an odd paradox, he sticks long at the dock, then sails off with a pirate.

Now few bankers will deny that plenty of other concerns can offer you, as a long-time creditor, a position as secure for all practical purposes as that which the bank offers you. They will take your money, give you better interest than the bank can afford to pay, and practically as good security.

They can do this because they get more complete use of your money. The bank gets a strictly limited use of your money. It must stand ready to pay it back at the end of ninety days—or even on demand; but the railroad or street-car line or gas company, borrowing on a long-term first mortgage, gets undisturbed use of the money for twenty or thirty years, and so can well afford to pay more for it than the bank does—but not a great deal more.

The difference between the bank rate and the bond rate simply represents the price for a less limited use of the money and not necessarily a difference in security or in the creditor's ability to pay. A and B are equally good. A will pay you three or three and a half per cent for your money on ninety days' time. B will pay you five per cent on twenty years' time.

There is nothing of a momentous character in converting the bank credit into a bond credit, and the point to which I have been working round is, if you are saving money begin investing it early. Do not say: "When I get one thousand or five thousand dollars in the bank I will make an investment." Let yourself into the investing habit by shorter steps. A number of concerns now issue hundred-dollar bonds, and the number, no doubt, will steadily increase.

The city of New York, for example, now issues bonds of that denomination. There are one-hundred-dollar railroad and other bonds, which any well-informed banker would recommend. As a cure both for being too fearful to invest and for expecting too much from investment the purchase of a good hundred-dollar bond is excellent. The whole point about investment, anyway, is that by exercising reasonable judgment and dealing with thoroughly responsible persons you can get more interest than the bank will pay you.

The Safest Place for Bonds

One important consideration is involved, however, in the purchase of a bond—namely, a safe place in which to keep it. No doubt more than nine-tenths of all the bonds outstanding in this country are of the coupon form, which almost invariably means they are payable to bearer, and that, generally speaking, physical possession of the bond is taken as sufficient proof of ownership.

In other words, the coupon bond passes from hand to hand like a banknote, without indorsement and with no record of the owner on the books of the company. So the possession of a bond may bring trouble to the unhappy individual who is always leaving his portable properties within reach of others or walking off and leaving them on the counter.

It is a notable fact that wastepaper baskets are seldom found in the coupon rooms of safe-deposit vaults. The reason is that some absent-minded renter is always throwing his bonds into the wastebasket and putting the blotting paper securely away in his box. With a perfectly bare floor, it is easier for the attendants to discover the absent-minded renter's securities and return them.

I should not advise any one to buy a bond and trust its safekeeping to the bureau drawer or the mattress. It should, in fact, be kept where it is not liable to theft or to destruction by fire or other agencies, though every now and then a complaint at police headquarters shows that some cheerful investor has been keeping his bonds in the writing desk at home or on the sill of the open window.

The safe-deposit box is the usual expedient for the safekeeping of bonds.

True, the rent of a small safe-deposit box will probably come to two or three dollars a year, which would not leave much from the interest on a hundred-dollar bond; but somebody else's box or safe may be available as a friendly accommodation.

The destruction of a bond by fire or other agency, to be sure, does not entail a loss of its value. Nearly all mortgages nowadays provide for the issue of duplicate bonds to replace those that may be destroyed, and on satisfactory proof that the bond has been destroyed the company that issued it will give the owner a duplicate; but the trouble and possible expense of getting a duplicate are enough to make it well worth while to keep your bond out of the fire.

Nor is the loss of a bond by theft necessarily irreparable—especially under the new income-tax law. Every bond bears a separate number and wherever it is kept the owner should have a record of the number. If the bond is stolen notice should at once be given to the broker from whom it was bought. By newspaper notice or otherwise the theft may be published and banks warned not to handle the coupons—or the bond itself if it has matured.

The new income-tax law also requires that a certificate of ownership must accompany bond coupons when they are turned in for collection; so it should be comparatively easy to trace a stolen bond, and correspondingly hard for the thief to dispose of it. Even without this provision of the income-tax law, it was generally possible to trace a stolen bond; and payment of the principal and interest of a stolen bond can be stopped.

The income-tax law, I believe, will have another important effect, still further reducing the very slight liability to loss through theft, fire, and the like. As I said before, more than nine-tenths of all bonds in this country are in the coupon form, payable to bearer. Investors have preferred that form mostly because they did not want to be known. They felt a trifle more comfortable when no record of their ownership—which a prying assessor might possibly discover—was in existence.

Registered Bonds

It is true the payable-to-bearer form is easier to handle. It may be sold or put up as collateral by simply handing it over like a banknote; but the secrecy it permitted was no doubt a strong reason for its popularity. That reason is removed by the new law, which requires a bondowner to disclose himself when collecting his interest.

Title to a registered bond passes, of course, by an entry on the company's books. The mere physical possession of the bond is of no consequence. Thus there would be no more object in stealing a registered bond than in stealing a stock certificate that is in some one else's name; and, with a registered bond, there are no coupons to be collected. On every interest day the company mails its checks to the registered owners of its bonds, just as it mails dividend checks to its stockholders.

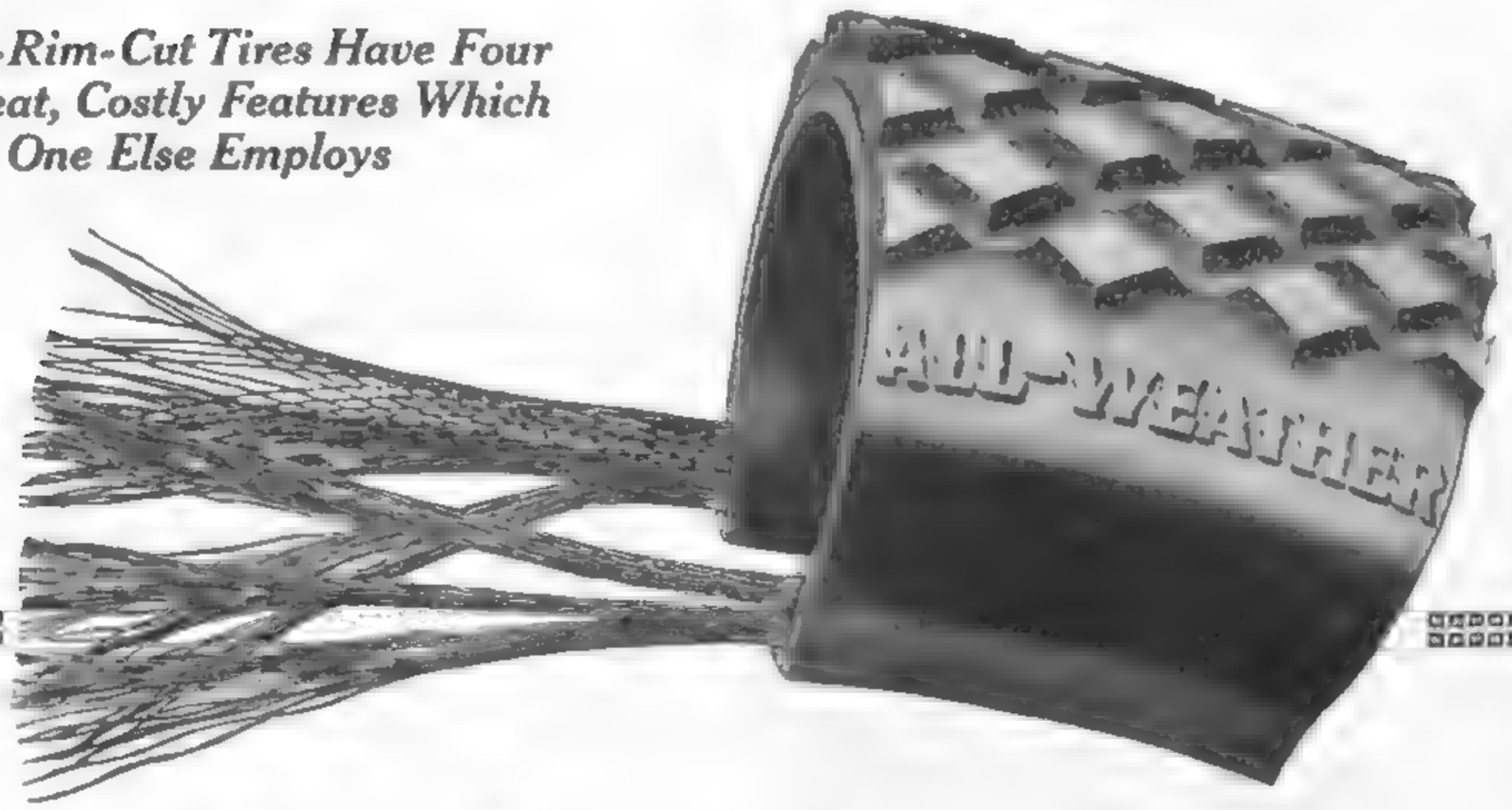
Some bonds are registered as to principal, but not as to interest; but I expect the bond that is registered as to both principal and interest will come into vogue as a result of the income-tax law. The borrowing corporations no doubt prefer the coupon bonds, payable to bearer, because that form involves less trouble and expense to them. It is easier to use the payable-to-bearer coupons than to keep a register and make out a check to each owner. Brokers also may prefer the coupon-bearing bonds because they are easier to handle.

To the investor—especially the small investor—the advantages of the registered form are that he need be at no trouble or expense to protect his investment against loss by theft and fire; that he is spared the bother of making out certificates every time he turns in interest coupons; that his interest will come to him wherever he may be.

Bond interest that falls due in the owner's absence is not collected until he gets back to his safe-deposit box—or else he has to cut off the coupons before leaving home and deposit them in the bank for collection at maturity. With a registered bond, the interest check would follow him like any other mail.

Cashing your pay check or collecting money that is due you involves some little bother and risk. You may have to walk two or three blocks to the bank and back again. You may lose the check. It may be stolen. Yet you regard pay checks as very desirable things to have. So with the coupon-bearing bond—the slight trouble of taking care of it is amply recompensed by possession of it. Do not be too fearful about making an investment. Start small and early—and do not expect any miraculous return.

No-Rim-Cut Tires Have Four Great, Costly Features Which No One Else Employs



The Price We Pay

For Leadership in Tiredom

The Figures Are These:

Our sales last year were $33,000,000. Almost $8,000,000 over the year before, despite enormous price reductions. Almost $20,000,000 more than 1911. Almost 16 times our sales in our ninth year of tire making.

We sold last year eleven times as many tires as in the fiscal year of 1909. We are selling now 35 per cent more than last year.

Our rapid growth came when cars in general were equipped to measure tire mileage. It was odometer figures that rushed Goodyears to the top.

How We Earned It

No man can doubt that, in some way, Goodyears earned this verdict. It is based on over three million tires.

In some way we gave men more for their money—more mileage, less trouble, less upkeep. And this is how we did it.

We set scores of experts at research and experiment. We appropriated $100,000 yearly for this work.

We built in our laboratory, every day, experimental tires. We built machines to test them, and we compared them on the road.

Thus, month by month, these tires were battered until we reached the limit. Until a thousand attempts had failed to show an improvement.

Things We Fought

We found that tires were largely wrecked by rim-cuts. Almost one in three, as per our last statistics on the old-type tires.

We invented No-Rim-Cuts, the hookless tires. The tires with six flat bands of braided wires vulcanized into the tire base. See picture at the top. That feature—which we still control—completely ended rim-cutting.

We found that countless blow-outs were due to wrinkled fabric—wrinkled by curing on an iron core. So we final cured all tires on air bags, shaped like inner tubes. Cured them under actual road conditions. That stopped this waste, but it adds to our tire cost $1,500 daily.

We found that loose treads ruined many tires. So we paid $50,000 for a method to combat them. That patent method is now employed in every No-Rim-Cut tire.

We found that anti-skid treads too often meant short-lived tires. They centered strains at small points in the fabric. So we invented the All-Weather tread. A flat, double-thick tread, as smooth as a plain tread, but affording resistless grip. And that tread is now fast supplanting the plain tread.

Done by Us Alone

All these costly, mileage-adding features are used by us alone. Nobody else builds tires like No-Rim-Cuts. Nobody else cures on air bags. Nobody else so combats loose treads. Nobody else uses All-Weather treads.

At first, when our output was limited, we had to ask high prices for such tires. But prices came down as our output went up. Now many tires lacking all these features cost far more than Goodyears.

There are very big reasons why No-Rim Cut tires gained their matchless prestige. They have proved their economy to hundreds of thousands. They will prove it to you when you let them.

Won't you give them a chance when you next buy tires?

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Plain

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada — Dealers Everywhere.

London, England — Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities.

Mexico City, Mexico — Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber.

(1479)

Brighten Up Crusade

BRIGHTEN UP. Make your home attractive, keep it clean, keep it in repair, keep it healthful, keep it livable. You owe it to your community to do so, but most of all you owe it to yourself. "Brighten Up" means more than painting, but it includes painting. Paint is the big, dominating influence in home upkeep. Its results are farther reaching and more enduring if the work is rightly done. For every surface in and around a home there is a Sherwin-Williams Product, made expressly for that surface. In every city and town there is a Sherwin-Williams Store carrying just the paint, varnish, stain or enamel for your purpose. You can identify this store by the Uncle Sam Poster. Look for it.

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A Velvety, Flat Wall Paint

Flat-Tone is a durable, sanitary paint for walls and ceilings, producing soft, rich, flat effects; easily applied, easily cleaned. Twenty-four beautiful shades.

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A Durable Varnish for Floors

A lasting, firm floor finish, flexible enough to withstand the tramp of many heels, but tough enough to endure.

FLOORLAC

A Brighten-Up Stain

for tables, chairs, floors, woodwork and other surfaces. It gets a hardwood effect and stains and varnishes in one operation.

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Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere.
Address all inquiries to 613 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

The Coming Back of Jawn Doherty—By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

"I'VE got to do it, dad, before I leave for Ann Arbor," said the young man in the yard.

"I did it when I was yer age meself and I did it when I was twicet yer age," said the older man at the story-and-a-half cottage window, out of which he bulged like a yeasty loaf overrunning its pan. Then he sighed. "'Tis manny the year—at least 'tis several—since I've been able to do it."

"Careful, dad! If any one hears you counting up on yourself like that you'll be chucked into the Home for Aged and Infirm County Commissioners."

"'Tis not old I am. I'm stout!" asserted the senior Doherty gravely.

"No one will deny you that last word, dad," grinned the youngest of the Dohertys from below.

"Do yer stunt!" said his father sharply. "All yer brothers before you could do the same before they was allowed to vote the Dimmycratic ticket; but you—you may be on the track team of yer college, an' they say you're not bad at pushin' a pigskin full of wind across a whitewashed cow pasture if there's a gob of girls a-lookin' on! An' I also hear you did a fine job feedin' a pair of pillows to the perfesser at the Turnverein last Friday, him bein' nothin' but a Lutheran. But all that doesn't make you a Doherty—not yet."

"Put your hands under your belt, dad, give yourself a grand tug, and see whether you can lift yourself off that windowsill—for I'm a-coming!" cried the lad.

With that he spat on his hands, leaped for the polished hickory pole and swung out until his pointed toes all but touched the clapboards of the house. As his body came back he brought the soles of his feet against the pole, and as his head came up he released his hands and came upstanding on the pole, his legs slightly bent. Then, as he poised for one dizzy half-instant atop of the pole—perhaps five degrees past the vertical—his legs straightened out like two rods of spring steel and he shot into the air with arms outstretched toward the open window.

It was the Doherty trick which, up to that time, he had never accomplished. He could do the snap-up as easily as a painted monkey can climb its stick; he could do the giant swing; and could chin himself with one hand—his left one at that; he could hang from the bar and go straight up to a vertical arm position above it in a single pull, keeping both elbows even all the way—but all these may be seen wherever good barwork is done.

The Doherty stunt was as individual to the Doherty pole as some particular hazard is to its golf links, or some extraperilous water-jump to a hurdle course.

The Doherty mansion had been founded in the old days when Doherty Senior was on the force at eighty dollars the month and could handle any three roughnecks on the river beat in a short scrap. It was not a very lofty mansion, being of the kind known as a story-and-a-half cottage; and, moreover, it was not so wide as some church doors nor yet so deep as some cathedral altars; yet it covered most of the cramped city lot and left but scant room for the open lawn in front—on which his wife had insisted—and the athletic field at the back which had been John Doherty's chief desire.

In consequence of this the horizontal bar was erected but a few feet from the house, and most of your fancy stunts had to be done with your back to the house, so that you might have room to swing forward and alight gracefully when you had finished.

For the Doherty stunt, however, you faced the house, as we have already seen. It was well for you if you did not face it in a most familiar sense; for if you leaped at any but the exactly correct fraction of a second in your orbit round the pole, or if you weakened ever so slightly in your jump so that you missed the windowledge by an inch, or failed to find sufficient prehensibility in your flat fingers against a sloping surface, down you came, leaving part of your face attached to the Doherty clapboards and crumpling into a hapless heap at the bottom—lucky if you escaped a snapped bone or two.

And has Danny Doherty been pointing, like a human indicator, at five minutes past the hour all this time, or hung in midair like Mohammed's coffin? Not he! As before explained the entire trick is a single operation and admits of no pauses. It is one fine exemplification of the motto that he who hesitates is—well, whatever he is, he is no Doherty.

Danny made the leap and his fingers clutched the ledge—but, alas! the ledge only. The trick is to make your leap strong enough so that you hook the sill. His father, standing just inside the window, saw the finger ends whiten against the ledge and restrained his deep yearning to grasp the lad's wrists. Even though he expected, in a moment more, to see him crumpled like an old newspaper at the foot of the window, he would not help. It was the Doherty test!

There was a mighty cohesiveness in Danny's finger tips however. Even the swing of his body against the house did not wholly jar him loose. For a second he hung: then slowly, slowly, up he came. It was a hard strain and Danny felt his grip, such as it was, weakening. With a great effort he stuck on, his elbows crooking. Then, with a sudden lift, he shifted his weight to his right hand, thrust in his left and hooked the sill.

"Come on in!" said his father kindly but calmly. "Ye'r a Doherty!"

"Lucky I haven't got your front elevation, dad!" grinned Dan as he somersaulted into the room. "Well, I can go back to the U now, a grave and reverend senior—and at peace with the world."

"Dan," said his father, "that's twice today you've cast slurs at me figure. Honest, am I so damn fat?"

The earnest note in his father's voice got under Danny's skin; yet he was too honest to spare him entirely.

"Why, dad, surely you're entitled to a bit of flesh at your age! You eat like a—well, I mean you have a fine inclination toward mealtime. And you haven't trained for fifteen years, have you?"

His father was silent a minute before he answered:

"Don't tell your mother, Dan; but I'm afraid it's that which grips me inside once in a while."

Danny took the Ann Arbor Special that night; and the next morning his father woke betimes, but had no inclination to get up. He lay and fought for breath and pretended he had no pain over his heart. After a while his wife woke also, lay idly for a few minutes, then rose; and still he did not move. She berated him in her wifely way about his laziness and he took it so meekly she saw something was wrong.

"You stay in bed and rest yourself, Jawn!" she cried. "Maybe you're gettin' somethin'. Is there annythin' particular you want to eat?"

Half an hour later she brought him a grapefruit, a bowl of oatmeal, eggs and bacon, a Pisa'd tower of pancakes and a pot of coffee.

"You must keep up yer strenth, Jawn, dear," she said.

Doherty ate the breakfast and felt no better. He lay and thought a long time. Then he crawled out of bed with an effort and got his friend, Doctor Holliday, on the wire.

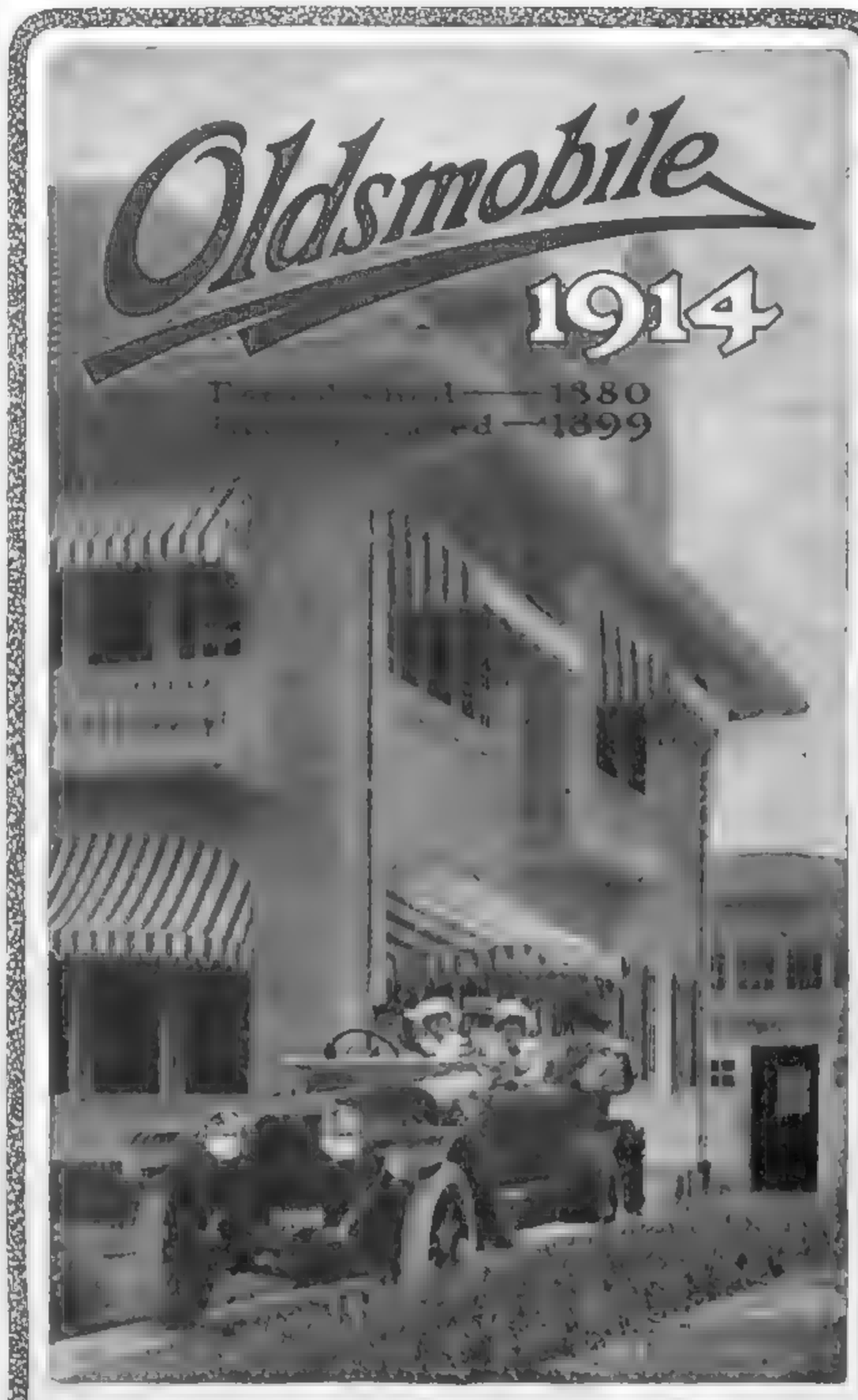
"Say, doc, don't think I'm gone looney, but I got a little bet with myself. Do you remember fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was runnin' the Alhambra Gym, and Billy Madden and Jawn L. come through town?—Yeah; that's it! Well, you was some sport in those days, and you and me and Billy Madden and Jawn L. was gassin', and Billy Madden told us of a wonderful doctor that knew all the good people and could tell what ailed a man by giving him a once-over.—Yeah, that's the name, MacMurray. Where is he now? New York? Somethin' in the press dispatches about him this mornin'?—Well, what do you know about it? I guess I win my bet. Good-by!"

Doherty, exhausted, crawled back to bed; but not for long. He ate his luncheon, still keeping up his strength, and then said:

"Mollie, gimme my clothes and call me a hack."

"A hack!" cried his wife, aghast.

"Oh, well—a taxi, then. Why bother me with yer fine distinctions? I was minded of the time when Jawn L. visited my old



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Combination 4 or 5-passenger Phaeton, touring body type, $2975. 7-passenger touring body $175 extra. Limousine $4300

Fully equipped, including Delco starter, lighting and ignition system. Write for catalog.

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Sensational New 'Ever-Ready'

The most complete and the most perfect razor ever sold at any price. Dollars added to the value, but not one cent to the price. Study this picture of the new dollar outfit with the 12 new "Radio" blades—the new Safety frame we guarantee for 10 years—the long, graceful handle will last forever. All handsomely cased and all for $1.00. No matter what razor you are using or have used—no matter if you never shaved yourself before—you get the best shaves of your life from this outfit or you get your dollar back, quickly.

'Radio' Steel Blades

have marvelous shaving ability. Each one guaranteed 100% perfect.

10 for 50c

Order your new 'Ever-Ready' outfit today; dealers everywhere are selling out quickly. Tell your Hardware Dealer, Druggist or General Store to save an outfit for you.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc.
Makers
Brooklyn
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'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with 12 'Radio' Steel Blades $1

Gym, and a low-necked hack was good enough for him—and him Champeen of the World! Call me a taxi, woman."

"But, Jawn, yer sick!"

"I am and I'm takin' one taxi for that all-gone feelin'. When taken, likely I'll be well shaken."

It speaks well for what was to be the vital ingredient of John Doherty's treatment that his wife gave in, recognizing his indomitable determination, even though she euphemized it by the more expressive name of pigheadedness.

"Union Station!" ordered John to the chauffeur.

"Mollie, I'm off for New York on business. I'll be back in three days at the furthest. Don't sit up for me."

The trip to New York was not an easy one for Doherty, but he was upheld by a great hope. He was going to see MacMurray. Arriving at the Grand Central he called another taxi and drove straight to the office of the great MacMurray. He was two hours too early and was told he could see the physician only by appointment; but he hung on.

"I've come six hunderd mile and I was a friend of Billy Madden. You tell hum!" he said.

God is on the side of the heaviest artillery and luck favors the determined man. In this instance luck brought the eminent diagnostician to his office half an hour earlier than usual. Doherty seized the half hour.

"Tell me what ails me!" he demanded, and his jaw clamped hard.

"All right. Strip!" said the doctor and turned to the window.

"Is it a fight to a finish or a Turkish bath?" murmured Doherty.

He had refused to disrobe on the Pullman the night before through sheer weariness; but now, when the doctor turned round, he was as naked as Adam.

The doctor gave him a comprehensive glance.

"You were a good man once," he conceded.

"Why not twice?" jerked out Doherty.

"Man, you were once a wedge from your shoulders down, and now you're a pyramid from your belly up. Lie down!"

The doctor went over him carefully with most of the usual instruments and with his own good digits. He burrowed for Doherty's backbone until the big man grunted in spite of himself. He spirometered him; he stethoscoped him; he sphygmomanometered him, and thumped him in many places. Then he said:

"You may have a test breakfast and a blood count, if you like, but I don't think it is necessary. Your case is plain enough."

"So is me face," answered John Doherty; "but I can't see it like you can."

"You drink, don't you?"

"Sure! I take me glass on occasion, not to say opportunity; but I'm no two-handed souse."

"You don't put any such limitations on your eating, do you?"

"I have a fine, healthy appetite," protested Doherty.

"Wrong adjectives—diseased appetite would be better. You used to be an active athlete. Your severest exercise lately has been pulling at a cigar." Doherty opened his mouth, but found no words. "You're fat!" snapped the doctor.

"Is that all? Just fat?"

"That's all, but that's fatal. You're seventy pounds overweight and getting heavier. Your heart's fat; your liver's fat. In a sense your brain's fat. You've lost the power of resistance, of determination. I can send you to Carlsbad if you prefer to die in Europe instead of America; but I don't suppose you do. Some of the sanatoriums might help you temporarily, but not for long. The fault's in you. You've dug your grave with your teeth."

But Doherty had heard only the first words.

"Seventy pounds, did you say? Only seventy pounds! If I shook that off, would I be well again?"

The doctor smiled grimly.

"Why, man, at your age it's an impossibility! Every ounce of you is crying to be fed—crying for sugars, starches, fats, carbohydrates. You're like an alcoholic or a dope fiend—only worse. Drugs and alcohol are an unnatural diet, and, properly aided, Nature overcomes the desire for the unnatural; but the appetite for food is entirely natural and you have two men in you demanding food—your natural self and your superfluous self. You have pampered

The Pipe That Became "House-Broken"

"That pipe of yours" and "Oh, that pipe" and "I'm sure, you are *not* going to light that pipe in here" are familiar expressions on the lips of the wife of the man who loves to smoke his pipe in the dining room after supper.

Now this is the tale of a man whose wife formerly was displeased when the pipe came out.

This man saw one day an advertisement headed, "The Man With Fifteen Pipes And What He Said."

"Whew, I wonder what *his wife* said," he thought, as he read further.

The upshot of his reading was that he sent to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, for a free sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Tobacco that they offer to send.

In due time the sample came—a liberal package of tobacco.

That evening he pushed back his chair, fetched out his pipe, blew in it, opened up the Edgeworth sample and filled up. Then he fumbled, tried another pocket, found his match box and lighted up.

After a few minutes the good wife looked up and sniffed—"Well, thank goodness you've bought a new pipe," she said.

"But I haven't—this is my same old pipe."

"Well, it isn't the same old olfactory insult," the woman persisted. "What have you done?"

Her husband puffed a couple of satisfied puffs before answering. Then he said, in a most decided tone:

"I'll tell you what I've done. I have changed my brand to Edgeworth, and I think I shall never change again."

A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is something easy to obtain. All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it and send a post card request to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention your tobacco dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample.

That every man who smokes a pipe will try Edgeworth at least once is a fond hope of the makers, and this offer of a liberal sample free is the best means they know of meeting you half way. Will you go the other half by sending that post card?

The original Edgeworth was a Sliced Plug wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in handsome $1.00 humidor packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by practically all dealers but mailed prepaid if yours has none.

To Retail Tobacco Merchant—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

The Little Beaver that GREW

EIGHT years ago, BEAVER BOARD was unknown; today it is almost as staple a building material as brick or concrete.

It is used to build walls and ceilings, and is made in large panels of different sizes, which are nailed to the studding, joists and headers of new rooms or over the plaster of old walls.

It is quickly and easily put up, does not crack like plaster, has a beautiful pebbled surface, offering great opportunity for decoration by painting, and has many other advantages.

Good as it was at the start, it is today more rigid, durable and climate-proof than ever.

Write for booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses," and free, painted sample. Also for full information regarding the co-operative service to users, architects, dealers, carpenters, contractors and decorators.

Sold by 8000 builders' supply, lumber and hardware dealers, in sizes to meet your needs.

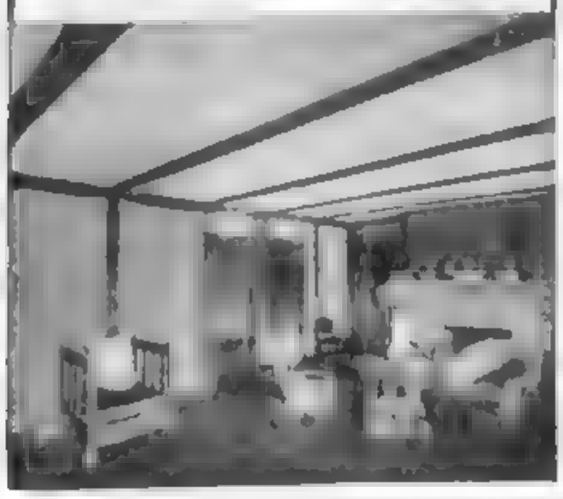
The Beaver Board Companies

U. S. A. — 278 Beaver Road, Buffalo, N. Y.
Canada — 488 Wall St., Beaverdale, Ottawa
England — 4 Southampton Row, London, W. C.
Australia — 309 Queen St., Melbourne, Victoria

BEAVER BOARD

BEAVER BOARD TRADE MARK

Below is a good example of BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings from the home of Mr. W. H. Marshall, Geiger, Ohio.



them both until they have mastered you—and they're two to one anyhow; and the majority rules.

"Two to one, did I say? Millions to one! The cells of your tissue are erroneously trained. Their habits are fixed now; and those habits are fatty habits, so to speak. You've noticed how rapidly a young athlete can train down to weight and how impossible it is for an old one to get down to ringside requirements? It's a matter of cellular habit."

"Seventy pounds!" repeated Doherty. "Doc, how much do I owe you?"

"Call it twenty-five."

"It's cheap at twicet the money. Here 'tis. I'll be on my way, doc."

As soon as he had finished getting into his clothes Doherty walked to the station, upheld by a new purpose in life. The said new purpose in life was to live. On the way home Doherty thought it all out. He walked to his office in the courthouse from the train. He also walked home at night, where Mary greeted him with an exceptional banquet in honor of his homecoming.

"'Tis a fine supper, Mary," groaned John. "Could I have some toast and tay?"

"Toast and tay! What's come to the man?" cried Mary in genuine alarm.

"I can't eat like this any more, Mary. I'm in trainin' to fight old Adipose Tissue three rounds a day for the rest of me life. You've got to help me, gurrul, and not tempt me with such conglomerations of joy as will put me into Purgatory before me time."

From prehistoric times—not that I have any more knowledge of prehistoric times than other prehistorians, but that is one reason for making the assertion—from prehistoric times woman's prime duty has been to prepare man's food and to see that she prepared enough of it.

It is second nature in her to resent any interference with this plan, especially on the part of the beneficiary. John knew that his first fight was to overcome his wife's culinary kindness; so—though his yearning esophagus yammered for the roast chicken, the mashed potatoes with the butter melting into them, the hot biscuit, the candied sweets, the pickled pears, the marble cake and the apple pie—he sat and cracked jokes over his dry toast and diluted tea.

It might have been a consolation to his wife had she known that he was not to forget the sight and smell of that supper for months—that his glands were to ache and his nerves to tingle at the tantalizing memory of that lost opportunity!

After supper Doherty read the paper for a while, without lighting his pipe; then he took a walk, as brisk as he dared make it, a bath and a rubdown, which left him puffing like a grampus; and he rolled between blankets and lost himself in sleep.

Next morning Doherty woke and, lying on his back, tried to bring his body to a sitting posture—a familiar exercise of his youth. He was startled to find he could not do it. His abdominal muscles refused to raise his hulk. Doherty reversed the process, trying to lift his feet slowly back to touch the pillow. He failed by considerable, there being too much Doherty intervening; and when he let his feet return to normal position they got away from him and jarred Mrs. Doherty into wakeful complaint.

"Ye'r right!" said Doherty. "I'll take Danny's room at the back. It has little but the bed in it and will give me room to swing myself."

Back to Dan's room he went, where he tried the bricklayer's exercise. Standing with his feet apart, he extended his arms at right angles to his body and stooped with a straight back as though trying to pick up a brick from the floor with each hand. Two or three trials convinced him he was not yet ready for the severity of this. Standing flatfooted and stretching his hands above his head he lifted himself from the pelvis and let himself down again until he was tired. Still keeping his hands above his head he swung round in a circle from the waist, making very heavy work of it, chiefly because he had no waist.

One of his old exercises had been to lie on the floor, face downward, and—keeping a straight back—see how many times he could raise his shoulders from the floor. It sounds like an arm exercise. As a matter of fact the strain comes on the abdominal and diaphragmatic muscles, which, indeed, was the aim of all Doherty's exertions. There had been a time when Doherty could let himself floorward to the limit and only his toes and nose touched; now when he had

Fifty-Nine Years of Knowing How

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London hears it, and so do Glasgow and Edinburgh. In Berlin the sound has become quite familiar, and the refrain has been taken up in Australia, Porto Rico, Honolulu, Alaska and other places more or less distant.

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And so it may be said that in its invasion of foreign markets The Stein-Bloch Company has been more than a pathfinder. It has been a patriot.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors
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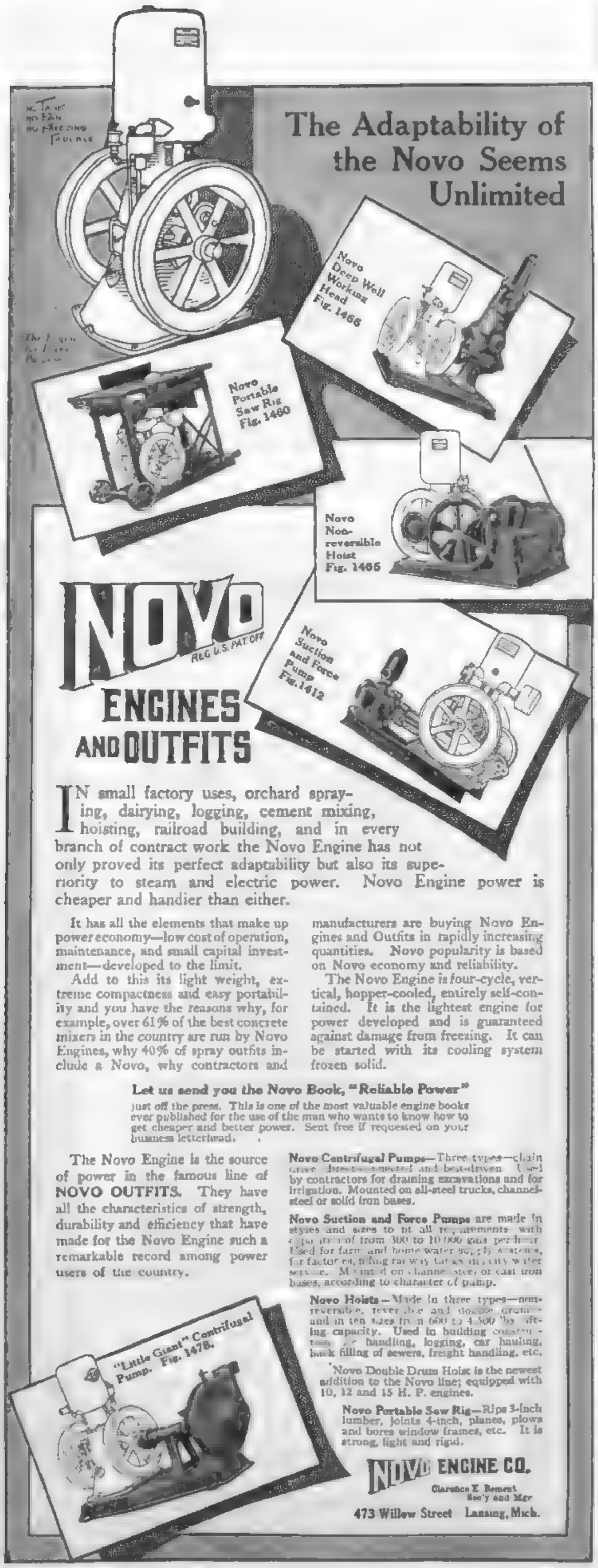
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IN small factory uses, orchard spraying, dairying, logging, cement mixing, hoisting, railroad building, and in every branch of contract work the Novo Engine has not only proved its perfect adaptability but also its superiority to steam and electric power. Novo Engine power is cheaper and handier than either.

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Novo Centrifugal Pumps—Three types—plain, close direct-connected and belt-driven. Used by contractors for draining excavations and for irrigation. Mounted on all-steel trucks, channel-steel or solid iron bases.

Novo Suction and Force Pumps are made in styles and sizes to fit all requirements with capacities ranging from 300 to 10,000 gals. per hour. Used for farm and home water supply systems, for factories, filling railway tanks in city water service. Mounted on channel steel or cast iron bases, according to character of pump.

Novo Hoists—Made in three types—non-reversible, reversible and double drum—and in ten sizes from 600 to 4,500 lbs. lifting capacity. Used in building construction, ore handling, logging, car hauling, back filling of sewers, freight handling, etc.

Novo Double Drum Hoist is the newest addition to the Novo line; equipped with 10, 12 and 15 H. P. engines.

Novo Portable Saw Rig—Rips 3-inch lumber, joints 4-inch, planes, plows and bores window frames, etc. It is strong, light and rigid.

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pushed to the highest his frontal protuberance filled the space. Doherty blushed with mortification.

Now Doherty tried shadow fighting, lunging at an imaginary opponent, ducking from an expected blow, escaping punishment by pretty footwork, and coming back strong, with a tattoo on shadowy ribs. Eventually the shadow beat him, but not until Doherty was drenched in perspiration. A bath and a rubdown, and Doherty could have eaten a horse right down to its shoes. Instead he ate one hard graham biscuit and drank a cup of milk.

He took a roundabout route to the office and day by day increased the roundaboutness until he was walking four or five miles to work. Then he added indoor pedestrianism to his curriculum.

Be it known that county commissioners have some very important work to do. Now let us, after the manner of Koko in the opera, step to the other side of the stage, where the captious taxpayer cannot hear us, and remark in a properly modulated aside that county commissioners also have some idle moments.

The top floor of the courthouse was little used. The space round its railed rotunda made a very fair running track, with no gallery for annoying spectators. Several times a day Doherty ascended to the top floor and did his mile, at first at a brisk walk and later at a dogtrot.

At first, too, he took the elevator to his track; later he climbed the stairs. If you have any doubt about the effectiveness of stairclimbing on wind and limb, just try lifting your own weight, plus seventy pounds, several hundred feet several times a day.

We have seen the simplicity of Doherty's breakfasts. His luncheons were exactly the same. His dinner was a little more elaborate, for he usually allowed himself a portion of white meat or fish and a single vegetable.

He cut out coffee, tobacco, alcohol. Water he drank inordinately except at meals. Whenever he felt hungry, which was pretty much all the time, he drank water—cold water, hot water, or just water. Even in the middle of the night he would rise and drink all the water he could hold.

And he frequently woke in the night; not from insomnia but from pain; from the mental and physical pain of hunger—keen, crying hunger. Often he had the most delicious dreams—always dreams of food, of good things to eat. Often and often he smelled his wife's last supper. Often he was in a favorite café, where the joint was wheeled round on a server and one fell to and helped oneself to just the quantity of juicy tenderness one wished.

Often he was in Florida, with a repast of red snapper, crisp lettuce, tender peas, luscious strawberries, sparkling wine, aromatic coffee—all served on a snowy cloth spread in a perfumed orange grove with the golden globes bending down to tempt his fingers. Then, as he touched them, he would wake up, crying like a child with the disappointment.

In a bound he would be on his feet, headed for the pantry, telling himself he would eat one real meal and die happy. And then MacMurray looked at him from six hundred miles away:

"You're fat! Your heart's fat; your mind's fat. You're a dope fiend—only worse. Habit holds you in the hollow of its hand. You think you can crawl away from it. You can't! You're weakened by indulgence and you carry the sign of your decadence in front of you."

Yes, a man had so talked to him—to him, a Doherty! So John Doherty would drink much water, bite his lips, nip his nails into his flesh and resolve to die fighting if die he must. For Adipose Tissue was fighting too—fighting for its life; and it is a stubborn foe.

For a long eternity—or so it seemed to Doherty—the said A. T. utterly refused to retreat at all, though Doherty's muscles grew responsive and his wind durable. Then—almost, as it seemed, while Doherty was not watching him—A. T.'s forces began to desert, and desert rapidly. Doherty began to feel some of the rewards of a winner. He was still hungry, but he felt well.

He got past Thanksgiving without any of the trouble he had anticipated—except that it was all he could do to restrain himself from rushing on to the football field when he witnessed the game.

"Man! Man!" he yelled at the quarterback. "Are you a stump waitin' for the blastin' powder to move ye? Push in a

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Preachments on Tailoring by KAHN of Indianapolis

IF you crave the *lean-and-lithe* figure in your Spring Suit—most young men do—see that the waistline of the coat is placed high in the back, as this creates the illusion of lengthening you out and seems to add to your inches. This is as true of the "un-English" suit sketched here, as of the "so-English" clothes some men like.

Whatever your preference may be you cannot get clothes with the unmistakable "*custom-air*" that will compliment your taste and supplement your figure unless they are tailored of "*custom*" materials by "*custom*"-trained men with "*custom*" methods. Nor can you get them for less than you'll pay for

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 to $45

—"*custom*"-*drafted* and "*custom*"-*needled* singly in every process, part and particle. Some of our tailors—born and bred to "the bench"—have served us an unbroken quarter of a century.

Sketched here is a "smart" Three-Button Sack Suit for Spring. And, one of the precious privileges of Kahn Service is that you don't have to take this suit as it's drawn here. We will gladly model or modify it to meet your precise want or whim.

Indeed, we will tailor this or any other style to your measure from any of 500 "custom" fabrics that our Authorized Representative in your town will be proud to show you. Go to him *to-day*. Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis

The Kind of Clothes KAHN TAILORED CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

few faces and run! Run, you light-headed, heavy-footed Swope! Give me the ball and let me show you!"

There was a telegram from Danny, who had to play on the Varsity that day against Wisconsin, but who promised to be home for the Christmas holidays.

"Think of that, mother!" cried John, executing an Irish jigstep and then kissing his wife long and loudly. "Our little boy will be home for Christmas!"

"Go along with you!" cried Mary, wiping off the kiss and looking immensely pleased. "Our little boy, is it? If he's gained a pound since last summer he's bigger than you this minute, you scarecrow, with yer clo'es flappin' on four sticks!"

A few days before Christmas it chanced that Doherty was called out of town. Returning in the middle of the night he found himself minus his latchkey. Stepping round to the back he found the window of his room wide open, for the winter was open too and the night was mild.

A boyish whim seized Doherty. He laid his suitcase on its side, put his hat, coat and vest on the case, and his shoes alongside of it. Then he leaped for the hickory pole, swung out and snapped back. Not for fifteen years had he tried it; but the memory latent in well-trained muscles remembered. He came atop of the pole, his legs straightened and he shot for the window, hooking the inside of the sill cleanly. A joy welled up in Doherty's soul as he headlonged into the room.

The next instant a heavy body fell on him and two hands clutched his throat. Doherty seized the hands, tore them away indignantly and dropped on all fours, with his head huddled into his shoulders.

Seemingly his assailant understood the challenge and accepted it. He tried for the half-Nelson once, twice, thrice; and thrice Doherty's bullneck evaded it. The man on top now feinted for a toehold, but presently his hands shot under and he had an irresistible full-Nelson.

Doherty's hulk came into the air with the pressure on his neck; then his feet shot straight up, he spun on his head out of his opponent's grasp and came down across his body. Out of the mêlée he issued with a cruel hammerlock; and, with a sudden effort, he flung the other man over and landed him heavily three points down.

Both were on their feet in an instant and both seemed to realize instinctively that the game had changed. Doherty stood, his left hand forward, his right guarding his body. The other crouched like a panther, his hands in front of his head and working ceaselessly. Like a panther, too, he sprang.

Doherty took a single step aside and swung to the other's head as he went by. Like a fury the panther-man came back and in that fury he lost his mode of defense. Doherty straightened him up with a left uppercut and crashed heavily to his ribs with his right, sending him flying across the room. Despite himself the man's hands came down and, finding himself near the electric button, he flushed on the light.

"Dad!" he cried.

"I thought it would likely be you, Danny," said John Doherty, breathing easily, "though you said Friday and 'tis only Wednesday. Would you go down to the yard and bring up my suitcase like a good lad?"

"Dad!" cried Dan again in the same tone of amazement, and running his hands over his father's body with a sort of awe.

"'Tis all my fault, son," said his father apologetically; "me coming in at the window that way. I should have wired I was coming back."

"Dad!" exclaimed Dan for the third time. "You don't need to wire anybody you're coming back. You are!"

Electric Scrubwomen

MACHINERY has now invaded the field of the poor scrubwoman, for an electric scrubbing machine has just come into use. It is a little pushcart, supplied with electric power through a cable connected with a lamp socket. The operator simply pushes it over the marble floor and controls its operations by levers on the cart handle. A set of brushes revolves on the floor while a little stream of water trickles down through them from a tank. Powdered soap is fed to the water in easily regulated amounts. As the cart is pushed ahead the dirty water is swept up to a pipe, and a little pump sucks it up from the floor.

When a fellow's got his pipe in his mouth he don't have to say a lot o' fool things. It gives him a chanst t' think up suthin' wuth sayin'.

Velvet Joe

RIGHT, Joe; that's what the college president was driving at when he said that the thinkers of this country were the tobacco users. If every man considered his words for half a pipe full of good, old, slow burning VELVET, there'd be fewer words spoken, but they'd be kinder, wiser words.

VELVET, the smoothest smoking tobacco, mellowed by more than 2 years' ageing, is the choicest of Kentucky Burley, with all the richness, the flavor, and the satisfaction that has won for it the title of "Nature's Pipe Tobacco."

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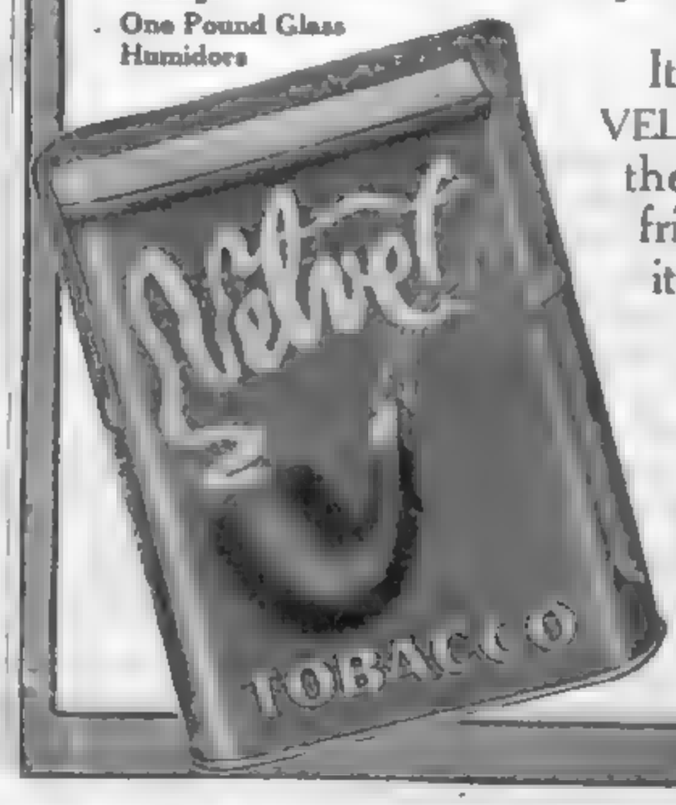

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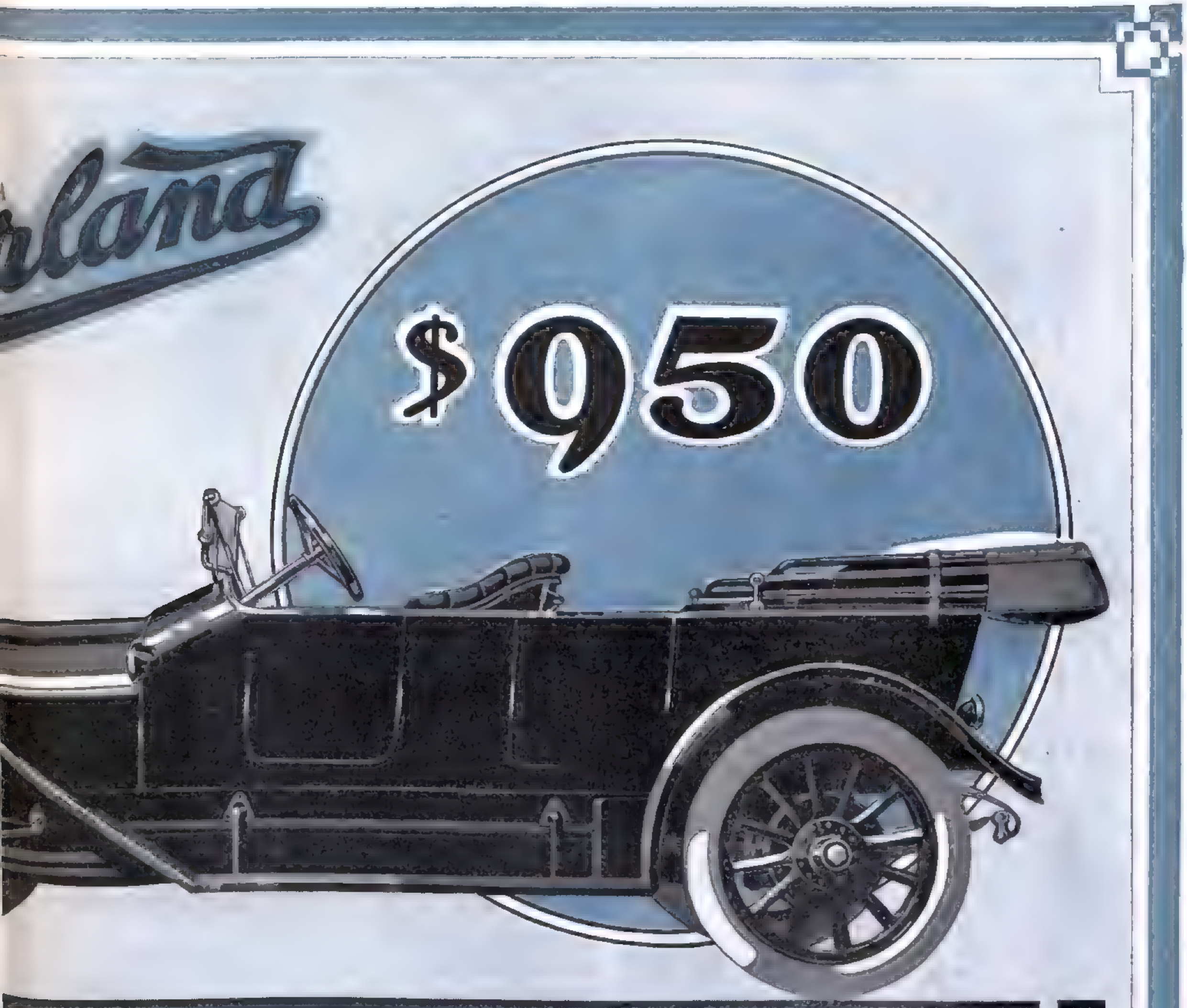

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HEN TAKES POSSESSION

(Continued from Page 9)

"Seein' as how business is," said Sophie, "it can't be done. I'd like to do it, but—— An' what's the matter with yer horse? You could 've brought over the ice wagon f'r ma to ride back in."

"Ma couldn't ride in that," said Gret wearily; "she'd die with the jolt. Besides, I ain't got no horse no more. He's gone. Somebody stole him."

"Who?"

"I don't know!" returned Gret, with the emphasis on "know."

"Hen's in jail," went on Sophie; "he couldn't 've ——"

"It wasn't Hen," interrupted Gret curtly. "Come on, ma; we've got to catch that train. We've got to get back early, f'r Gretta'n me has to cart ice an' coal in handcarts now. Come, ma!"

On the train she gripped ma by the arm.

"Ma," she said, "it was Schepp that stole the horse."

"Your man?" cried ma. "How do you know, Gret?"

"Al Simonson saw him," returned Gret. "He saw him with the horse and he knew him; and he spoke to him. Al thought he'd come back and that I'd taken him in."

"You can get the law on Schepp," returned ma.

Gret shook her head.

"I don't get the law on nobody," she returned, discouraged. "If he's that mean let him take the horse. It's tur'ble, ma. Me an Gretta's gettin' all wore out." She shrugged her shoulders. "Let 'em go!" she went on. "There's two men I ain't got no further use for—one of 'em's Schepp."

"Who's the other, Gret?" quavered her mother.

"Never you mind, ma," returned Gret. "Look! We're almost home."

In due time Ma Hinkley shuffled off this mortal coil. There were two people present at her deathbed—one was Gret her daughter, the other was Gretta Schepp her grandchild, the young girl. Hen was still in jail. Sophie and her older sister were too far away to stir themselves to come. They got word but they did not heed it. They attended the funeral—that was expense enough; and then they went back to their respective homes.

"'Twasn't necessary," Mena explained to her husband, "that the will should be read at the funeral—or after, neither. Our lawyer told me so; so I didn't fetch it. Our lawyer says we'll go over to the courthouse after ten days and he'll probate it for us."

Eleven days after, Mena and her husband went up the courthouse steps.

"Won't Sophie an' Gret an' Hen be furious?" said Mena, her eyes glittering. "But my lawyer says they can't break the will. He says ma knew what she was about."

They turned a corner in a corridor and met Sophie Gebhard and her husband.

"We got ma's will," said Mena. "Our lawyer's goin' to probate it today."

Sophie nodded and followed Mena into the probate office. Mena's lawyer was already there with the other witness to the will.

"Let me have it, Mrs. Kessler," he said, holding out his hand. He turned to an official. "This is Mrs. Hinkley's will," he said.

"No it ain't!" cried a voice in tones of assurance. "*This* is Ma Hinkley's will—and it leaves everything to me!"

It was her will—there was no doubt about that, for it was the latest. No later will had been offered. The ten days were up. Sophie's witnesses were present. The probate office, in the presence of the gaping Kesslers, admitted Sophie's will.

"It leaves all to me," repeated Sophie with a lofty smile.

"It's a fraud!" said Mena.

"Why?" said Sophie's lawyer. "Because it leaves everything to Mrs. Gebhard, one daughter, rather than to you, another daughter? Rather difficult, isn't it? Better go ahead and try it out. We'll meet you—and we'll beat you too."

The Kesslers did not fight it out. They had played a trick. Sophie had played another. She had gone them one better, however; so they slunk away in dudgeon.

Sophie and her husband left the courthouse with their heads in air. Sophie nodded to her lawyer.

"You must come with us to Hendershot," said Sophie. "We've got to take possession of that house."

The lawyer went with them. Before they entered, the lawyer from a discreet distance looked the place over.

"Some property!" he said admiringly.

He was quite right. There was a white house—small but quaint; kept constantly coated with repeated doses of whitewash—Gret saw to that. There were green shutters. There were a white barn and a white shed. There was almost half a mile of white picket fence so it seemed—inclosing the entire domain. There were a small orchard, a big garden and a multitude of flower beds. The place just as it stood was a gem, a bit of pleasing landscape. It might have caught the eye of any artist.

"Some place!" repeated the lawyer.

He knocked at the front door. Gret opened to him. Gret kissed Sophie on the cheek and shook hands with Gus Gebhard. She bowed to the lawyer.

"You wasn't over to the courthouse," said Sophie. "We been over there today to probate ma's will."

"I didn't know ma made a will," said Gret. She turned to the pretty young girl who stood behind her. "Did ma say anything to you about making a will?" she asked.

Gretta shook her head.

"She never did," she answered.

The lawyer interposed.

"I may as well tell you, Mrs. Schepp," he said, "that she did make a will and that the will was probated today; and that by its terms Mrs. Hinkley left everything to Mrs. Gebhard here."

"Everything!" echoed Gret. "Why, ma didn't have anything but this property here. All the household goods was mine."

Sophie lifted her chin. She glanced contemptuously about the room.

"I don't care about the household goods," she said loftily; "they're not worth having. You're welcome to them, Gret."

"Thanks!" said Gret. "They belong to me anyway; but I didn't want to have no trouble—I thought you might be thinkin' ma had some claim on 'em."

"All we want," the lawyer proceeded, "is possession of this place. You can have a reasonable time to get your goods out, Mrs. Schepp."

Gret seemed startled.

"I don't have to move, do I?" she queried.

"Of course!" said Sophie. "I got to get my rights."

"I don't know nothin' about law," said Gret. "You know Brad Fettinger, don't you—the lawyer here in Hendershot? Well, you go down and see Brad Fettinger. If he says for me to get out, I'll git—that's all."

"That's better," said Sophie's counsel. "I can talk to him. He'll understand and he'll advise you right. We'll go down and talk to him."

They went down. Gret did not accompany them. They found Brad Fettinger. He was a long, lean, lanky individual with long hair shot with gray, and with a dingy office replete with dusty lawbooks. He possessed a drawl. He knew Sophie's lawyer and shook hands with him. He acknowledged that he represented Mrs. Schepp.

"Here's a copy of Mrs. Hinkley's will," said Sophie's counsel.

Brad Fettinger examined it.

"Satisfactory to me—seems to carry everything the old lady had to Mrs. Gebhard here. Looks all right and regular to me."

"Then," said the other man, "you'll advise Mrs. Schepp to move out?"

"Bless you, no," exclaimed Brad Fettinger; "not at all!"

"Why not?"

"Why should I?"

"This will gives everything that Mrs. Hinkley had to Mrs. Gebhard here."

"True; but what's that got to do with Mrs. Schepp's moving out, I'd like to know."

"It's our property—it's Mrs. Gebhard's house and lot."

"Oh, no," drawled Fettinger; "it's Mrs. Schepp's. It was Mrs. Schepp's before Mrs. Hinkley died."

"Did she leave a later will?" queried the other man, alarmed.

"No," said Fettinger. "I'll tell you all about it. Ten days before she died—she was a spry old woman, Mrs. Hinkley, even if she couldn't smell Hen Hinkley's breath—ten days before she died I was passing

there—I pass there once in a while—and she called me in. Mrs. Schepp was down to the canal and so was Gretta. They were carting ice and coal by hand—Schepp stole their only horse, you know."

"Never mind the horse," said Sophie's lawyer.

"The old lady called me in. She was in a great state of mind. She said she'd made her will twice and she'd go to state prison if she made another -she said you told her that."

Sophie flushed—her own lawyer even noticed it.

"She said she'd treated Gret, her daughter, like a dog. She'd given all her money to Hen when Gret needed it. Gret had supported her and had worked for her. Nobody else had done anything for ——"

"Oh-h-h-h!" said Sophie, shocked. "And it cost us over twenty dollars extra to have ma visit with us!"

"That's what she said," went on Brad Fettinger; "but she wouldn't make another will, for she'd go to state prison. She didn't see any way out; but she wanted me to fix it right. Bless your heart"—Brad laughed in his long-drawn-out way—"I didn't want to send her to state prison; so I had her make a deed -she executed it. I delivered it to Gret and then I recorded it for her. You can search the record. Mrs. Schepp has no objection to the will at all. It carries anything of which Mrs. Hinkley died seized—but she didn't die seized of this real property. Bless your heart, before her death it belonged to Mrs. Schepp!"

"It's a fraud!" screamed Sophie in the accents of her other disappointed sister, Mena. "An underhanded swindle—that's what it is!"

"Good!" drawled Brad. "It's that kind of spirit that makes lawsuits. If you feel that way you hire my brother at the bar and Gret Schepp'll hire me; and we'll go to it, tooth and nail—and may the best man win!"

They did not fight it out, however. Lawsuits in Hendershot and Bascom were events too overwhelming for the Gebhards. Besides, as their counsel took pains to inform them, there was a doubt—considerable doubt—about success.

"Ding 'em!" said Brad Fettinger to himself one day. "Why don't they fight?"

His musings were interrupted. The door of his office was flung open and a man lunged in. He was a very disreputable-looking man. He was Hen Hinkley. He was not alone. With him was another disreputable individual. They had been drinking, both of them.

Hen Hinkley brought a heavy fist down on the desk.

"I won't stand fer it!" he said.

"Where did you get your money to buy drink, Hen?" queried Brad. "And where did you get the nerve, two bums like you, to come into my office? Get out!"

"Not," said Hen, "until I've had my say. I serve notice on you. I know a thing or two! Gret Schepp—my own sister—what do you think of that!—she sends me to jail to get me out of the way. An' then she gets my mother—my poor old mother—to give her all her property!" At the words "all her property" Hen's voice broke with deep emotion.

"All her property, you understand! An' when they let me go, what do I find in the warden's office? A five-dollar bill—a measly five-dollar bill and a letter an insultin' letter—tellin' me all about it; an' warnin' me—warnin' *me!*—her own brother—to clear out and to stay cleared out! Says she stood me just on account of ma, to make ma happy. Now she's through with me. Insultin' minx! Through with me, eh?" He turned toward the door, pulling his companion with him. "Well, I ain't through with her—nor Schepp ain't, neither."

"You bet I ain't," said Schepp—for the other man was Schepp. "I'm her husband. Ain't I got some rights in that there property? Ain't that there my home?"

"Come on, Schepp!" went on Hen Hinkley. "We ain't through with her. We'll just naturally go down and talk politics to her." He stopped and brought his fist crashing down once more. "I give you fair warning, counselor," he said, "that piece of property belongs to me. My mother meant it for me. It's mine! And I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do—I'm goin' down today—I'm goin' down to take possession! See if I don't. Schepp an' me'll go down and take possession. Won't we, Schepp?"

"Yer kin stake y'r bottom dollar 'at we will!" said Schepp.

"Fair warning, counselor!" repeated Hen. "Hen Hinkley goes down and he takes possession! See if he don't!"

They left the office. Brad followed them downstairs. He prepared to follow them further; but Brad was a lawyer and his chief concern for the past few days had been the scarcity of clients. The richest man in town was coming up, and he stopped Brad as Brad was going down.

"I was looking for you, Brad. Are you coming back?"

"I'll come back now," said Brad.

Brad went back to his office. He tried to get the town hall on the wire, but nobody answered. He tried to get the constable's home, but no one answered.

"What's the row?" queried the richest man in town.

"Never mind," said Brad; "I can't help it. It's beyond me now. I'm not a peace officer. Go ahead and spin your yarn."

It was late in the afternoon when the yarn was fully spun. Brad advised his rich client and started a proceeding. He got a fee. His client left. Then Brad's conscience smote him. He felt that he should have warned Gret Schepp and her daughter somehow, at any rate.

"I can't sleep tonight," he told himself, "unless I go right down there and tell her all about it."

It was dusk when he reached the turn in the road that led to Gret Schepp's house. As he turned he saw two figures coming toward him. They were clinging together. He stood and waited. Finally they approached him. He looked them over.

One of them was Schepp. Schepp had both eyes blackened. His nose was bleeding generously. One ear was three times its normal size. The other man was Hen. Hen as an exhibit was quite as wonderful. Hen had a scalp wound that would have done duty as a saber stroke. He was expectorating blood. Three teeth were out. His coat was torn to rags.

"Come on!" moaned Hen. "We got to hire a speshlust er we'll die, both of us—an' go to hell."

They did not even notice Fettinger. Fettinger went on.

When he reached the little white house he pushed open the door and stepped fearfully inside. His alarm was unjustified. Gret Schepp, clad in a clean white shirtwaist, was washing off a rolling-pin at the sink.

The pin in spots was slightly ruddy.

"The hair sticks to 'em sometimes," she said nonchalantly.

"Hen came to take possession, then?" queried Brad Fettinger.

Gret dropped her rolling pin into the water to let it soak.

"Hen come to take possession," she repeated; "but he took us by surprise. We wasn't quite prepared for Hen. We wasn't quite prepared for Schepp. If I'd knowed they was comin' I'd 'ave made out to treat 'em rough; but they took us by surprise. We wasn't quite prepared."

Brad looked at Gret. He looked at the rolling-pin. He recalled some blackened eyes and broken noses and injured scalps.

"I wonder," he said gently, "what would have happened if you had been quite prepared!"

"As I was sayin'," returned Gret, "I might 've treated 'em some rough."

A young vision of beauty had tripped into the room. She was warm and rosy. Probably she had been taking exercise, but she did not show it.

"Somebody f'r some coal, ma," she announced.

"I'll get it," said Gret. "You run along. There's Al Simonson a-comin' up the road, and he'll be wantin' to lalligag with you from now till suppertime."

Fettinger strolled homeward, laughing to himself.

"They wasn't quite prepared," he smiled, "not quite prepared! Dear me!"

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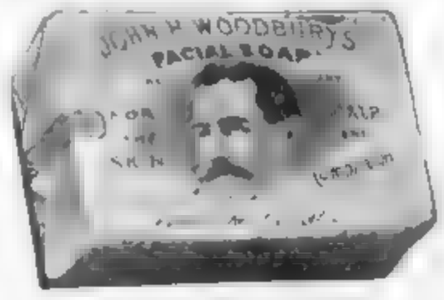

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THE GAY-CAT

(Continued from Page 12)

The Kid was on his feet. He was sobbing. The madness of revolt was still on him. He must knock out Frisco Red. It was the law of the road. Ere he could save his dog he must prove his right thereto—his right to run his own game. The Kid had learned from Frisco Red to be cruel and brutal. Cruelty and brutality are the gods of the pagan road. Frisco Red was supine, flat on his back in the dust. With his foot the Kid applied two finishing blows. They were cruelly placed. They were brutally given.

It had all occurred in a shock of time. The Kid looked down at the still heap on the ground. Then the Kid looked full at the many eyes in the shadow. He had beaten Frisco Red. Viciously, in brutal fashion, he had beaten his master. That brutality was the fault of his education. But that brutality was effective with the many eyes in the shadow. He was free to run his own game, to work his own will, to do as he pleased.

The wail of the dog shrilled on his ear. He stepped over the body of Frisco Red. Precipitantly, breathing hard from the fight, he ran to the trough.

"Come out, old-timer," he called. "You're in a deuce of a fix, aren't you?"

His voice was, for all its gasping, strangely pliant and tender. He jerked up the board cover. By one of the frantic forepaws he lifted out the drowning Gay-cat. He hugged the whimpering, wet, shaking form to him. He laughed once hysterically.

"You little drownded rat!" he whispered. "You should have seen how I beat up Frisco Red."

The dog whimpered and snuggled close.

Hugging the dog in his left arm the Kid came back. He felt round with his right hand until he found the razor. That he examined with great pride. He doubled it up against the crotch of thumb and forefinger and, like a regular blown-in-the-glass stiff, slashed about with it in the air. Then very carefully he tucked it away in an overalls pocket.

Silently he joined the hoboes asprawl beneath the tank. They had no word for him; but they made space for him—for him and for his dog. It is the way of the road. As soon as a road-kid is strong enough to beat his master the domination of that hobo ends. Age makes no difference. It is the primeval law of strength. The Kid becomes a masterless road-kid, a younger hobo. The Kid had beaten Frisco Red. Impossible it was for him longer to serve that hobo. He was free. He was free to wander wherever the wanderlust called. He and his dog were free. That thought made freedom sweet. He was for at once being off along gypsying roads where Red would be forgotten and the dog could chase sparrows through the fallen leaves.

"Give me a smoke," he said to the hoboes.

In his voice was the note of equality. In the silence of equality they gave it him. The Kid rolled the brown-paper tube. The Southbound whistled far up the track. He lighted the cigarette. The rumble of the approaching train shook through the ground. The Kid got afoot. Walking to the trough, the Gay-cat at his heels, he filled his cap with water. He doused it on Frisco Red.

"Get up, bo," he said, the gruffness of manhood in his voice. "Can't yer hear the train?"

Frisco Red opened his eyes. The Kid turned and walked away. Dazedly Red rolled over and felt in the dust for the razor. But the Kid did not notice the futile search. The hoboes had spread out. The train was slowing at the tank. The Kid lifted the dog in his arms.

At ten o'clock that night at a way-station the Kid was ditched. The bark of the startled dog at sight of a brakeman was the cause. The Kid with the dog had been riding all alone on the bumpers between two freight cars. The others were not discovered. The Kid stood on the tracks, the dog in his arms, as the train foreshortened into the night.

"Goodby, Frisco Red," said the Kid soberly. Then his head lowered to the dog's drooping ear and he whispered:

"It was for you I done it, Gay-cat, old-timer! Honest, it was for you I done it."

"Always movin', always movin' on," the Kid would say to the dog. "Gay-cat, when we gets tired of bein' boes we'll go back to the valley and surprise my ma. But I guess"—with a wistful smile—"you and me'll never get tired of bein' hoboes. We're blowed-in-the-glass stiffs, we are, and it's in our blood."

The Kid was, when he said that, an older boy by a full year. Also his love for the Gay-cat had made him thoughtful. Sometimes on dewy mornings he saw, more clearly than the road he walked, the cottage up in Grass Valley. The marguerites near the picket fence were white and fresh. It was sweet where he was born. Sometimes he wished he could go back. But there was that itch in his boy's soul that kept him wandering—wandering to find peace.

And the dog understood. It was wonderful. The dog understood why he could not go back. The dog, too, was cursed with the wanderlust. The dog whimpered in sympathy up into his face. Then onward into the dawn the dog led the way.

They came back over the Hump for the fall and winter in California. The freight from Ogden was headed for Sacramento, the great dumping-off place of the wintering hobo. It was here near Sacramento, just a year gone, that the Kid had found the Gay-cat and that he had beaten Frisco Red. It was near Sacramento, up in Grass Valley, where were his mother, graying in her shawl, and the cottage with the picket fence and marguerites. Perhaps that was why, while the Kid still wandered, he wandered close.

They rolled in that train of flat cars through the Sacramento Valley, golden with autumn, until Sacramento neared. The train slowed down. The Kid swung off. He feared the railroad police in the terminal yards. The train clacked onward in a cloud of hot dust as he stood to one side, the dog in his left arm. He set the dog afoot, and the dog led the way up the levee for a look at the river where so often they had gone swimming.

In a flushed sky slowly the sun sank. It dropped behind the black feathers of tule on the other levee. The levee dimmed and grew remote. A stern-wheeler from San Francisco coughed upstream. Its whistle sounded, through the screen of dusk, weary and lonesome. The swell from its paddles broke in tiny ripples at their feet as the steamboat rounded a bend in the river and was gone with the day.

Thoughtfully the Kid and the Gay-cat turned their backs on the darkened river. They walked down the slope. The Gay-cat barked. He dashed, with a sudden show of spirit, across the tracks and into a little faded road hidden in the mystery of twilight.

The Kid followed his brave lead. The lane was pungent with fruity odors. It wound between green curtains of hop vines, softly stirring in the breezes of the evening. A strange peace was on the Kid. Something about the lane, lost in the thick of twilight, the smells and random breezes filled his soul with a gypsy content. That gypsy content it was that made his wanderings with the Gay-cat sweet. And so they came to a white wooden gate beyond which, on the black flat of a patch, melons lay cut and tempting, splotches of gold and green.

"Cantaloupes," said the Kid. "Cantaloupes would go good now. Wet and cool after that ride, huh—Gay-cat?"

The Kid clambered over the creaking gate. The dog bellied under the gate. They were inside when, in the gray house that squatted down in the field, a door was flung open and voices came from the lighted doorway in the uncouth vocables of the Japanese tongue. The Kid crouched. The dog barked sharply. The Kid pulled the dog off his feet and quieted him.

The door slammed shut. The house slept grayly. Sniffing the air for danger, the Gay-cat trotted out on the black loam of the patch.

"Come here, Gay-cat," the Kid whispered. "Keep close to me and don't think you own this here patch. Them Japs don't invite boes in here to mooch melons. They sleep in the fields sometimes with guns."

The Kid made short dashes between the muskmelons to see how ready for eating each was. Some were green. Others were overripe. One, cut from the trailing vine and leaves, was a golden temptation. He lifted that. It was quite heavy.

The dog scuffled ahead. The Kid, ready for retreat, called softly. The dog answered in a yelp of fright. Abruptly the

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dog came back. He came back as if shoved by some invisible hand on his quarters.

To see what was the matter the Kid moved forward. The dog was whimpering nervously at his heels when he came full upon the Japanese laborer asleep on a mat among the vines and leaves, his brown, shiny, stupid face upturned. The Kid stepped back in fright just as the dog had done. His heel caught in a melon vine. The vine tripped him. His arms flung behind to ease the fall. The muskmelon bounded from his flinging arms and rolled against the laborer.

The laborer leaped afoot. His arms were upraised before his face in an almost articulate gesture of bewilderment. The Kid leaped afoot. Thereat the laborer, seeing what had awakened him, screamed shrilly in Japanese. He gave chase. He showed in his hands a long-handled shovel.

"Gay-cat!" yelled the Kid. "Oh, Gay-cat! Come here!"

But the dog did not run for the gate at the heels of the Kid. He dashed, barking and snapping, toward the oncoming laborer. The laborer cried out. He cried out in what appeared to be genuine fear of the dog. Full on the head of the rushing, snapping dog he brought down the sharp metal edge of the shovel.

The defiant barking of the dog rose into a shrill yelp of pain that was almost a scream. A second yelp followed on the heels of the first. Then another, and another. The yelps were continual and hurried.

The Kid ran back. Unconscious of all personal danger he ran back to the yelping dog. He had no eyes for the Japanese laborer. He saw only his dog, bleeding from a red gash in the head and staggering, as he yelped, on bending legs. He scooped the bleeding Gay-cat up into his arms. White and cold and blind with grief, he rushed past the bewildered laborer. He floundered through the soft field to the gate. He sobbed love words. The yelps of the little Gay-cat dropped to whimpers, slow and dull as moans.

The Kid walked in a miserable dream. He was stupefied by his despair. On the outskirts of Sacramento he stumbled into a drugstore. At sight of his anguish-filled eyes and the bleeding dog the druggist was won over to mercy. With a gauze bandage he bound up the gash in the Gay-cat's head between the drooping ears.

The pain of the dog was somewhat soothed. The Kid staggered on through the railroad yards, through the city and along the road to where, in a grass-disheveled field, a haystack bulked. The wretched search was ended. In the hay he would find some soft nest wherein to lay the wounded Gay-cat.

All that night in the haystack the Kid watched and worried over the whimpering dog. He was a boy alone in a waste where sympathy was not. Yet out of those barrens of brutality had come to him a great love. And that love was stricken, sick with pain. Through that long night, as the dog whimpered continually in dull agony and the moonlight silvered down, the Kid accused himself:

"It's all my fault that you're half dead, Gay-cat, all my fault. Cantaloupes! I couldn't do my own moochin' for cantaloupes! And look at the other risks I let yer take. I let yer ride where you could be killed. You could fall off the rods. You could slide from the roof. A piece of coal thrown from the cab could mash yer. You, the only one that loved me, and I let yer hobo with me like that for all these months and days and days."

The dog licked his face. That only made him the more miserable. He wanted to ask forgiveness of the dog. And the dog reached up and licked his face. It was terrible, such love. He would prove himself worthy of that love!

"Hoboin' is no place for to keep a dog!" he told the dawn. "Jes' supposin' he was killed!"

His white face was set with lines deeper than ever had been the dirt scratches. He lifted up the bandaged head of the whimpering little brute.

"Gay-cat, we'll square it!" he said fiercely. "It'll be hard for you. It will be hard for me. But it's got to be done. This night has give me a lesson. Right now it's got to be done. This mornin' I gets a job, see? I gets a job. We'll square it, Gay-cat, old-timer. You and me, we'll square it."

That was an appalling step, but after the tragic happening of the night it had to come. The Kid took that step without quiver of lip. He would prove himself worthy of the

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Mail us this coupon and we'll send you our 40-page recipe book, showing over 110 ways of using "Sunkist" oranges and lemons. You will also receive our illustrated list of Wm. Rogers & Son's Silverware Premiums for your table, telling you how to trade "Sunkist" wrappers for beautiful silver.

California Fruit Growers' Exchange
Eastern Office, Dept. B, 135 N. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

Please send me 40-page Recipe Book and list of "Sunkist" Rogers Silver Premiums

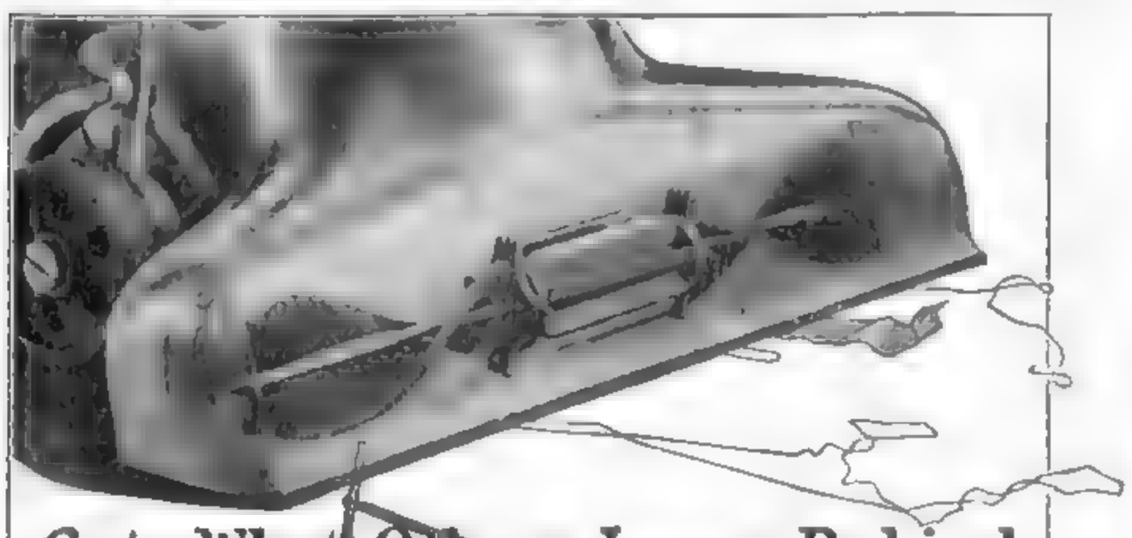
Name

Address

Those pictures of father and mother—quaint in their old-fashioned clothes, are all the more precious because they recall the father and mother of your childhood.

Some day your photograph will be just as precious to others. And the present-day photographer is well equipped, both in skill and in the tools of his profession, to pay the obligation that this generation owes to the next.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.



Gets What Others Leave Behind

Look at this brush! It's only found on Frantz Premiers—another Frantz Premier triumph—another advance in electric cleaner design that clinches Frantz Premier leadership in the cleaner field.

No delicate mechanism, gears or belts to tear threads or fringe from the carpet—to get out of order. No screws or bolts to drop out and get lost. Adjusts itself to any density of nap, making it 100% efficient on any floor covering.

Hair, lint, threads—all the old "bugaboos" of electric cleaners—are easy for the latest nine-pound Frantz Premier.

This popular-priced electric cleaner, endorsed by sixty thousand housewives, has many such features.

Ask our dealer to start your spring "house-cleaning." Mail the coupon today. Fully guaranteed. Sold by the best dealers all over the world. Has no superior at any price.

Every third electric cleaner sold is a Frantz Premier

Frantz Premier $30

THE PREMIER VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1132 Power Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Send me dealer's address and booklet, "What Others Leave Behind"

dog's love. He would cease to be a hobo. He would fight the lust for moving on. He would settle down in one place. In one place—that was the appalling thing.

The Kid slid down out of the stack in the early morning to beg food for the hungry dog. He had little choice. There was the camp beyond the fence of the field where ate the workmen who were macadamizing, for the county, the road into town. There was the shanty of a farmhouse. The Kid looked at the house.

The house was two-storied, clapboarded and drab. It stood sullenly alone in the grass-disheveled field. On the second floor were two windows, opaque with dirt. Yet some one lived in that house. As the Kid looked a wisp of smoke lifted out of its roof. It was a pathetic wisp of smoke, like the draggled exhalation of an old hobo's last cigarette. All that night no lights had showed in the house. The wisp of smoke was the only sign of a life within.

The Kid decided. The miserable aspect of the house made that decision. Its occupant or occupants would be as miserable. Were the Kid to approach that house it would be discovered that he was living in the haystack and he would be routed out. There was no better nest, no softer flopping for the wounded Gay-cat than that hollow in the hay.

The Kid begged food from the camp cook. He fed in pinches most of the bread and meat to the dog. In a battered tomato can, sunk in the hay, he left a supply of water. He pressed the warm muzzle of the dog to his cheek. Then he went into Sacramento to make, along K Street, his last clean-up of dimes.

With a load of groceries and a singing heart he reappeared at noon. He had landed a job. A man from whom he had begged a nickel had offered him work. It was in a cracker factory, piling empty boxes at the bottom of an endless hoist. It was treadmill work, but it was an anchor to hold him fast.

The while he fed the dog the Kid talked happily, but there was no hiding the sacrifice. It was a sacrifice. Day in, day out for a full year the dog never had been out of eyesight of the Kid. And now the Kid was going to leave him for the greater part of the day. It was a terrible sacrifice. But they were squaring it. That meant sacrifice.

As the Kid left in the damp earliness of morning the dog whimpered miserably. The Kid, as he tore himself away, muffled his ears with his hands. He worked manfully; but his thoughts were not with the empty cracker boxes. They were out in the sun-scorched haystack with the dog. He knew it was lonely for the dog. His own life, while he was away, seemed desolate. Through the dragging hours he heard, as he bent over the boxes, the whimpers of the lonesome Gay-cat. He even remembered how the love-mad dog had licked his hands, his face, and forlornly wagged its tail when he had hurried back at noon to the farm.

They lay, that night of the first day's work, side by side in the haystack. Over their heads the stars breathed.

"I know it's lonely, Gay-cat," said the Kid. "It's lonely for me as well as for you. But yer got to bear it. I got to bear it, Gay-cat. I hates the smell of crackers. The piles of boxes jes' bear me down. And I hates to think of you so lonesome. Perhaps if we went home, Gay-cat, if we went up the valley to my ma it might be easier. She could take care of you and love you for me. It would not be so lonesome for you while I was away at work, and we would love her so much we could square it. There would be no longin' to be hoboin' it again. We'd never want to leave her no more."

The dog lifted up his bandaged head and licked the Kid's face for all the world as though he understood and sympathized.

The Kid fell into a period of uneasy slumber. Rose, against the lids of his eyes, a bush of white marguerites, clean of dust and sparkling with dew. Behind it shaped the cottage and on the doorsill a pale little shawled woman. He could see the dimmed plaid of the shawl about her thin shoulders. Her pale face was that near and distinct he could see the blackness of her once brown eyes. She looked over the marguerites along the road. She called. She called his name. Then she faded from sight. The white marguerites faded.

The Kid looked up at the breathing stars. The air was thick with odors. It seemed to quiver with his name. That call of his mother seemed, in all reality, to be quivering through the heavy air. He sat up in the

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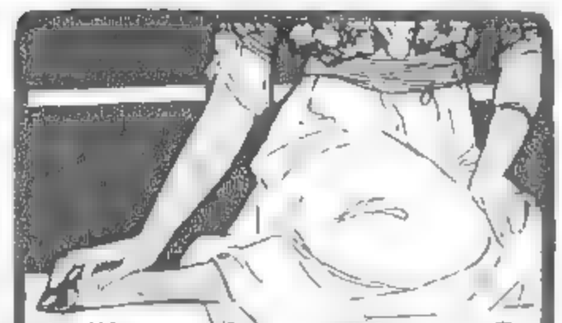

Why that Corn?

Why that pain, when **Blue-jay** would relieve it instantly?

Why have a corn, when **Blue-jay** would remove it in two days?

Why that discomfort, when millions of people could tell you a way to get rid of it?

These are the facts.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant the pain is relieved.

Then, while you work or sleep or play, **Blue-jay** undermines the corn. Generally in two days you can lift it out, without any pain or trouble.

Think how easy, how simple.

While you pare corns, or treat them in other petty ways, **Blue-jay** is taking out a million corns a month.

It is simply folly, in these modern days, to suffer from a corn. A single test will prove this.

Blue-jay
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Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

395,341 WOMEN
IRON WITH THE IMPERIAL

These women have banished ironing day drudgery. With little effort, they get quicker, better, more economical ironing. Why don't you use the

Imperial
Self-Heating
Flat Iron

Oldest and best. Heated from within by gasoline or denatured alcohol. Burns gasoline 5 hours for 1 cent. No tubes or cords. Safe and odorless. More points of superiority than any other self-heating iron. Use anywhere.

Low price. Liberal guarantee.

Write for **10 Day Free Trial Offer** and free booklet "Ironing Comfort."

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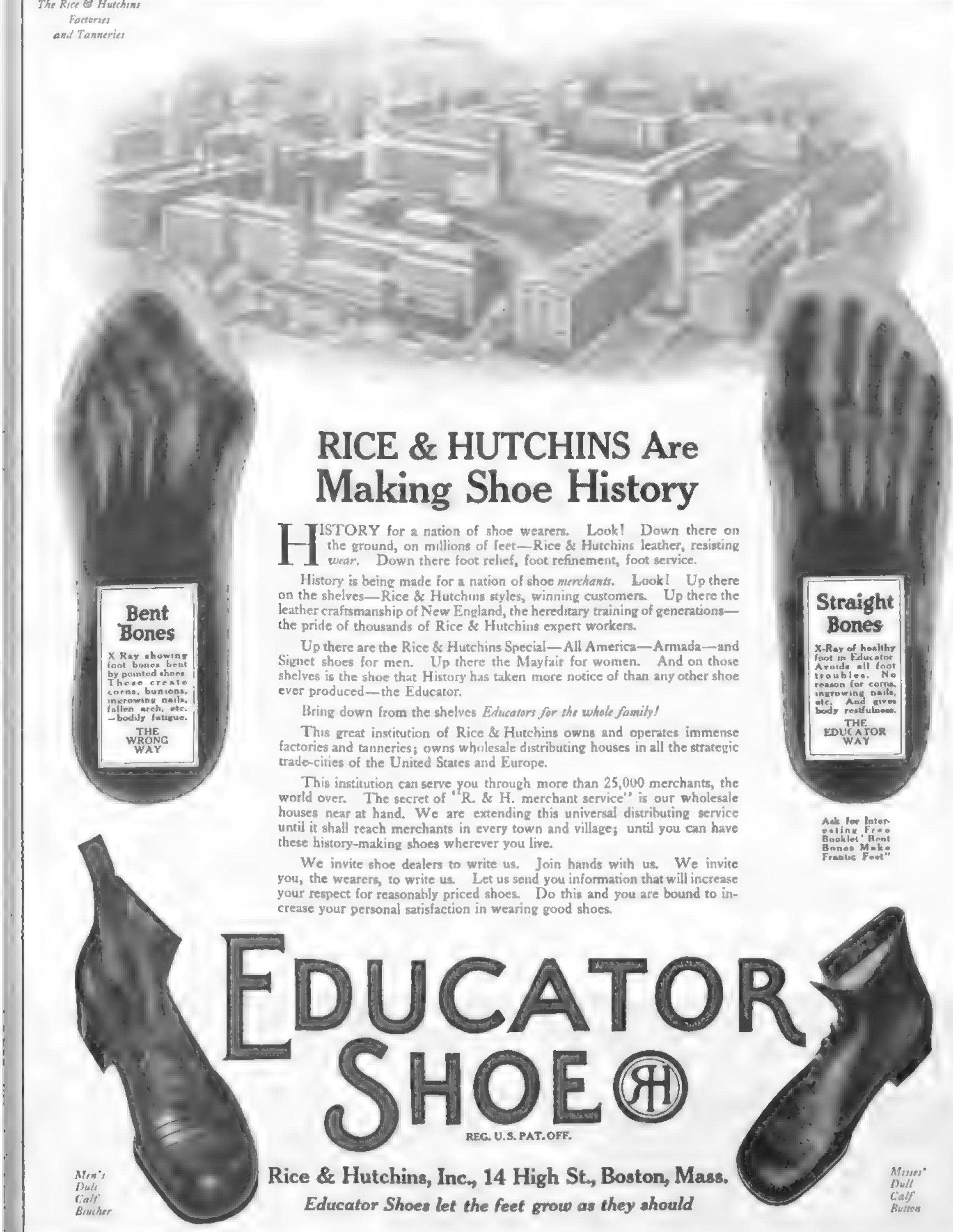
AGENTS—A Wonderful Seller

Labyrinth Keyless Padlock.
Works like a safe. Operated in the dark as easily as in daytime. Every combination different. Used on [illegible] cellar door, barn door, [illegible] gate, [illegible] gym locker, mail box, a hundred [illegible]. Sells everywhere—city or country. Enormous demand. Splendid profits. Patented. [illegible] territory, terms and canvassing sample if you mean business.

THOMAS KEYLESS LOCK CO.
9668 West Street, Dayton, Ohio

The Rice & Hutchins Factories and Tanneries



Bent Bones

X Ray showing foot bones bent by pointed shoes. These create corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc. —bodily fatigue.

THE WRONG WAY

Straight Bones

X-Ray of healthy foot in Educator. Avoids all foot troubles. No reason for corns, ingrowing nails, etc. And gives body restfulness.

THE EDUCATOR WAY

RICE & HUTCHINS Are Making Shoe History

HISTORY for a nation of shoe wearers. Look! Down there on the ground, on millions of feet—Rice & Hutchins leather, resisting *wear*. Down there foot relief, foot refinement, foot service.

History is being made for a nation of shoe *merchants*. Look! Up there on the shelves—Rice & Hutchins styles, winning customers. Up there the leather craftsmanship of New England, the hereditary training of generations—the pride of thousands of Rice & Hutchins expert workers.

Up there are the Rice & Hutchins Special—All America—Armada—and Signet shoes for men. Up there the Mayfair for women. And on those shelves is the shoe that History has taken more notice of than any other shoe ever produced—the Educator.

Bring down from the shelves *Educators for the whole family!*

This great institution of Rice & Hutchins owns and operates immense factories and tanneries; owns wholesale distributing houses in all the strategic trade-cities of the United States and Europe.

This institution can serve you through more than 25,000 merchants, the world over. The secret of "R. & H. merchant service" is our wholesale houses near at hand. We are extending this universal distributing service until it shall reach merchants in every town and village; until you can have these history-making shoes wherever you live.

We invite shoe dealers to write us. Join hands with us. We invite you, the wearers, to write us. Let us send you information that will increase your respect for reasonably priced shoes. Do this and you are bound to increase your personal satisfaction in wearing good shoes.

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Men's Dull Calf Bucher

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Educator Shoes let the feet grow as they should

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For pleasure and for business the motorcycle is a safe, speedy means of transportation and United States Tires make it dependable.

Today the motorcycle is an efficient, economical, perfected piece of mechanism.

It has passed the experimental stage—the motorcycle has "arrived."

We, the makers of United States Tires, have done much to make the motorcycle dependable.

We have concentrated our great resources to improve our product as the motorcycle has improved.

We have kept pace with the motorcycle makers.

We have each year equipped better motorcycles with better tires.

We have solved the motorcycle tire problem.

Today United States Motorcycle Tires stand alone in a class absolutely by themselves and are acknowledged to be the standard motorcycle tires of the world.

Their overwhelming popularity is a known fact.

In one year—1913—the sales of UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES increased 139 per cent.—an increase that is without a parallel in motorcycle history.

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES MOTORCYCLE TIRES sell the best of everything.

United States Motorcycle Tires

Made by the
Largest Rubber Company in the World

(Concluded from Page 54)

crackling hay. The dog stirred. The Kid sat thoughtfully still. Deep in his brains that call stirred poignant memories.

"She must be a-callin' me up there in the valley," he said, "a-callin' me all these years."

The dog grew strong enough to play feebly about the top of the haystack. Forever he was sliding down the slopes of the hay to the ground. Often, at noon or night, the Kid found the dog nesting in some nook at the base of the stack. Because of that the Kid grew afraid. He was afraid lest, in this way, their presence would become known to the inmate or inmates of the house and the Gay-cat mistreated while he was away.

But there was another thing that worried the Kid. The Gay-cat was growing indifferent to the Kid's leavetakings. True, he still tried in forlorn attempts to follow the Kid, but why did he not whimper at the partings? The Kid brooded over the case. The dog's indifference was quite natural. The dog was growing used to being left alone. The Kid should have foreseen it. Yet to see it now pained the Kid.

One still noon as he hurried, in a cloud of self-raised dust, up the road and under the fence, no Gay-cat ran from the haystack to jump on him and lick his hands. The Kid went to the stack. He whistled. No wise old head shoved above the ragged edge of the hay. No four-legged streak of yellow flashed out from some nook in its base. The farm was steeped in noontide sun. There was not so much as a rustle from the hay. The Kid was alone.

"Where is he?" he asked himself. "The little Gay-cat! He's a-foolin' me to make me skeered."

Under the gray of dust his face was white. He searched the field. He looked along the road. There was no sign of the Gay-cat. He whistled. He called. He was in a panic of dread. Despite his fear of the occupants of the house he called and called in loud shouts. Nor dog nor answer of any kind came to him.

That which was broad noon closed like night, black and elemental, about the Kid. He stood in the dead field stooped to an unutterable despair. From his heart, weakening him like the loss of blood, something was running out. And he could not cry. For all his loss and his despair he could not cry.

Some time later, with hard eyes, he advanced on that old derelict of a farmhouse.

"Maybe," he choked—"maybe he's in there."

The door, lacking knob and lower panel, opened to his touch. He reeled into shadows. The place was thick with dust and dirt. A musty smell hung heavy in the air. There was no living thing on that whole lower floor, excepting some horseflies that thrummed back and forth through the dusty dark.

Up one wall from the entrance tottered a rickety staircase, thick with dust and sanded white near the wall with fallen plaster. The Kid went up. At the top he moved across a creaking flooring in a room where the sun fought through a dirt-coated window to light a bed and a bureau.

Upon the bureau were a tin plate of food, a cup and a prayer-book. A woman lay upon the bed. She was fully dressed in the workworn clothes of a woman that struggled on her feet until the last insufferable pang. Her hair fell disheveled and white about her unbonneted head. She lay, eyes closed, on the edge of the bed. One hand hung limply over the side of the bed, and snuggling and licking that hand was the Gay-cat.

The dog, at the creaking sounds of the flooring, turned from licking the hand. He saw the Kid. He did not leap up and upon the Kid. He turned back to licking that hand.

The old woman did not move. The Kid leaned over her. Her eyes opened, but she did not see him. She was looking up at that window as though to pierce its dirt-thick panes and see into the day.

"Ralphie," said she. "Oh, darlin'!"

Her voice was plaintive with longing. With sudden strength she lifted herself up from the pillow. On her old worn face was the radiance of love.

It faded suddenly as it came. Her strength ebbed. She fell back upon the bed. The dog at her side whimpered.

"Mamma!" cried the Kid. "Oh, ma, don't you know me? It's Ralphie that's askin' you—Ralphie."

She saw with eyes undimmed by sickness, by years and by worry. She saw with a brain unclouded by sorrow. Her love saw. And in an indescribable voice she cried out:

"My boy! Ralphie! It's prayin'—prayin' on my worn old knees that brought you. Four years and me prayin' all alone. Oh, my boy!"

There was everything in her voice. Sorrow suffered, and age, and joy transcendent.

Until she could stand no longer the loneliness and the longing she had lived in the little cottage up in Grass Valley, where the marguerites were fresh and white. She had fed hoboes, and as she rocked in her misery before the fire they had given her advice. They had told her to go to Sacramento. That city was the clearing-house of all the hoboes. Soon or later he would come there, they had said.

For a small sum she sold the place in the valley. She came down to the city. She was pitifully wrought up for the meeting; but he did not come. She waited and slowly spent her money. She became penniless and then, with lack of nutritious food, sick. Sick of workworn body and sick of living all alone she crept to the ramshackle farmhouse to die.

So she cried and yearned and faded. He did not come. Only came a little yellow dog to lick her hands. It was the Gay-cat. He came every day. She told the dog of her lost boy, and he seemed to understand. In pity he licked her hands. She called that dog Prince.

And now her boy had come!

The Kid put his tousled boy's head on the pillow beside her. She touched and kissed his hair. The Kid wept as she crooned over him.

"It was the Gay-cat," he gulped to himself. "It was the Gay-cat that done it. The little old hobo Gay-cat brought me here to her."

The Kid went to work in the sunny, pungent hopfields behind the levee below town. He had lost, on account of his absence, the job in the cracker factory. Bare of foot and happy he picked hops. At noon his old mother brought him his lunch. She sat in the shadow of the vines and watched the boy her boy—eat. She picked a few hops for his basket. She picked as much as he would let her. Then she went softly into the peace of the afternoon.

The Gay-cat was growing stronger and friskier. Of afternoons she left the Gay-cat with the Kid. The Kid would weigh in his hops at four o'clock. Then it was over the levee with the dog to take in the mellowness a swim in the river.

Thus each day the road called. The sunset lured. The tracks had in them some magnetic pull.

The day was mellow and golden. Again were they fresh and tingling from the swim. The dog was wet and draggle-haired. He was eager. He leaped upon the ties. The Kid fell into the slouching stride, shoulders hunched, head lowered. The dog whined with happiness. Down the tracks he followed the Kid. He was eager. Down the tracks he followed the Kid toward the glow of sunset.

The Kid drew up. Pale with the effort of it he drew up. He turned slowly round. The Gay-cat whimpered. He kept on. The Kid stood still. He watched. His face was drawn. He whistled. The dog looked back. The dog barked once shortly. The lust surged up in the Kid. The world reeled the world of glistening tracks and glowing, beckoning sunset. He bit his lip. That held him from taking the first step—that first step that would give momentum and send him onward all his days!

The Gay-cat went on. His head was lowered to the ties. His tail was a-droop. There was in that drooping tail something that appalled the Kid. He stood aghast. After a time he called:

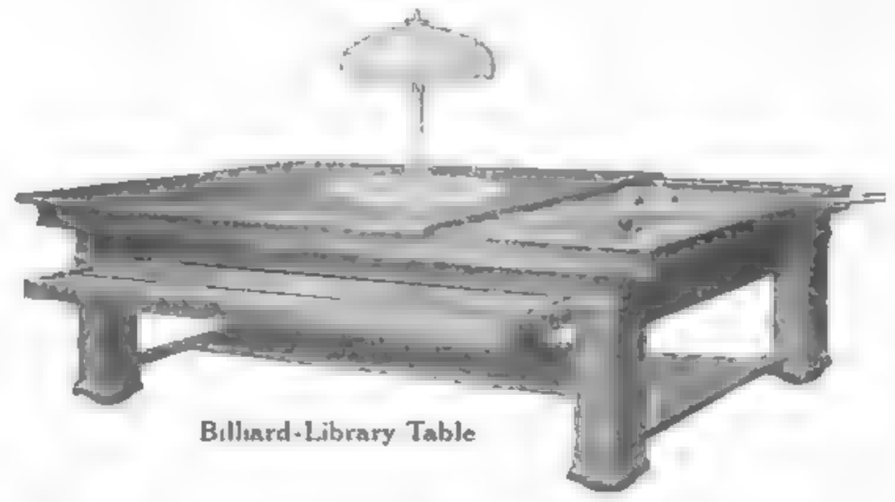
"Gay-cat! It's for her!"

The dog halted. All that time he had been going on. He sat up. Over a wet, hairy shoulder he sent back one look of utter misery. He dropped down. Alone and drooped to the long walk the dog swung on into the sunset.

Flat on his face on the grassy bank the Kid threw himself. He raged against fate. He cried hotly. He was to cry for love and longing of that dog later in his mother's arms. But just then, as he cried, in his voice was all the contempt of those that resist temptation for those that fall:

"The Gay-cat!"

For the first time he said the word as a blown-in-the-glass stiff should say that word.



Billiard-Library Table

Billiard-Library Table —20 Cents a Day

The trifling sum of 20 cents a day will pay for this beautiful Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard-Library Table, including complete Playing Outfit.

The table is made of finest Quarter-sawed Golden Oak, handsomely finished. Equal in playing qualities to the famous "Baby Grand."

Concealed Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer hold entire playing equipment.

Adapted for use in library, living room, or den; no extra room required.

"Baby Grand" Home Pocket-Billiard Table

Brunswick "Baby Grand"

Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" is a masterpiece in Mahogany. Fitted with a genuine Slate Bed, the celebrated Monarch Quick Acting Cushions and Accessory Drawer to hold entire playing equipment. Sizes 3x6, 3½x7, 4x8. Furnished as a Carom, Pocket-Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table. Attractive prices and easy terms.

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Your boy can easily pay for the table—it's a good way to teach him to save. We offer very easy terms.

Playing Outfit Free

The price of each table includes complete high-grade Playing Outfit—Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Chalk, Markers, Brush, Cover, Rules, Book on "How to Play," etc., etc.

Send the Coupon

or a postal card for richly illustrated book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," containing pictures, descriptions, Factory Prices and details of Easy-Purchase Plan. This book will help solve the gift problem.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. (245)

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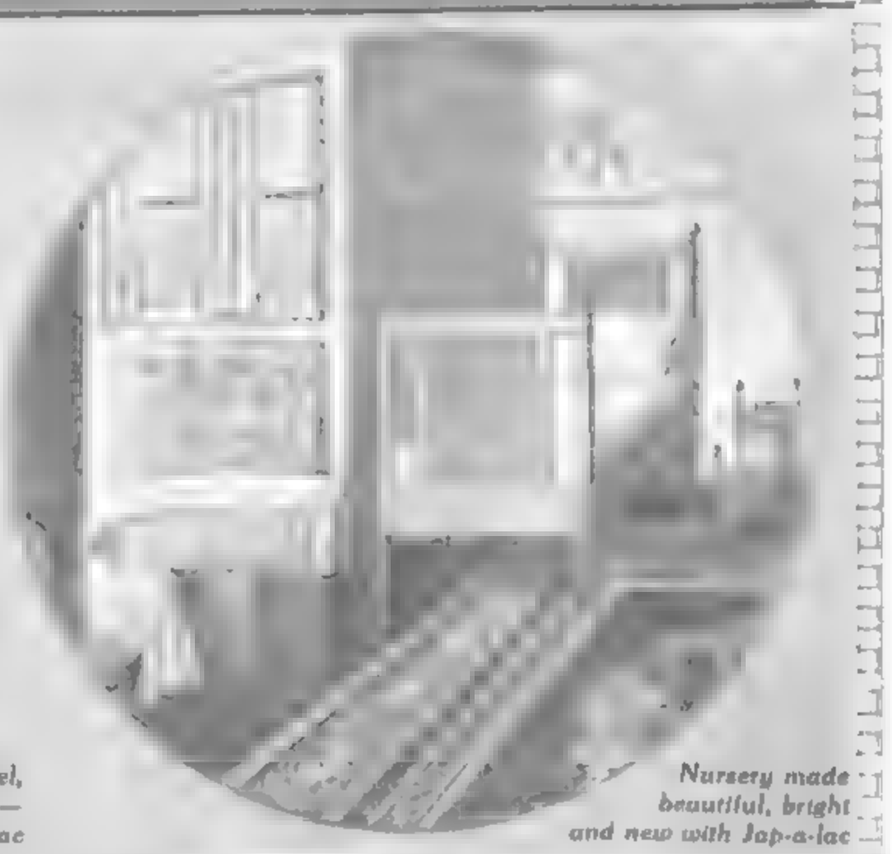
Please send me the free color-illustrated book—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

Name _____

Address _____

Furniture, mantel, woodwork, floor — all new with Jap-a-lac



Nursery made beautiful, bright and new with Jap-a-lac

Floor, stairs, rails, wainscoting —all new with Jap-a-lac

Porch and lawn furniture made new with Jap-a-lac

These views suggest but a few of the many ways in which Jap-a-lac helps you to make things beautiful and new

New homes for old

—that's what Jap-a-lac has meant for thousands. Every room in your home—floors—woodwork—furniture—everything is made new with Jap-a-lac.

It's as easy to get Jap-a-lac as it is to think it, if you remember these three things:

JAP-A-LAC —*the name*

Green Can —*the package* **Glidden** —*the maker*

It's just as natural for you to think "I *must* get my Jap-a-lac-ing done" as it is to think "I *must* get my mending done." The only difference is it's fun to Jap-a-lac.

The uses of Jap-a-lac in your home are limitless. Your white enamel dresser is turning yellow—Jap-a-lac it. Your chair does not harmonize with your living room—Jap-a-lac it. The hall floor is scarred and marred—Jap-a-lac it. The radiators are dull and unsightly—renew them with Jap-a-lac, Gold or Aluminum. These are merely suggestions. There is no end of uses.

Three groups—many colors

JAP-A-LAC ***transparent*** colored finishes—(in nine colors)—color, but allow the grain of the wood to show through. Also Floor and Interior Varnish (Natural).

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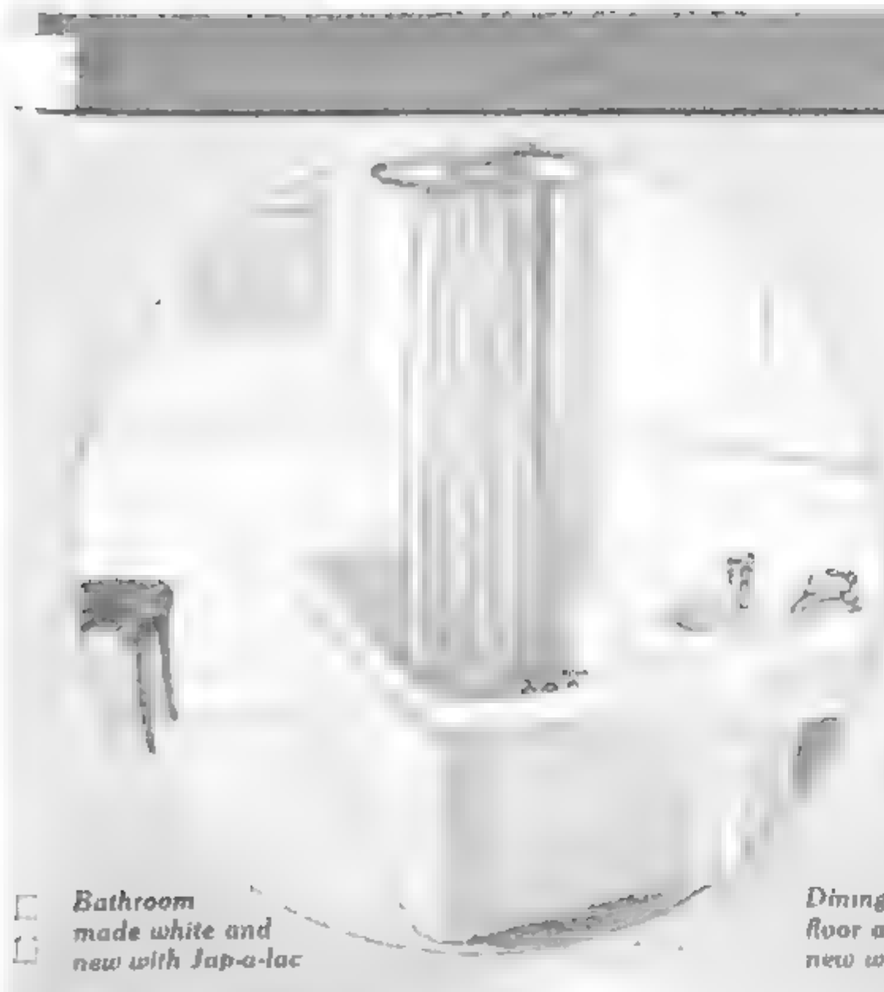
JAP-A-LAC ***Gold or Aluminum***—for producing a true gold leaf or aluminum effect.



Bathroom made white and new with Jap-a-lac

Dining room furniture, floor and woodwork—all new with Jap-a-lac

Radiators and picture frames made new with Jap-a-lac

Keep the kitchen new with Jap-a-lac

Three things to remember—

Jap-a-lac is a very real economy in making your old things new Real Jap-a-lac results are possible only with Jap a-lac.

So when you go to your dealer to buy, just to be certain, remember these three things:

Jap-a-lac—Green Can—Glidden
—the name —the package —the maker

You may forget one—or two, possibly—you can't forget all three.

Jap-a-lac has put the renewing of everything in your home on an *easy* basis—right in your own hands. That's why you naturally *think* of it first. But don't merely *think* Jap-a-lac—*do* things with Jap-a-lac.

You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores—where everything in stock is on a par with Jap-a-lac.

Canada

Canadian readers will be pleased to know The Glidden Varnish Co., Ltd., of Toronto, are supplying Glidden products to Canadian dealers throughout the Dominion. Most dealers are now in position to supply you with Jap-a-lac and other Glidden goods, but if you are unable to get just what you want, write direct to our Canadian factory.

Delivery

We do not sell Jap-a-lac except through dealers, but should you experience any difficulty in securing just the colors you want, send us your remittance (price per can 25c) and we will see that you are supplied promptly through the nearest dealer with any or all of the three kinds—transparent, solid enamel, or Gold or Aluminum—and in the colors you prefer. The excellent Jap-a-lac booklet gives full instructions, the color card shows all colors. They are yours, free, on request.

Jap-a-lac is sold the world over

Many dealers in foreign countries now carry Jap-a-lac and Glidden products in stock regularly—any dealer anywhere can get Glidden goods for you. Spanish, Portuguese or British literature sent on request; correspondence in any language.

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FACTORIES: CLEVELAND TORONTO

Look through your house mentally—as you look through this—and you'll find many places to use Jap-a-lac

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As conceived by C. D. Mitchell

It is no small thing to have discovered a blend of tobacco so made that the combination of leaves yields a smoke which is agreeable to the taste, satisfying in aroma and yet so mild that it is easy on nerves.

GIRARD Cigars

are being smoked by an ever-growing clientele. The first few cigars are very likely smoked by most men because they like the flavor, but very soon they discover also that they feel better than when smoking strong heavy cigars.

Girard cigars are made in 14 sizes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

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"When I told Jones I was going to paint my house, he said, 'Mine looks good enough for a year or two more.' He changed his mind after my house was painted and now he's an enthusiastic neighborhood improvement booster."

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It is scientifically made of the finest ingredients. You can rely upon it to withstand the weather, stay bright and attractive for years and give a good surface for repainting. It is the most economical in the end, though it may cost a few cents more per gallon.

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This book—"Homes Attractive"—is full of suggestions for beautifying homes inside and out, including yard and lawn. With it, we'll send portfolio of 10 houses in harmonious color combinations. Write for it to-day and if you don't know your nearest "High Standard" dealer, ask us his name.

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AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 15)

after all, and how closely are all peoples knit together in common bonds of love and affection. The hot dog, as found here, is just as we know him throughout the length and breadth of our own land—a dropsical *Wienerwurst* entombed in the depths of a rye-bread sandwich, with a dab of horse-radish above him to mark his grave—price, creation over, five cents the copy.

The woolly plush hat shows no change either, except that if anything it is slightly woollier in the Alps than among us. As transplanted, the dinky little bow at the back is an affectation purely—but in these parts it is logical and serves a practical and a utilitarian purpose, because the mountain byways twist and turn and double, and the local beverages are potent brews; and the weary mountaineer, homewardbound afoot at the close of a market day, may by the simple expedient of reaching up and fingering his bow tell instantly whether he is going or coming.

This is also a great country for churches. Every group of chalets that calls itself a village has at least one long-spired gray church in its midst, and frequently more than one. In one sweep of hillside view from our car window I counted seven church steeples. I do not think it was a particularly good day for churches either; I wished I might have passed through on a Sunday, when they would naturally be thicker.

Along this stretch of railroad the mountaineers come to the stations wearing the distinctive costume of their own craggy and slabsided hills—the curling pheasant feather in the hatbrim; the tight-fitting knee-breeches; the gaudy stockings; and the broad-suspendered belt with rows of huge brass buttons spangling it up and down and crosswise.

Such is your pleasure at finding these quaint habiliments still in use amid settings so picturesque that you buy freely of the fancy-dressed individual's wares—he always has something to sell.

And then as your train pulls out, if by main force and awkwardness you jam a window open, as I did, and cast your eyes rearward for a farewell peek, as I did, you will behold him, as I did, pulling off his parade clothes and climbing into the blue overalls and the jean jumpers of prosaic civilization, to wait until the next carload lot of foreign tourists rolls in. The European peasant is indeed a simple, guileless creature—if you are careless about how you talk.

In this district and on beyond, the sight of women doing the bulk of the hard and dirty farmwork becomes common. You see women plowing; women hoeing; women carrying incredibly huge bundles of fagots and fodder on their heads; women hauling heavy carts, sometimes with a straining, panting dog for a teammate, sometimes unaccompanied except by a stalwart father or husband, or brother or son, who walks alongside smoking a china-bowled pipe to see that the poor human draft-animal does not shirk or balk, or shy over the traces.

Where Nobody Works but Grandma

To one coming from a land where no decent man raises his hand against a woman—except, of course, in self-defense—this is indeed a startling sight to see; but worse is in store for him when he reaches Bohemia, on the other edge of the Austrian Empire. In Bohemia, if there is a particularly nasty and laborious job to be done—such as spading up muck in the rain or grubbing sugar-beets out of the half-frozen earth—they wish it on dear old grandmother.

She always seemed to me to be a grandmother—or old enough for one anyway. Perhaps, though, it is the life they lead, and not the years, that bends the backs of these women and thickens their waists and mats their hair and turns their feet into clods and their hands into swollen, red monstrosities.

Surely the Walrus, in Alice in Wonderland, had Germany in mind when he said the time had come to sing of cabbages and kings—because Germany certainly does lead the known world in those two commodities. Everywhere in Germany you see them—the cabbages by the millions and the billions, growing rank and purple in the fields and giving promise of the time when they will change from vegetable to vine and become the fragrant and luscious trailing sauerkraut; but the kings, in stone or bronze, stand up in the marketplace or the public square, or on the bridge abutment, or just back of the brewery, in every German city and town along the route.

By these surface indications alone the most inexperienced traveler would know he had reached Germany, even without the halt at the custom house on the border; or the crossing watchman in trim uniform jumping to attention at every roadcrossing; or the beautifully upholstered, handswept state forests; or the hedges of willow trees along the brooks, sticking up their stubby, twiggy heads like so many disreputable hearth-brooms; or the young grain stretching in straight rows crosswise of the weedless fields and looking, at a distance, like fair green-printed lines evenly spaced on a wide brown page.

Also, one observes everywhere surviving traces that are unmistakable of the reign of that most ingenious and wideawake of all the earlier rulers of Germany, King Verboten the Great.

In connection with the life and works of this distinguished ruler is told an interesting legend well worthy of being repeated here. It would seem that King Verboten was the first crowned head of Europe to learn the value of keeping his name constantly before the reading public.

The Legend of King Verboten

Rameses the Third, of Egypt—that enterprising old constant advertiser who swiped the pyramids of all his predecessors and had his own name engraved thereon—had been dead for many centuries and was forgotten when Verboten mounted the throne, and our own Teddy Roosevelt would not be born for many centuries yet to come; so the idea must have occurred to King Verboten spontaneously, as it were. Therefore he took counsel with himself, saying:

"I shall not erect statues to myself. Dynasties change and wars rage, and folks grow fickle and tear down statues. None of that for your Uncle Dudley K. Verboten! No; this is what I shall do: On every available site in the length and breadth of this my realm I shall stick up my name; and, wherever possible, near to it I shall engrave or paint the names of my two favorite sons, Ausgang and Eingang—to the end that, come what may, we shall never be forgotten in the land of our birth."

And then he went and did it; and it was a thorough job—so thorough a job that, to this good year of our Lord 1914, you still see the name of that wise king everywhere displayed in Germany—on railroad stations and in railroad trains; on castle walls and dead walls and brewery walls, and the back fence of the Young Ladies' High School.

And nearly always, too, you will find hard by, over doors and passageways, the names of his two sons, each accompanied or underscored by the heraldic emblem of their house—a barbed and feathered arrow pointing horizontally.

And so it was that King Verboten lived happily ever after and in the fullness of time died peacefully in his bed, surrounded by his wives, his children and his courtiers; and all of them sorrowed greatly and wept, but the royal signpainter sorrowed most of all.

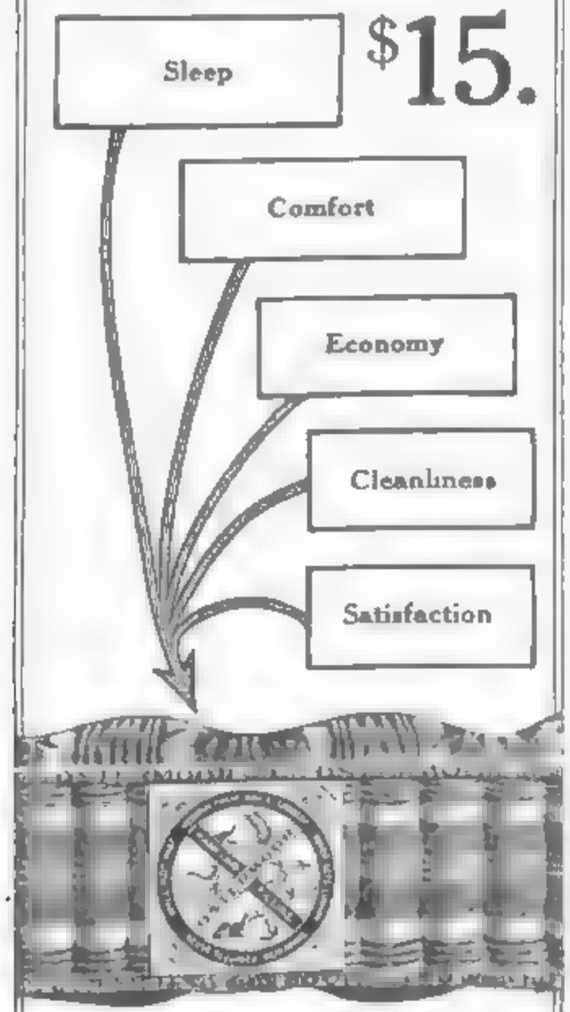
I know that certain persons will contest the authenticity of this passage of history; they will claim Verboten means in our tongue Forbidden, and that Ausgang means Outgoing, and Eingang means Incoming—or, in other words, Exit and Entrance; but surely this could not be so.

If so many things were forbidden, a man in Germany would be privileged only to die—and probably not that, unless he died according to a given formula; and certainly no human being, with the possible exception of the comedian who used to work the revolving-door trick in Hanlon's Fantasma, could go out of and come into a place so often without getting dizzy in the head. No—the legend stands as stated.

Even as it is, there are rules enough in Germany—rules to regulate all things and all persons. At first, to the stranger, this seems an irksome arrangement—this posting of rules and orders and directions and warnings everywhere—but he finds that every one, be he high or low, must obey

Ostermoor

Trade Mark Guarantees for $15.



But the trade mark does *you* no good if you don't insist on seeing it before you buy a mattress—and if you don't believe in the Ostermoor sufficiently to refuse *any* one of the hundreds of imitations which are offered in its place—at a lower price—*of course*. Their cheapness *(not* their *economy)* is their only excuse.

Send for Free Book

of 144 pages, with samples of ticking.

A handsome, full-size Ostermoor mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 3 in. long, elegantly finished, will be sent to you, express prepaid, same day we get your check or money order. Your money will be returned without question if you are dissatisfied at the end of 30 days. Mattresses packed in leatherette paper and burlap, fully protected.

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101 Elizabeth St., New York

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

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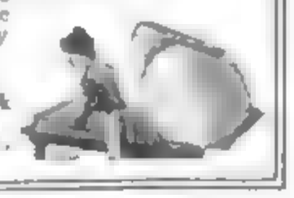
[illegible]	18 00
[illegible]	23 00
[illegible]	30 00
[illegible]	40 00



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or go to jail—there are no exceptions and no evasions; so that what is a duty on all is a burden on none.

Take the trains, for example. Pretty much all over the Continent the railroads are state-owned and state-run, but only in Germany are they properly run. True, there are so many uniformed officials aboard a German train that frequently there is barely room for the paying travelers to squeeze in; but the cars are clean and the schedule is accurately maintained, and the attendants are honest and polite and cleanly of person—wherein lies another point of dissimilarity between them and those scurvy, musty, fusty brigands who are found managing and operating trains in certain nearby countries.

I remember a cup of coffee I had while going from Paris to Berlin. It was made expressly for me by an invalided commander-in-chief of the artillery corps of the imperial army—so I judged by his costume, air and general deportment—who was in charge of our carriage and also of the small kitchen at the far end of it.

He came into our compartment and bowed and clicked his heels together and saluted, and wanted to know whether I would take coffee. Recklessly I said I would. He filled in several blanks of a printed form, and went and cooked the coffee and brought it back, pausing at intervals as he came along to fill in other blanks. Would I take cream in my coffee? I would; so he filled in a couple of blanks. Would I take sugar? I said I would take two lumps. He put in two lumps and filled in another blank.

I really prefer my coffee with three lumps in it; but I noticed that his printed form was now completely filled in, and I hated to call for a third lump and put him to the trouble of starting his literary labors all over again. Besides, by that time the coffee would be cold. So I took it as it was—with two lumps only—and it was pretty fair coffee for European coffee.

It tasted slightly of the red tape and the chicory, but it was cleanly prepared and promptly served.

Hessian Hands Across the Sea

So, over historic streams no larger than creeks would be in America, and by castles and cabbages and kings and cows you come to Berlin; and after some of those other Continental cities Berlin seems a mighty restful spot to be in and a good one to tarry in a while.

It has few historical associations—has Berlin; but you are loaded to the gills with historical associations by now.

Most of the statuary in Berlin is new and shiny and provided with all the modern conveniences—the present Kaiser attended competently to that detail. Wherever in his capital there was space for a statue he has stuck up one in memory of a member of his own dynasty, beginning with a statue apiece for such earlier rulers as Otho the Oboe-Player, and Joachim, surnamed the Half-a-Ton—let some one correct me if I have the names wrong—and finishing up with forty or fifty for himself—that is, there were forty or fifty of him when I was there. There are probably more now.

In its essentials Berlin suggests a progressive American city, with Teutonic trimmings. Imagine a bit of New York, a good deal of Chicago, a scrap of Denver, a slice of Hoboken, and a whole lot of Milwaukee; imagine this combination as being scoured every day until it shines; imagine it as being beautifully though somewhat profusely governed, and laid out with magnificent drives, and dotted with big, handsome public buildings, and full of reasonably honest and more than reasonably kindly people—and you have Berlin.

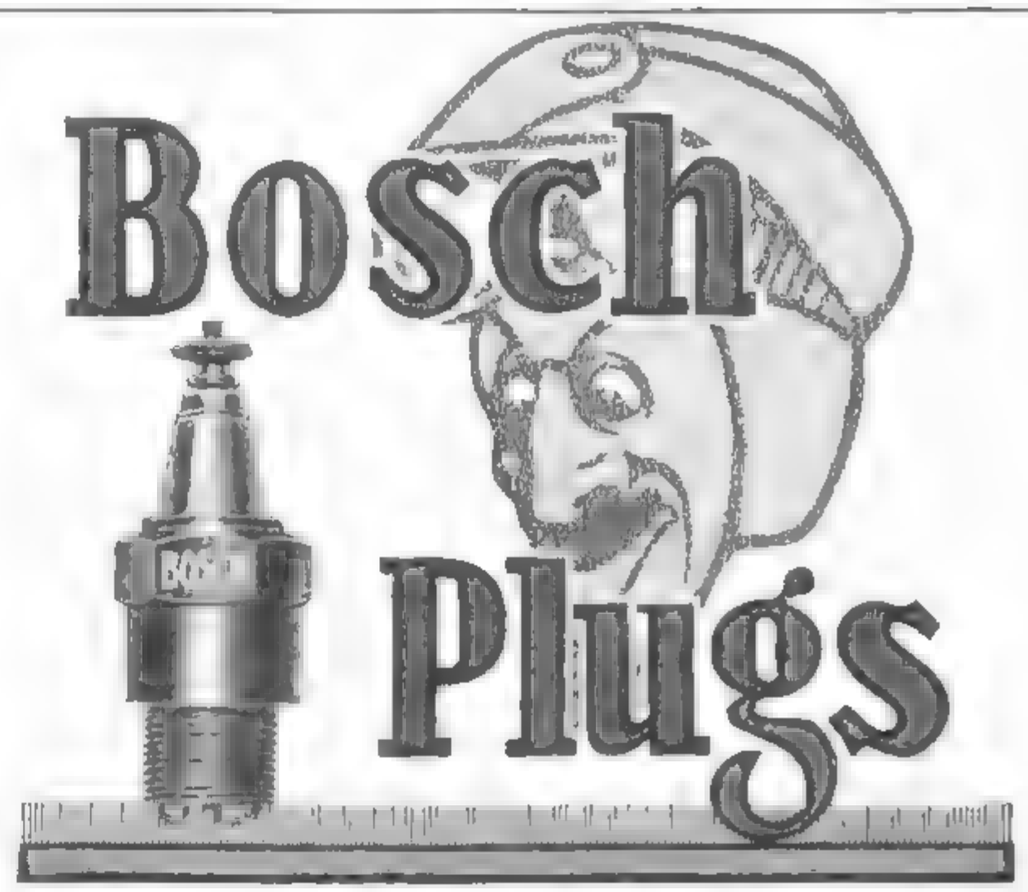
It was in Berlin, too, that I picked up the most unique art treasure I found anywhere on my travels—a picture of the composer Verdi that looked exactly like Uncle Joe Cannon, without the cigar; whereas Uncle Joe Cannon does not look a thing in the world like Verdi, and probably wouldn't if he could.

I have always regretted that our route through the German Empire took us across the land of the Hessians after dark, for I wanted to see those people. You will recollect that when George the Third, of England, first put into actual use the great Anglo-American policy of Hands Across the Sea he used the Hessians.

They were hired hands.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Bosch Plugs



BOSCH Spark Plugs eliminate short circuits, breakage by accidental blow or heat, and compression leakage, which are common faults often found in other spark plugs but never in Bosch Plugs.

Bosch Plugs are designed to uphold the reputation of the name they bear—they must be good.

Even the perfect Bosch Magneto cannot overcome the loss in efficiency resulting from the use of improperly designed and poorly constructed plugs. Don't use them—use Bosch Plugs.

Insist on Bosch Plugs and you can equal the spark plug efficiency of such high grade cars as the Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Hudson, Mercer, Garford, Speedwell, Jeffery, Velie, Fiat, Marion, Case, Stutz, Moline-Knight, Lozier, etc.—which regularly are Bosch-Plug-Equipt.

Write for "Locating the Spark Plug." Sent free on request.

Be Satisfied **Specify Bosch**

$1.00 Each from your dealer, Bosch Service Stations or direct

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BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATORS

PRESERVING the appetizing flavor and healthfulness of food depends, not only upon temperature, but upon proper air circulation. Both these features are provided in the fullest measure in the

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators

A temperature 10 degrees colder than obtained in other refrigerators is maintained through use of Flaxlinum, the most efficient insulation, and the Bohn Syphon System of air circulation. Flavor and healthfulness of foods cannot be affected in Bohn Refrigerators, where such perfect circulation of cold dry air is maintained. And the ice saving is remarkable. The walls and shelves are lined with genuine porcelain enamel (not white paint), providing easy cleaning and long wear.

The Bohn Syphon System is adopted by the Pullman Company and all American Railroads.

Write for "Cold Storage in the Home," a book of vital interest to every family.

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There's Style, Grace and Beauty

in the new "Schloss-Baltimore" **Young Men's Clothes** for Spring. These models are uncommonly attractive; especially designed for particular men by a famous Fifth Avenue Custom-Tailor,—a genius of rarest skill.

You'll find the new *Schloss-Baltimore* models incomparable with any ordinary Ready Clothes, and of a class and character which only the very high-priced made-to-measure tailors could equal. ***Ask your dealer to show you the new designs for Spring.***

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Bloomtime Fashions

Ralston

1914

APRICOT—new style, new leather—representing Fashion's latest tendency toward nicety and novelty in foot apparel.

Men who lay any pretensions to correctness in dress will acquire a pair of these "advance-style" *Ralstons* from one of the 3000 Ralston shops.

Style 637, as illustrated, is our new calf Bal, in our exclusive "Apricot" shade. Is made on Ferncroft last, stitched tip, blind eyelets. Also made in Mahogany or Black. Price $4.50.

Authority Styles—Foot Moulded
$4.00 to $6.00, a few at $7.00

On sale in over 3000 first-class shops
To Dealers: This shoe is carried in stock

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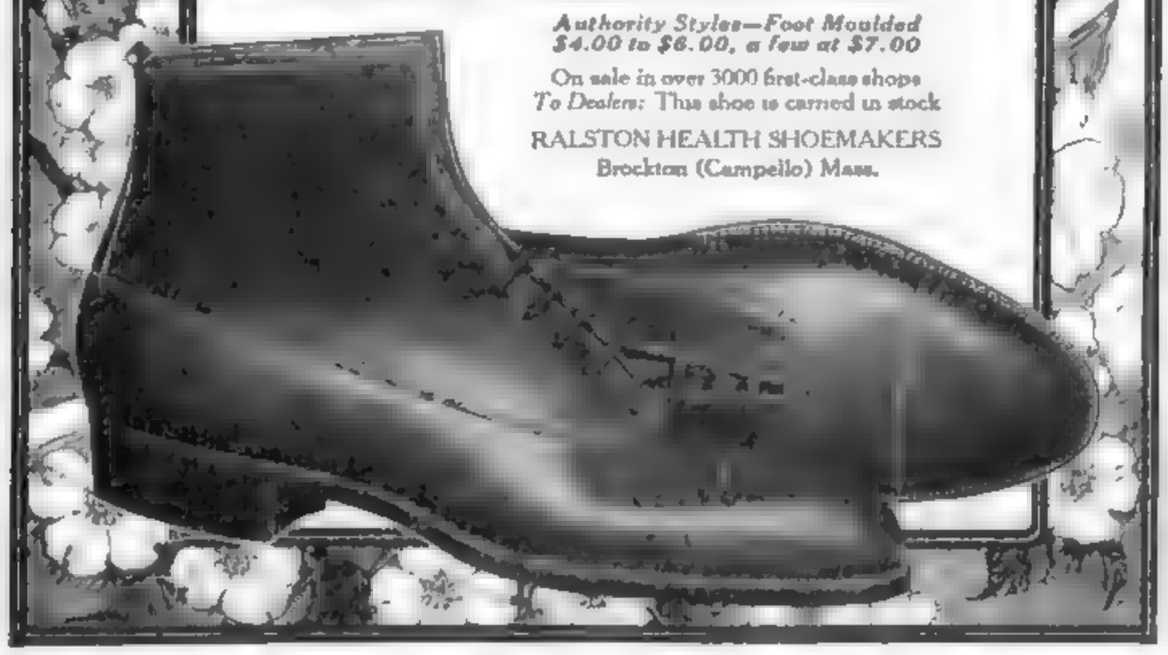


KEEPING JOHN BARLEYCORN OFF THE TRAIN

(Continued from Page 17)

"Nineteen years ago, back in Tennessee, I married a girl whose folks didn't like me any more than my folks liked her. Both sides made all the trouble for us they could. Finally the girl's people convinced her that I was a bad one. I was so disgusted I skipped out and went to New Zealand. I heard two or three years later that a boy had been born after I left. It took me fifteen years to realize what I should have done under such circumstances.

"Lately I've got to thinking what a fool I was, and I can't stand it—that's about all there is to it. You wouldn't like to tell the con of that train over there to carry me to the next town, would you?"

"Suppose I made them take you back in the roundhouse for three months, would you give me your word not to take a drink during that period?" asked the Old Man.

"No—because I might not be able to keep my word."

"I'm willing to take a chance on your word."

Two weeks before the three months expired Tip Bunter appeared at the superintendent's office.

"Lift my promise off my neck and fire me!" he said. "I haven't slept for three nights."

The Old Man grasped Tip Bunter by the shoulder, threw him into a chair, and went about coaxing a soul back into what had become beef. It was a changed Tip Bunter who slipped away to the roundhouse—after he had given his word to go another quarter year dry.

When the third three months, served under a third promise, were ending, the Old Man sent for the mechanic.

"I've arranged a thirty-day layoff for you, Tip," he said. "Here's the wages you asked me to look after and here's a round-trip pass to Memphis."

"What does all this mean?" asked the astonished Tip.

"I thought maybe, now that you have a good job and money and a pass, you would be wanting to go back and look up that boy in Tennessee."

Tip's News From Memphis

Tip Bunter said nothing; he just grabbed the Old Man's hand as though it were the throttle of a train about to be run into from behind. Four weeks later Tip came back to the office. He had undergone a facial transformation.

"Did you find the boy?" the superintendent asked when he had made sure of his caller's identity.

"Aw, say," Tip Bunter answered, "you ought to see that lad! Tall as I am—and they say he looks like me. His mother died years ago; but he's had a good raising. Why, he's the brightest boy in the old town! Last month he graduated from the high school. He was to go to work in a foundry, but the school principal got him to take the entrance examination for the university anyway—the professor told me he just wanted to show off his prize pupil. The boy made ninety-seven per cent.

"When I found him he was already an apprentice molder; but I got the foundry people to let him off. I took him to the university myself, got him started and left him about all the money I had. I must get over to the roundhouse now. You see, I'm going to make a great railroad builder out of my son; and I've got to keep the money orders going back there regularly every month for the next four years. Do you want my promise for that length of time?"

"No," smiled the Old Man. "Your promise for the rest of your life happens to be written in indelible letters across your face."

Eight years ago a young man from San Francisco presented a letter at the New York office of Edward H. Harriman.

"This note from the vice-president says you bring something he wishes me to consider. What is it?" said the head of the great railroad system as he tapped impatiently with his pen.

"A scheme for saving ninety per cent of the breakage on Rule G," confidently answered the caller.

The magnate gazed at his visitor. His face undoubtedly was the face of a dreamer, but sanity looked out of his eyes and purpose fastened the corners of his mouth. Mr. Harriman let his pen fall to the blotter.

"Do you mean you have discovered why railroad men drink?" he asked.

"Yes. They drink for the same reason that workmen in countless other trades drink."

"And that reason is what?"

"So they can forget for a little while our artificial social distinctions," the young man replied.

"You don't think they drink for the love of the drink, then?" asked the railroad president.

"Men have to learn to love the kick in liquor. They drink primarily because they have found that alcohol wipes out the sense of inequality. With three jolts under his belt one of your section men feels himself equal to the head of the road—equal to you."

"How do you know so much about our section men?"

Explaining to Mr. Harriman

"I have worked for you as a section man, as a section foreman and in other capacities. Also, I have gone up and down the right-of-way as a tramp. The railroader is the most interesting worker in the world. I have spent several years studying him in order to help him."

"And what has your study taught you about the railroader?"

"That he is subject to the same four instincts that govern all men—the fear instinct, the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct. He is going to give these four instincts expression. The saloon flourishes because the saloon caters to the last three."

The head of the system showed his interest in the ideas of this unusual young man.

"By what process does the saloon get hold of the railroad employee in order to cater to the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct?" he inquired.

"By an offer of equality that cannot be felt outside the swinging doors. The ordinary saloon is the home of the only true democracy. Any one who enters puts himself on a parity with every other man who is there or who may come in. A total stranger denies your right to refuse to drink with him. You must play the game or get out.

"The workman doesn't want to get out, because he finds the saloon catering to instincts within him that he could not analyze if he tried. He has the blessed feeling of being mentally comfortable. Equality breeds real congeniality. The social instinct finds agreeable expression. Every drink adds to the sense of equality and sociability. The machinery for gratifying the play instinct is at hand. The pictures in saloons are not landscapes; they cater to the mating instinct."

A Highly Developed Institution

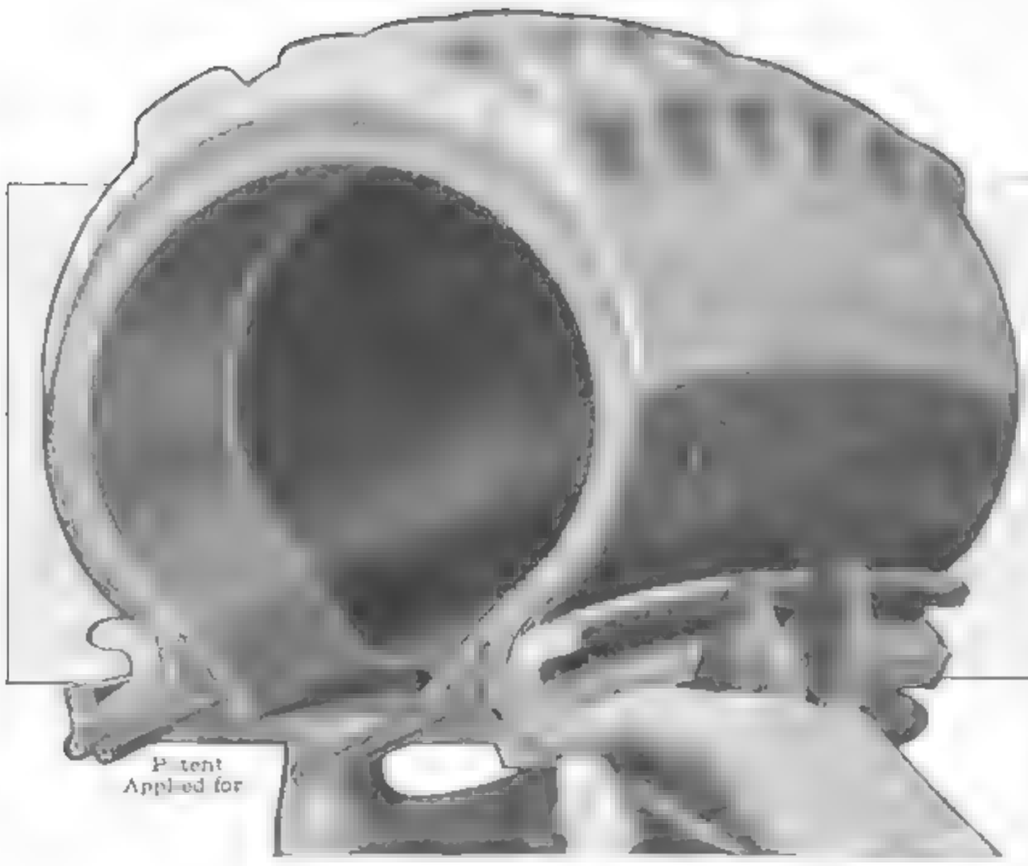
"There is no doubt the saloon employs an admirable though unhappily directed intelligence in carrying on its business," the railroad president agreed.

"The saloon is the most perfectly developed of our institutions," the young man pursued. "It is the finished product of experience. It does nothing haphazard. The salt pickles and dried herrings on the lunch counter, the glint and shape of the glassware, the nature and location of the conveniences, the lights, pictures, music—all are dictated by a system in which the crude and the uncertain have no part."

"Sit down," said Mr. Harriman, "and tell me how we can knock the saloon off the track and rescue Rule G."

The dreamer rested his elbows on the great man's desk and unfolded his plan. What are known as the Harriman railroad clubs, of which fifteen are in operation on the Pacific System, grew out of that conference. The young man, often fighting for enlargement in funds and in specifications, put his idea into vigorous practice; and after several years, when his institution had outgrown reliance on its founder, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction and went into the practice of law.

(Continued on Page 65)



FEDERAL TIRES

Double - Cable - Base

Rim-cutting, side-wall blowouts due to broken fabric just above the rim, and *tube pinching* are *eliminated* from the experience of motorists who use the new Double-Cable-Base Tires. These troubles *cannot occur* with Double-Cable-Base Tires.

The motorist who uses Double-Cable-Base Tires need never fear the danger of a tire slipping off its rim. For a Double-Cable-Base Tire *cannot* slip off its rim.

Federal Tires are *the only tires* made with Double-Cable-Base construction.

Here in this seemingly simple improvement is the greatest *step ahead* in the whole history of pneumatic tires.

What Causes the Four Common Tire Troubles

The common tire troubles do not come from the *rubber*, nor from the fabric, though these have been considered commonly the sole factors for service, or lack of it.

What does cause rim-cut and broken fabric just above the rim?

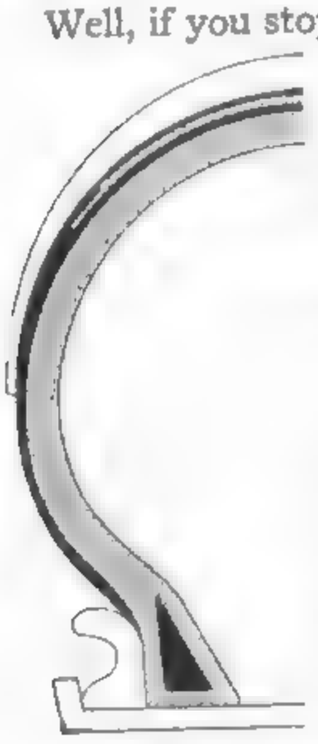
The bead-filler!

What's the bead-filler? Never heard of that?

Well, if you stop to think about it, you will know that an air-filled tire must of course have some kind of a base to *hold it to the rim*.

Now, for years tires have been made with a base composed of a very hard bead-filler of fabric and rubber or many small wires or a combination of both.

That hard bead-filler, running up to a *sharp point*, extends up into the side-wall of the tire, sometimes ¾ of an inch. It is not only sharp, but *rigid—inflexible*.



Cross Section of Ordinary Hand Bead-Filler Tires

The illustration shows the ordinary construction, with hard, sharp-pointed bead-filler. You will note how the CUTTING EDGE extends up into the side-wall far above the flexing line.

How Federal Tires Are Different

Federal Double-Cable-Base construction makes it possible to do away with the hard bead-filler. For the base of the tire is *anchored* to the rim by heavy endless steel cables of great strength. With such anchorage as this, instead of thread-like wires, we use a *flexible* bead-filler. We make it of soft rubber and cotton, mixed. It does not extend above the level of the rim, and *if it did* it could not cut or grind the tire-wall.

Thus, Federal double steel cables, replacing the light wires of ordinary tires, have *wiped out* rim-cutting and fabric breaks just above the rim.

These same double cables anchor the base so closely to the rim that the inner tube cannot slip under it; so *tenaciously* that the tire can't blow off.

The Possible Saving of Millions

Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires defeat the four common forms of tire trouble that cost American automobile owners *millions of dollars a year*.

Nearly 100,000 motorists are now using Federal Tires. They are reducing their tire expense.

Tire dealers say the Federal is sweeping the market for 1914.

Equip your car this Spring with Double-Cable-Base Tires. You will use them *ultimately*. Why wait? Start now. They are strongest at every point. Straight wall and quick detachable clincher styles. All sizes for standard rims. Rugged and smooth treads.

Write for pamphlet illustrating and describing in detail this new principle of tire construction.

Cross Section Federal Double-Cable-Base Tires

Compare this detail drawing with the one opposite. See those two heavy cables that anchor the heel and the toe of the base to the rim. Note that the flexible bead-filler is ALL BELOW the flexing line.

FEDERAL RUBBER MANUFACTURING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Branches, Service Stations and Distributors in all Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.

FEDERAL THE STERLING MARK ON RUBBER

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Maxwells, Metz, and Forty-eight Other Motor Cars are Equipped at Their Factories With Champion Spark Plugs.

OVERLAND
$1.00

STONE
$1.25

MOTORCYCLE
$1.00

CONICAL
$1.00

The factory experts who selected **"Champions"** for these cars, did so after prolonged and careful tests, based upon one factor only: that of highest efficiency.

You will get the best results if you follow their wise judgment. Insist upon **Champion Spark Plugs** for all necessary replacements.

There is a **"Champion"** for every type of Motor Car, Motor Truck, Motorcycle, Motor Boat, Aëroplane or Stationary Motor.

The following list shows the **Champion Spark Plugs** best adapted for well known pleasure cars. Ask for them.

Abbott Detroit	Conical	½	18	Hudson	Conical	½	18	Long Distance	Regular	½	18
Alco	Conical	½	18	Jeffery	Regular	½	18	[illegible]	X	½	18
Apperson	Regular	½	18	[illegible]	[illegible]	½	18	Oldsmobile	Stone	⅝	Long
Auto	Conical	½	18	[illegible]	[illegible]	½	18	Overland	Champion O		
Autocar	Stone	½	18	[illegible]	Regular	½	18	Packard	Stone		Metric
Auto-Car	Conical	½	18	[illegible]	Regular	½	18	Paige	Regular	½	18
Ardsley	X			Jackson	Regular	½	18	Paige-Detroit Super	Conical	½	18 Long
Auburn	Regular	½	18	Kissel	X			Patterson	Regular	½	18
Austin	Conical	½	18	Kissel	Regular	½	18	Pathfinder	Regular	½	18
Buick	Conical	½	18 Long	Knox	Conical	½	18	Peerless	Stone		Metric
Cadillac	Stone	½	18	Krit	Regular	½	18	Penn-Arrow	Conical	½	18
Carter	Conical	½	18	Kline	Conical	½	18	Pilot	Stone		Metric
Cadillac	Conical	½	18	Kline	Stone	½	18	Pilot	Regular	½	18
Case	Regular	½	18	Kline	X			Pope-Hartford	Conical	½	18
Charlotte	Regular	Metric		Lenox	Regular	½	18	Pope-Hartford	Conical	½	18
Chalmers	Conical	½	18	Lexington	Regular	½	18	Premier	Conical	½	18
Chandler	Regular	½		Lion	Regular			Pullman	Conical	½	18
Chevrolet	[illegible]	½	18	Lorraine	X	½	18	Reo	Regular	½	18
Cino	Conical	½	18	[illegible]	Stone	½	18	Regal	Regular	½	18 & ⅜
Cole	Conical	½	18	Lozier	Conical	½	18	Regal	X	⅜	
Crawford	Regular	½	18	[illegible]	Conical	½	18	Roy	Reg Bar	½	
Crow-Elkhart	Regular	½	18	[illegible]	Conical	½	18	[illegible]	Conical	½	18
Cunningham	Conical	½	18	Mitchell	Regular	½	18	Scripps	Conical	½	18
Cutting	Regular	½		Mitchell	Regular	½		Selden	Conical	½	18
Davis	Conical	½	18	Mercer	Regular	½		Simplex	Stone		Metric
Detroiter	Regular	½		Metz	Regular	½	18	Speedwell	Conical	½	18
Dorris	Regular	½	18	Marion	Stone	½	18	Stanley	Regular	½	18
Edwards-Knight	Conical	½	18	Marion	X	½		Studebaker Light Six and Four		½	18
Empire	X	½		Marmon	Regular	½	Long	Stevens-Duryea	Stone	½	18
Enger	Conical	½	18	Maxwell	Regular	½	18	Studebaker-Detroit	Regular	½	18
Ford	Stone	½	18	Mercer	Regular	½	18	Studebaker	Regular	½ & ⅝	18
Firestone-Columbus	Regular	½	18	Metz	[illegible]	½	Long	[illegible]	Stone	½	18
Ford	X	½		McFarlan	Regular	½	18 Long	Tarkington	Regular	½	
Franklin	Stone	½	18	Marmon	Regular	½	18	Velie	Regular	½	18
Garford	Conical	½	18	Mitchell	Regular	½		Wood	X	½	
Gaylord	Regular	½	Long	Moore	Regular	½		Warren	Regular	½	18
Glide	Regular	½	18	Mora	Regular	½	18	Westcott	Conical	½	18
Grant	Regular	½	18	Morse	Regular	Metric		White	Regular	½	Metric
Great Southern	Regular	½	18	Moto	Regular	½	18	Winton	Regular	½	Long
Great Western	X	½		Motor	Conical	½	18	Zimmerman	Conical	½	
Havers	Regular	⅝	18	Norwalk	Regular	½		All Foreign Cars, Regular Metric			
Haynes	Conical	½	18	Nyberg	X	½					

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F. D. STRANAHAN, Treasurer — R. A. STRANAHAN, President

110 Avondale Ave. — Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 62

The first clubhouse was established at a railroad division town in the California mountains. The town had a rough-and-ready reputation. It had twenty-six saloons, all within sight of the depot and the shops and the roundhouse. An attractive building was constructed on a site a little closer to the railroad yard than the nearest saloon. The rooms were comfortably furnished for lounging and recreation purposes. There was plenty of light and warmth. There was a library of interestingly chosen books and a reading table containing many papers and magazines; there were games and pastimes; there was a writing room with stationery; a tobacco shop; and a little room where a barber waited with razor and shears.

A secretary was in charge. His function was to supply any reasonable want that was brought to him. There were no admission cards, no dues, no rules, no special privileges. Every man who had been in the employ of the company for ten years or ten minutes was invited to use the club as he would his own home, without any expense whatever—except for a shave or a smoke.

The experiment was on. Could the hundreds of railroaders be enticed into their club? Would it supply some of the human necessities that the twenty-six saloons were accustomed to supply? Predictions were made that the men would be afraid of the new concern because it was free. At first the men came timidly—then boldly; then they took possession, as a matter of course, and began to give the place an atmosphere.

From the first they hung up their titles with their hats, and were equal. They began to draw up their chairs round the great fireplace of an evening and in congenial and smoky council to discuss the day's work, swap tales of experiences, regulate all traffic problems and criticize the officials of the road. In six months the clubhouse was railroad headquarters.

"There isn't a darned rule on the walls," an engineer told his wife. "You can do anything you want to—though the men have agreed among themselves not to play cards for anything but cigars. You never saw so much light as fills the rooms! It makes a fellow want to sing. Why, the place is just like a saloon with the booze cut out."

Ladies' Night at the Club

"Why can't you arrange to have ladies' nights occasionally?" asked the wife. "Parties and dancing would be mighty nice for the firemen and brakemen and shop boys who are not married. Ask the secretary about it."

What the secretary replied was that the men were boss—that the club belonged to the men. The ladies' nights began. They have never ceased. When a party is on at the club you need not look anywhere else for the railroader who is off duty. Half the matches in the town have their inception beneath the clubhouse roof. The mating instinct is served.

Soon after this first clubhouse opened, the vice-president of the road arrived in his private car to inspect it. Standing on the porch that evening, he pointed across to the sparkling necklace of twenty-six saloons and said to the division superintendent: "I hope you understand that we have given you this weapon so you may fight those places to a finish for possession of our men." At the end of a year there were twelve saloons in the town. Today there are seven.

By the time the second and third railroad clubs were in operation in substantial buildings erected for them in division towns the railroad company had conferred on its young man with the idea the title of social engineer. He was given an office on the same floor with the superintendent of transportation and the general passenger agent. He was no longer a theory occupying a pigeonhole. He was very busily social engineering. He hired a chemist and requisitioned a chef from the dining-car service and a doctor from the chief surgeon.

He was moving scientifically toward other big discoveries. He knew the mental reason for drinking; now he was after the physical reasons. When the little laboratory had ceased to fume and smell, when experiment and conference had achieved their ends, the social engineer stood before the vice-president and said:

"In the name of Rule G, I must demand two new departments for the clubhouses—the men must be able to do their eating and bathing there."

"Your dining room would have to keep strange hours," the vice-president smiled. "Railroaders do their eating when the train gets in."

"Exactly," said the social engineer. "It is the trainman who gets in late, maybe long past the meal hour, and who is hungry and cold, that we must head off before he goes uptown. I want a restaurant that will be on the job twenty-four hours a day for seven days a week. I want two stoves in the kitchen so there will never be a time when the coffee isn't hot or when a famished brakeman can't get a rib steak done to his order in five minutes; but it is not merely on account of the late brakeman that I want the restaurants. We have just discovered that the chophouses where railroaders now have to eat are the finest imaginable drummers for the saloon, though they don't know it themselves."

"I do not follow you," said the vice-president.

The Water Cure

"We have discovered," explained the social engineer, "that the food in the appetite-killers along the right-of-way is prepared and served without the slightest regard for the reasonable demands of the human digestive process. The meats are carelessly selected and abominably cooked. The coffee is warmed over. But the chief crime lies in the vegetables. Usually they have been cooked several hours before they are served; and our experiments show that the longer a vegetable is off the fire the more indigestible it becomes.

"The railroader slides down from his stool after a hearty meal and in ten minutes he is in distress. The lump inside is talking. He knows only one prescription for indigestion, which he can get filled in any neighborhood. Most men have a hard time remembering Rule G when there is work ahead and they are doubled up with pain. We must do as much of the feeding as we can and must do it scientifically. We will serve everything at cost; and the lower price, as well as the better food, will make the man out on the road willing to go hungry until he gets in."

"I suppose we can find the money somewhere," said the vice-president thoughtfully. "Why the bathtubs?"

"To expand the skin. The logy condition that tells a man he is badly in need of stimulation is frequently due, we have discovered, to the fact that his pores are not properly exuding. His skin must rid itself of the unwholesome secretions. A proper bath will do it. I want to offer, for the sum of ten cents, a fine porcelain tub with shower, a forty-two inch Turkish towel and the services of a white-uniformed attendant who will conduct the man to his bathroom, draw the bath and look after the laundering of the man's linen if he wishes.

"I want to make bathing a revelation. A man must be able to bathe whenever he gets in or whenever he wants to. Like everything else in the club, the bath department must be in operation twenty-four hours a day."

"I understand," said the vice-president. "This is just another of your physical means for accomplishing a moral end."

"My double aim is to achieve pep and purity at the same time. Why, a man just out of a good bath can't even tell a smutty story! I wish to make the trainman so fit physically that he will not require an artificial stimulant of any sort, and so wholesome mentally that the sight of a saloon sign will make him mad."

New clubhouses came into existence with architectural provision for a model kitchen and dining room—table or counter style, take your choice—and a bathing department. Every man found a ventilated locker ready for the safekeeping of his linen and his Sunday suit. The installing of eating and bathing facilities made easy an addition the social engineer had had in his plan from the beginning—the building of sleeping rooms.

When prepared to feed his man the social engineer wished to be able to send him to rest close at hand, between fresh sheets on the finest hair mattress money could buy. It would be impossible, the social engineer theorized, for the man to wake up feeling himself any other man's inferior. He would bank on the man's eating a cheerful breakfast and going down to the yards with his face puckered in a whistling effort to express the harmony of his being. The theory is a mere theory no longer.

The addition of sleeping rooms completed the magic circle the social engineer was

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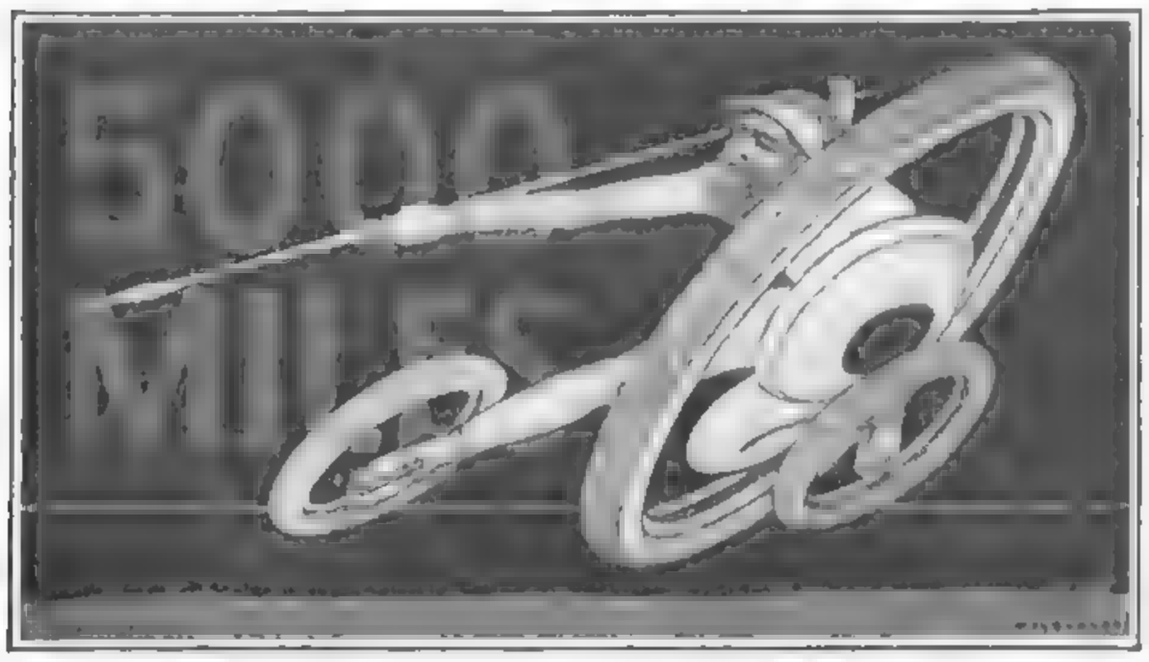

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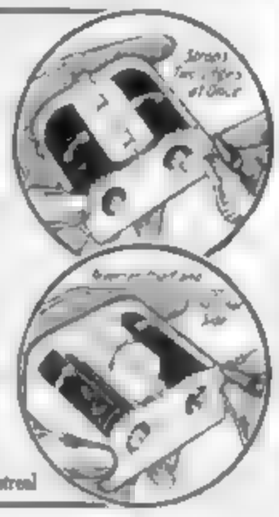

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drawing about his men. The club swallowed the man when he came off duty; and, since it now contained about everything he needed or desired, whether it was a postage stamp, a newspaper, or a domino opponent, the man did not need actually to emerge from the place until he went back to his train. It was really pretty rough on the saloon up in the next block.

And how the saloon-keepers in the clubhouse towns raved and roared! After that first club showed how twenty-six saloons could dwindle to seven in two years, the coming of the clubhouse to a railroad town was bitterly opposed and its reaching out for the men was contested at every step. The saloons smote the railroad company with the maul of their united political influence. Town councils and county boards of supervisors were adroitly worked up to the point of passing hostile and annoying ordinances.

A frequent form of attack was by false reports that had a semblance of foundation. It was cunningly suggested to the men that the generosity of the railroad was in order to get them into a trap. When a clubhouse was opened in a certain terminal town in California an effort was made to bribe the railroaders not to go near it. Unpleasant consequences were promised those who only laughed at the offer of a bribe. But presently the club thrived.

Then an era of illness fell on the place. At the end of an investigation in which many detectives played parts, the chef broke down and confessed that he had been supplied with a mysterious powder and had been paid to stir it into the food that went on the club tables. The powder was a light drug.

What the Committee Reported

The protective committee of an organization of liquor men was instructed to make an investigation into the secret of the railroad clubs' instant and undiminishing success. In time the chairman appeared before the parent body with the report.

"Why," he exclaimed without reference to the typewritten paper in his hand, "they are making all this noise with our own thunder! With the single exception of liquor, they offer everything we offer—only they offer it more attractively. The railroad has a fortune tied up in those clubhouses. The only hope I see is that the big cost may soon begin to make the company tired of its little game of philanthropy."

What the chairman could not understand was that the company did not regard the club as philanthropy, but as the cheapest as well as by far the most effective device ever found for patching the hole in Rule G.

The social engineer kept on with his work. It appeared from the study of many cases that there were times when even the best of food, prepared by the most nearly perfect methods, did not meet the full demands of the husky railroader's husky stomach. The men grew confidential with the social engineer. They confessed to an occasional craving they could not explain. It was not exactly a craving for liquor, they thought—and yet alcohol seemed to be the only thing that would satisfy it. What they said was that a drink made them forget it.

The social engineer undertook to analyze that craving and find its non-alcoholic antidote. Again his efforts were rewarded by discovery. He discovered—candy! Candy has taken care of the craving; candy fills the bill. Every clubhouse now has its glass case of the choicest chocolates, caramels and French mixed. Last year the clubhouses sold at cost to the men of the Pacific System forty-eight thousand pounds of assorted sweets.

The average cost of a clubhouse when ready to open its doors has been twenty thousand dollars. The railroad asks of the clubs merely that they sustain themselves; no interest is asked on the investment. That sum is a cheerful sacrifice on the altar of Rule G. Maybe the auditor charges it off to disasters that never occurred!

There is no doubt that the use of intoxicants by railroaders in the West has been reduced to a minimum. The number of discharges under Rule G has decreased amazingly—as has the number of wrecks.

A decrease in the minor mishaps attests to a gain in the individual efficiency of the trainmen. The duration of service has increased and so has the total amount to the credit of the men in numerous savings banks. There is more contentment. Several roads, sharers in the struggle to preserve Rule G, are taking up the clubhouse idea. One road is transforming its libraries into clubs.

If you are privileged to go into one of these clubhouses, where there is order without printed or unprinted rules, and where vandalism is unknown; where wholesome food, wholesome pastimes and wholesome habits are enjoyed; where the prices are low and the conversation is high; where neither secretary, waiter nor barber is able—on peril of his job—to distinguish between a rear brakeman and a division boss, you are likely to discover that in this place the man satisfies the wild craving in his heart to express himself to the full of his ability among men who are neither above nor below him, but his equals.

The social engineer came to know hundreds of trainmen intimately. Sometimes he was the target for the grouch, but more often he suffered the rich embarrassment of being idolized. He was a man of ready resources—he needed to be. Usually he could master the situation; but once the situation mastered him beyond any human expression that may be translated into print.

The social engineer was visiting one of his towns. On the way to the club he was stopped by a passenger fireman he knew. The fireman introduced his wife. The wife extended a cordial invitation to dine at their home that evening. The invitation was accepted.

When the social engineer arrived at the fireman's dwelling he was not met by his host, but by his hostess. There were no other men present, but there were women—ten of them. The lone male was led to the dining room and seated at the end of the long table. On each side of him stood a brilliant bouquet. There could be no doubt as to who was the guest of honor. The genuineness of the hospitality and the excellence of the cookery made him forget his unique position.

The topic from which they seemed unable to get away was the railroad club and its work. The social engineer told the ten women how the idea grew out of his study of the railroaders' needs; how the clubhouses were made possible because the president and the vice-president gave their enthusiastic support. He declared that because the clubs were appreciated by the men the company could not fail to regard them as a good investment.

The Thankful Ten

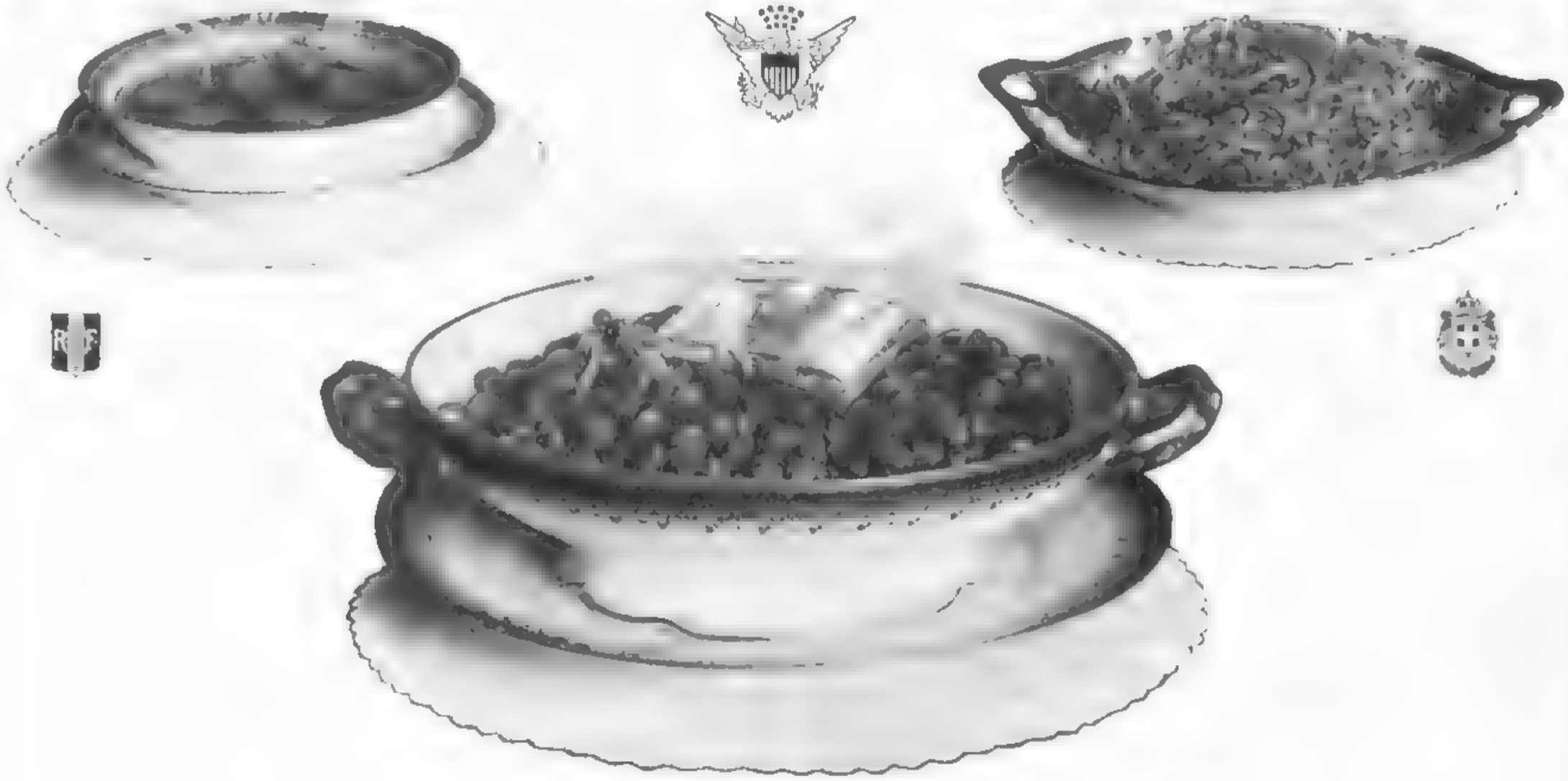
When they were finishing the lemon pie an elderly woman rose to her feet, and the nine other women laid down their forks. The elderly woman was the wife of a locomotive engineer. She might herself have been the engineer, for the burden of the runs was written on her face. Periods of mental anguish had pinched up her temples, but her eyes were the steady headlights of a conquering patience.

"We are the wives of ten railroaders, Mr. ——," she announced; "and we asked you to come here tonight so we could tell you face to face how we thank you for the club. You have said that because the men appreciate the club the company is satisfied with its investment. No miracles between friends, my friend! We know what it is all about. Shall I tell you how we know?

"We are the wives of ten railroad men who used to be soaks. They never take a drink now—they never want a drink! That's why we got you here—to thank you out of the bottom of ten women's hearts. Maybe you think you can guess what it meant to be the wife of a trainrunner who had to have his booze. Well, you can't! Nobody could imagine it, my friend—unless maybe another woman who has had her own hell.

"Can you guess what it means to go to bed four nights a week knowing something dreadful may happen before sunrise to the father of your children? Can you guess what it means to sit holding your baby against your breast all night when the feeling is on you that your man's unsteady hand is going to pile up his train? Can you ——"

Vain inquiring! The social engineer's forehead had sunk down—down until it rested on the shining white tablecloth between the bouquet of red roses and the bouquet of pink and purple sweet peas; and, though his face could not be seen, the convulsive digging of his fingers into the cloth made it plain that he was not going to answer one of the questions the wrinkled old heroine asked.



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Where would you go to get Chili Con Carne with the rarest tang and flavor? Bon vivants who travel will tell you the place—in Mexico. And the chef who created it gained international fame.

But that chef also is now in our kitchens—making Chili Con Carne for you. Your grocer will supply this identical article, made by the chef who made it in Mexico, if you specify Van Camp's.

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But we use the same recipe and employ the same secrets. In the cheese and tomatoes we get better materials. Now Van Camp's Spaghetti—sold right at your door—has all the savor, all the richness of that famed Italian dish.

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Where Would You Go For Baked Beans?

Once you would say, "To New England," but ideals on Baked Beans have changed. Now armies of city men who lunch downtown can tell you where to go. They will name you a lunch room, café or hotel which serves a superlative dish.

They will tell you of Beans which are mealy and mellow, uncrisped and unbroken. Of a sauce that's baked into them—a matchless sauce with a zestful tang and sparkle.

Some think, no doubt, that only one caterer serves Baked Beans like those. But the truth is that thousands do it. Those talked-about Beans are all baked in one kitchen, and that kitchen is Van Camp's.

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THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 21)

the dock department, which according to common gossip was the most vulnerable of the departments. However, the assertions made at that time have never been proved.

Croker sailed for Europe immediately after giving his testimony, and when he came back in the fall he used all his energy and power in making a fight against the reëlection of Chairman Mazet. There is no doubt that the machine Republican politicians aided Croker in his effort, and Mazet went down to defeat.

Among all his achievements while leader of Tammany Hall, Croker was probably proudest of a banquet that he gave in 1899 to celebrate Jefferson's birthday. Acting for the Democratic Club he engaged the Metropolitan Opera House. It took considerable money to arrange the auditorium suitably for banquet purposes. In this he manifested his wonderful power over New York. He had two streets, Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets, leading from Broadway to Seventh Avenue, closed for a couple of days. Improvised kitchens were set up in these streets, for there was no place to do the cooking inside the building. All the boxes were sold at big prices and each diner paid ten dollars. Unquestionably it was the most elaborate banquet, considering the large number who attended it, ever given in America. Everything was done with splendor. For weeks before the banquet was held it attracted national attention. Croker had not then become an out-and-out Bryan man. The friends of Mr. Bryan on the same day gave a largely attended dinner at Chicago, where the Nebraskan was the guest of honor.

The chief orator at the Metropolitan banquet was Former-Justice Augustus Van Wyck. In his speech he said that the trust question was the greatest issue before the American people; and the conservative New York papers howled next day about Van Wyck's radicalism. As a result of this speech there was no end of talk for several months to come of a Van Wyck presidential boom. Joseph J. Willett, a brilliant orator, took charge of the Van Wyck boom and in parts of the South it was taken quite seriously. As a matter of fact it was only intended to make Van Wyck a candidate for vice-president on the ticket with Mr. Bryan, but the Ice Trust scandal which developed a year after this rendered Van Wyck's canvass out of the question.

The Famous Ice Scandal

The greatest shock that Tammany had ever received since the days of Tweed was early in 1900, when it was discovered that Mayor Van Wyck, John F. Carroll, the assistant leader, Charles F. Murphy, and many other big Tammany leaders were involved in the Ice Trust scandal. When I first read of the charges in the newspapers I could not believe my eyes. Van Wyck had said to me a hundred times, if he had once, that any mayor who used his office to make money was a crook. I often heard him make the same remark after he ceased to be mayor. The exposure was first brought about when Van Wyck and Carroll, in company with Charles W. Morse, visited the ice plants of the Kennebec River in Maine. If Van Wyck had actually been convicted of killing babies he could not have been more roundly abused by the newspapers. It was shown that the ice company had received some favors from the dock department which gave it a great advantage over the independent companies, and with the power of Tammany behind it that meant a monopoly in the ice business, with increased price for ice.

To make matters worse there was an extremely hot spell in the early spring. Two of the newspapers having the largest circulation vied with each other in airing the scandal. These papers also went into the courts. There was a clause in the city charter making it a felony for city officials to sell anything to the city. As it was proved that Van Wyck and other officials owned stock in the Ice Trust, which did business with the city departments, they were liable to removal from office. Van Wyck was hauled before the courts and forced to give testimony. He acknowledged that a block of the trust stock was in his name. He said that he had purchased it from Charles W. Morse upon credit, giving his notes as security. He had sold the stock at a loss of $40,000. There had been much speculation in the stock of the ice company, and on account of the exposure the price of the stock fell rapidly in value. Hundreds of Tammany politicians who had been induced to buy it were heavy losers. Assistant leader Carroll was generally blamed for these losses, as it was charged that he had advised his friends that ice stock was a "big buy." Charges were filed with Governor Roosevelt against Van Wyck and his removal from office was demanded.

The scandal was at its height when the Republican National Convention met in Philadelphia, and Governor Roosevelt, in a speech before the convention, after he had been nominated for vice-president, denounced the Ice Trust scandal and prophesied that no Democratic candidate for president would dare talk about trusts in the ensuing campaign. This led to the belief that Governor Roosevelt intended to remove Van Wyck. Croker was known to own Ice Trust stock, but holding no official position he could not be brought into court. From this time to the end of the term of office Van Wyck's picture was seldom printed except encased in a block of ice. Usually Croker was pictured as the ice-man holding a block with a pair of tongs.

Croker Behind Bryan

When Mr. Roosevelt went on the stump as a candidate for vice-president a large part of his speeches dealt with the Ice Trust, which again strengthened the belief that Van Wyck was to be removed from office. During the campaign the report that Governor Roosevelt made, dismissing the charges against Van Wyck, was stolen from the governor's office in Albany and published in a New York paper. This was the only time that I ever heard Van Wyck make a complaint about the treatment he received when mayor. He always excused the newspapers for attacking him, but he said that Governor Roosevelt had no right to go on the stump and hold him up before the country as a criminal when he had already dismissed the charges.

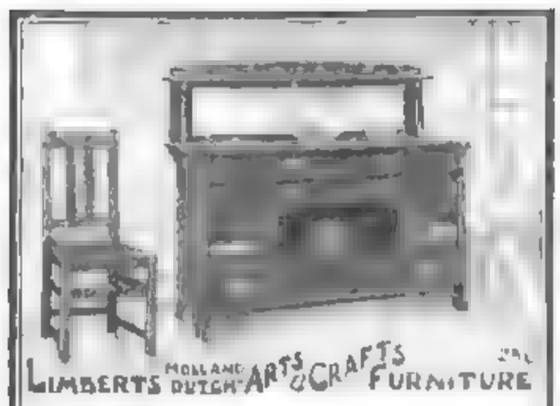
"I can only be thankful that my old mother is dead," said Van Wyck. "If she were living these speeches of Governor Roosevelt's would have killed her. The Van Wyck and Roosevelt families have been friends for years and I do not think that Theodore has treated me fairly. He should have made known his decision as promptly as possible, and not locked it up in his safe. However, he probably thought that as I was only a bachelor, political expediency justified his act. But I never can feel the same toward him again."

When the Democratic State Convention met that year Croker practically assumed the leadership of the party in the state. He furnished ninety per cent of the money for the campaign. James K. McGuire, then in Syracuse, was in charge of the state committee, but he strictly followed the orders of Croker. Croker attended the Kansas City Convention where Mr. Bryan was nominated for the second time, and he was the most conspicuous man at that convention. His fierce fight with ex-Senator Hill made Croker the most prominent Democrat in the United States, with the exception of the Democratic presidential candidate. He stood for Bryan in everything, including free silver, and this was his excuse for preventing Hill from serving as a member of the committee on resolutions.

The fight over silver was probably one of the most dramatic things that ever occurred at a national convention. Croker, with the consent of Mr. Bryan, decided to make Judge Augustus Van Wyck the New York member of the committee. Hill fought desperately, and even went so far as to make a personal appeal to Croker not to humiliate him. When Hill entered Croker's room, hat in hand, and begged for the mercy of the Tammany leader, Croker turned his back upon him and simply remarked:

"I believe in Bryan and free silver."

Hill next appealed to Senator Murphy to save him, but Murphy also refused. Then Hill appealed to Judge Van Wyck, who, though he refused to accede to Hill's demand, was more sympathetic.



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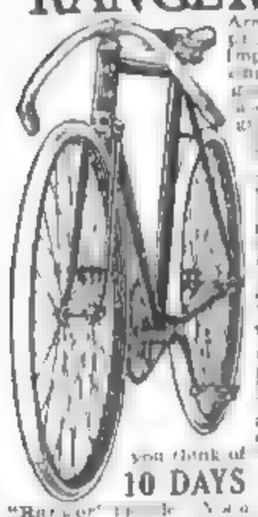

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Everybody was wondering how Croker would meet the Ice Trust scandal when the Democratic State Convention met. The majority of the committee on the platform was composed of up-state Democrats, and they did not want to offend Croker, knowing that he was expected to finance the campaign. They drew a platform simply denouncing the trust generally. When Croker saw the draft he pronounced the plank regarding the trust to be bosh. Taking his pencil, he wrote "And we particularly denounce the Ice Trust as the most vicious and indefensible of all trusts, because it most affects the poor." While Croker was writing these words he never cracked a smile.

The demonstration in honor of Mr. Bryan about the middle of October was the most wonderful thing that New York had then ever witnessed.

The night of Mr. Bryan's speech Croker, surrounded by his chief advisers, the majority of whom were not Bryan men, pointed to the cheering crowds and remarked: "If I had not come out for Bryan the rank and file would have taken Tammany Hall away from me."

Shortly after the election Croker appointed a committee made up of Tammany men, and headed by Lewis Nixon, to investigate the horrible social conditions on the East Side. The committee brought in a report showing that the conditions were very bad.

Bird S. Coler, who was the controller of the city, had been fighting Croker for some time, and, aided by ex-Senator Hill and John C. Sheehan, had built up a considerable following. It was apparent to any close observer that Coler was about the only man who could be elected by the Democrats as mayor to succeed Van Wyck. However, nobody believed that Croker would consent to Coler's nomination. The legislature had amended the city charter, cutting down the term of the next mayor to two years instead of four.

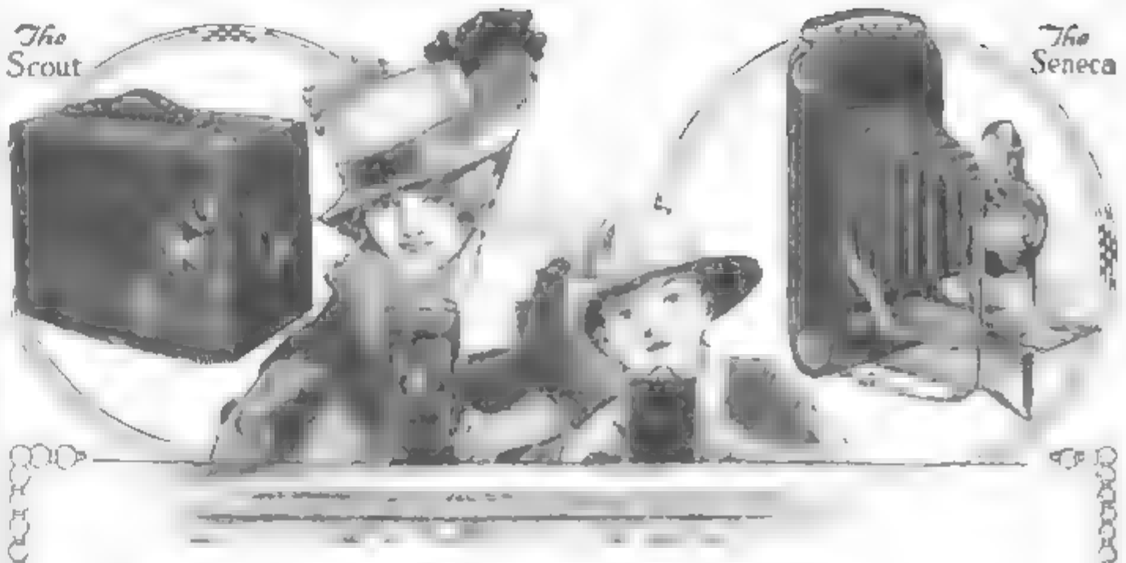
The Defeat of Tammany

Croker spent over six months in Europe this year, although his friends told him that if he did not stay in New York Tammany would be defeated at the approaching election of 1901. Croker replied that rather than give up his life in England he would prefer giving up the leadership of Tammany Hall. It was generally accepted as fact that Croker had become very rich and that he was tiring of the hardships of political life; nevertheless he returned in the early fall and in a very bad temper. He became convinced that the police conditions were fully as bad as the newspapers had painted them. He met John F. Carroll, his assistant in the Democratic Club, and charged him with the full responsibility, in the presence of a number of others. He told Carroll that he had lied to him about the horrible conditions in the city. He also promised that the Brooklyn Democracy could name the candidate for mayor. Van Wyck was nominated for the supreme court bench and Carroll really made most of the other nominations. I am satisfied that Croker saw what was coming, although he buckled down to work and spent hours every day at Tammany Hall, after Edward M. Shepherd had been nominated as the Democratic candidate for mayor against Seth Low, the Republican and Fusion candidate.

The horrible social conditions on the East Side, Crokerism and Deverism were the only issues of the campaign. It was in this campaign that William Travers Jerome was a candidate for district attorney, and he made a national reputation as a stump speaker. The whole Tammany ticket went to defeat. Van Wyck ran behind the greater part of his ticket. The Tammany defeat, however, was not so emphatic as the defeat of that organization at the recent election, when John Purroy Mitchel was elected mayor.

A few weeks after the defeat, Croker astonished New York by calling a meeting of the Tammany district leaders and tendering his resignation. He then made a motion, which was carried, making Lewis Nixon his successor as the Tammany leader. A few weeks after this Croker sailed for his home in England, and since then he has made only four visits to America, never spending more than two weeks at a time in New York.

Editor's Note—This is the third of four articles by Harry Wilson Walker. The fourth will appear in an early number.



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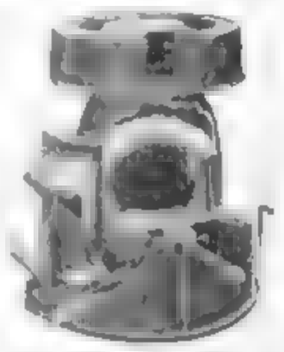

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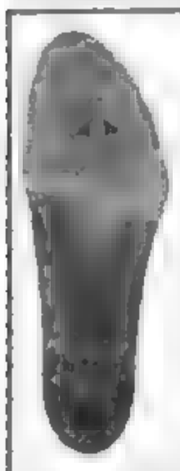

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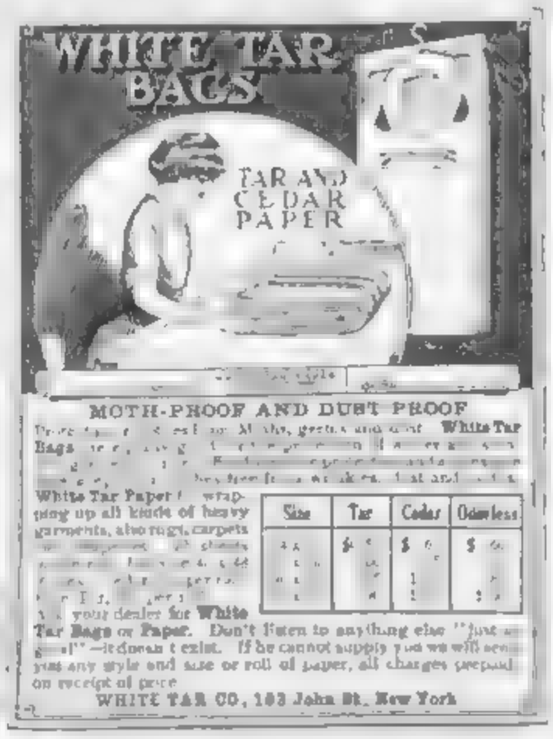

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THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 24.)

yawned herself off to bed. From Jimmy's room Peter could hear the soft hum of their voices.

"You have been awfully good to me," McLean said as he finally rose to go. "I I want you to know that I'll never forget this evening, never."

"It has been splendid, hasn't it? Since little Scatchy left there has been no one for the piano. I have been lonely sometimes for some one to talk music to."

Lonely! Poor Peter!

"Then you will let me come back?"

"Will I indeed! I—I'll be grateful!"

"How soon would be proper. I daresay tomorrow you'll be busy—Christmas and all that."

"Do you mean you would like to come tomorrow?"

"If old Peter wouldn't be fussed. He might think ——"

"Peter always wants every one to be happy. So if you really care ——"

"And I'll not bore you?"

"Rather not!"

"How—about what time?"

"In the afternoon would be pleasant, I think. And then Jimmy can listen. He loves music."

McLean, having found his fur-lined coat, got into it as slowly as possible. Then he missed a glove, and it must be searched for in all the dark corners of the salon until found in his pocket. Even then he hesitated, lingered, loth to break up this little world of two.

"You play wonderfully," he said.

"So do you."

"If only something comes of it! It's curious, isn't it, when you think of it? You and I meeting here in the center of Europe and both of us working our heads off for something that may never pan out."

There was something reminiscent about that to Harmony. It was not until after young McLean had gone that she recalled. It was almost word for word what Peter had said to her in the coffee house the night they met. She thought it very curious, the coincidence, and pondered it, being ignorant of the fact that it is always a matter for wonder when the man meets the woman, no matter where. Nothing is less curious, more inevitable, more amazing. "You and I," forsooth, said Peter! "You and I," cried young McLean!

XVI

QUITE suddenly Peter's house, built on the sand, collapsed. The shock came on Christmas Day, after young McLean, now frankly infatuated, had been driven home by Peter.

Peter did it after his own fashion. Harmony, with unflagging enthusiasm, was looking tired. Suggestions to this effect rolled off McLean's back like rain off a roof. Finally Peter gathered up the fur-lined coat, the velours hat, gloves and stick, and placed them on the piano in front of the younger man.

"I'm sorry you must go," said Peter calmly, "but, as you say, Miss Wells is tired and there is supper to be eaten. Don't let me hurry you."

The *portier* was at the door as McLean, laughing and protesting, went out. He brought a cablegram for Anna. Peter took it to her door and waited uneasily while she read it.

It was an urgent summons home; the old father was very low. He was calling for her, and a few days or weeks would see the end. There were things that must be looked after. The need of her was imperative. With the death the old man's pension would cease and Anna was the breadwinner.

Anna held the paper out to Peter and sat down. Her nervous strength seemed to have deserted her. All at once she was a stricken, elderly woman, with hope wiped out of her face and something nearer resentment than grief in its place.

"It has come, Peter," she said dully. "I always knew it couldn't last. They've always hung about my neck, and now ——"

"Do you think you must go? Isn't there some way? If things are so bad you could hardly get there in time, and—you must think of yourself a little, Anna."

"I am not thinking of anything else. Peter, I'm an uncommonly selfish woman, but I ——"

Quite without warning she burst out crying, unlovely, audible weeping that shook her narrow shoulders. Harmony heard the sound and joined them. After a look at Anna she sat down beside her and put a white arm over her shoulders. She did not try to speak. Anna's noisy grief subsided as suddenly as it came. She patted Harmony's hand in mute acknowledgment and dried her eyes.

"I'm not grieving, child," she said; "I'm only realizing what a selfish old maid I am. I'm crying because I'm a disappointment to myself. Harry, I'm going back to America."

And that, after hours of discussion, was where they ended. Anna must go at once. Peter must keep the apartment, having Jimmy to look after and to hide. What was a frightful dilemma to him and to Harmony Anna took rather lightly.

"You'll find some one else to take my place," she said. "If I had a day I could find a dozen."

"And in the interval?" Harmony asked without looking at Peter.

"The interval! Tut! Peter is your brother, to all intents and purposes. And if you are thinking of scandal-mongers, who will know?"

Having determined to go, no arguments moved Anna, nor could either of the two think of anything to urge beyond a situation she refused to see, or rather a situation she refused to acknowledge. She was not as comfortable as she pretended. During all that long night, while snow sifted down into the ugly yard and made it beautiful, while Jimmy slept and the white mice played, while Harmony tossed and tried to sleep and Peter sat in his cold room and smoked his pipe, Anna packed her untidy belongings and added a name now and then to a list that was meant for Peter, a list of possible substitutes for herself in the little household.

She left early the next morning, a grim little person who bent over the sleeping boy hungrily, and insisted on carrying her own bag down the stairs. Harmony did not go to the station, but stayed at home, pale and silent, hovering around against Jimmy's awakening and struggling against a feeling of panic. Not that she feared Peter or herself. But she was conventional; shielded girls are accustomed to lean for a certain support on the proprieties, as bridge players depend on rules.

Peter came back to breakfast but ate little. Harmony did not even sit down, but drank her cup of coffee standing, looking down at the snow below. Jimmy still slept.

"Won't you sit down?" said Peter.

"I'm not hungry, thank you."

"You can sit down without eating."

Peter was nervous. To cover his uneasiness he was distinctly gruff. He pulled a chair out for her and she sat down. Now that they were face to face the tension was lessened. Peter laid Anna's list on the table between them and bent over it toward her.

"You are hurting me very much, Harry," he said. "Do you know why?"

"I? I am only sorry about Anna. I miss her. I—I was fond of her."

"So was I. But that isn't it, Harry. It's something else."

"I'm uncomfortable, Peter."

"So am I. I'm sorry you don't trust me. For that's it."

"Not at all. But, Peter, what will people say?"

"A great deal, if they know. Who is to know? How many people know about us? A handful, at the most, McLean and Mrs. Boyer and one or two others. Of course I can go away until we get some one to take Anna's place, but you'd be here alone at night, and if the youngster had an attack ——"

"Oh, no, don't leave him!"

"It's holiday time. There are no clinics until next week. If you'll put up with me ——"

"Put up with you, when it is your apartment I use, your food I eat!" She almost choked. "Peter, I must talk about money."

"I'm coming to that. Don't you suppose you more than earn everything? Doesn't it humiliate me hourly to see you working here?"

"Peter! Would you rob me of my last vestige of self-respect?"

This being unanswerable, Peter fell back on his major premise:

"If you'll put up with me for a day or so I'll take this list of Anna's and hunt up

(Continued on Page 73.)

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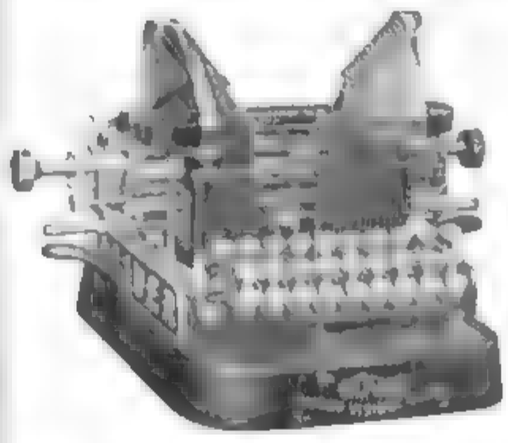

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(Continued from Page 70)

somebody. Just describe the person you desire and I'll find her." He assumed a certainty he was far from feeling, but it reassured the girl. "A woman, of course?"

"Of course. And not young."

"'Not young,'" wrote Peter. "Fat?"

Harmony recalled Mrs. Boyer's ample figure and shook her head.

"Not too stout. And agreeable. That's most important."

"'Agreeable,'" wrote Peter. "Although Anna was hardly agreeable, in the strict sense of the word, was she?"

"She was interesting, and—and human."

"'Human!'" wrote Peter. "Wanted, a woman, not young, not too stout, agreeable and human. Shall I advertise?"

The strain was quite gone by that time. Harmony was smiling. Jimmy, waking, called for food, and the morning of the first day was under way.

Peter was well content that morning, in spite of an undercurrent of uneasiness. Before this Anna had shared his proprietorship with him. Now the little household was his. His vicarious domesticity pleased him. He strutted about, taking a new view of his domain; he tightened a doorknob and fastened a noisy window. He inspected the coal supply and grumbled over its quality. He filled the copper kettle on the stove, carried up the water for Jimmy's morning bath, cleaned the mouse cage. He even insisted on peeling the little German potatoes, until Harmony cried aloud at his wastefulness and took the knife from him.

And afterward, while Harmony in the sickroom read aloud and Jimmy put the wooden sentry into the cage to keep order, he got out his books and tried to study. But he did little work. His book lay on his knee, his pipe died beside him. The strangeness of the situation came over him, sitting there, and left him rather frightened. He tried to see it from the viewpoint of an outsider, and found himself incredulous and doubting. McLean would resent the situation. Even the *portier* was a person to reckon with. The skepticism of the American colony was a thing to fear and avoid.

And over all hung the incessant worry about money; he could just manage alone. He could not, by any method he knew of, stretch his resources to cover a separate arrangement for himself. But he had undertaken to shield a girl-woman and a child, and shield them he would and could.

Brave thoughts were Peter's that snowy morning in the great salon of Maria Theresa, with the cat of the *portier* purring before the fire; brave thoughts, cool reason, with Harmony practicing scales very softly while Jimmy slept, and with Anna speeding through a white world, to the accompaniment of bitter meditation.

Peter had meant to go to Semmering that day, but even the urgency of Marie's need faded before his own situation. He wired Stewart that he would come as soon as he could, and immediately after lunch departed for the club, Anna's list in his pocket, Harmony's requirements in mind. He paused at Jimmy's door on his way out.

"What shall it be today?" he inquired. "A postcard or a crayon?"

"I wish I could have a dog."

"We'll have a dog when you are better and can take him walking. Wait until spring, son."

"Some more mice?"

"You will have them—but not today."

"What holiday comes next?"

"New Year's Day. Suppose I bring you a New Year's card."

"That's right," agreed Jimmy. "One I can send to dad. Do you think he will come back this year?" wistfully.

Peter dropped on his baggy knees beside the bed and drew the little wasted figure to him.

"I think you'll surely see him this year, old man," he said huskily.

Peter walked to the Doctors' Club. On the way he happened on little Georgiev, the Bulgarian, and they went on together. Peter managed to make out that Georgiev was studying English, and that he desired to know the state of health and the abode of the *Fräulein* Wells. Peter evaded the latter by the simple expedient of pretending not to understand. The little Bulgarian watched him earnestly, his smoldering eyes not without suspicion. There had been much talk in the *Pension* Schwarz about the departure together of the three Americans. The Jew from Galicia still raved over Harmony's beauty.

Georgiev rather hoped, by staying by Peter, to be led toward his star. But Peter left him at the Doctors' Club, still amiable, but absolutely obtuse to the question nearest the little spy's heart.

The club was almost deserted. The holidays had taken many of the members out of town. Other men were taking advantage of the vacation to see the city, or to make acquaintance again with families they had hardly seen during the busy weeks before Christmas. The room at the top of the stairs where the wives of the members were apt to meet for chocolate and to exchange the addresses of dressmakers was empty; in the reading room he found McLean. Although not a member, McLean was a sort of honorary *habitué*, being allowed the privilege of the club in exchange for a dependable willingness to play at entertainments of all sorts.

It was in Peter's mind to enlist McLean's assistance in his difficulties. McLean knew a good many people. He was popular, good looking, and in a colony where, unlike London and Paris, the great majority were people of moderate means, he was conspicuously well off. But he was also much younger than Peter and intolerant with the insolence of youth. Peter was thinking hard as he took off his overcoat and ordered beer.

The boy was in love with Harmony already; Peter had seen that, as he saw many things. How far his love might carry him, Peter had no idea. It seemed to him, as he sat across the reading table and studied him over his magazine, that McLean would resent bitterly the girl's position, and that when he learned it a crisis might be precipitated.

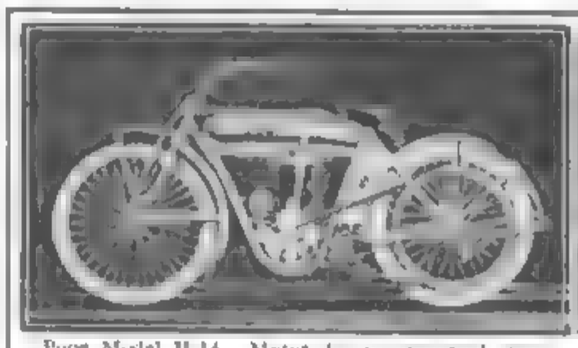
One of three things might happen: He might bend all his energies to second Peter's effort to fill Anna's place, to find the right person; he might suggest taking Anna's place himself, and insist that his presence in the apartment would be as justifiable as Peter's; or he might do at once the thing Peter felt he would do eventually, cut the knot of the difficulty by asking Harmony to marry him. Peter, greeting him pleasantly, decided not to tell him anything, to keep him away if possible until the thing was straightened out, and to wait for an hour at the club in the hope that a solution might stroll in for chocolate and gossip.

In any event explanation to McLean would have required justification. Peter disliked the idea. He could humble himself, if necessary, to a woman; he could admit his asininity in assuming the responsibility of Jimmy, for instance, and any woman worthy of the name, or worthy of living in the house with Harmony, would understand. But McLean was young, intolerant. He was more than that, though Peter, concealing from himself just what Harmony meant to him, would not have admitted a rival for what he had never claimed. But a rival the boy was. Peter, calmly reading a magazine and drinking his Munich beer, was in the grip of the fiercest jealousy. He turned pages automatically, to recall nothing of what he had read.

McLean, sitting across from him, watched him surreptitiously. Big Peter, aggressively masculine, heavy of shoulder, direct of speech and eye, was to him the embodiment of all that a woman should desire in a man. He, too, was jealous, but humbly so. Unlike Peter he knew his situation, was young enough to glory in it. Shameless love is always young; with years comes discretion, perhaps loss of confidence. The Crusaders were youths, pursuing an idea to the ends of the earth and flaunting a lady's guerdon from spear or saddle-bow. The older men among them tucked the handkerchief or bit of a gauntleted glove under jerkin and armor near the heart, and flung to the air the guerdon of some light o' love. McLean would have shouted Harmony's name from the housetops. Peter did not acknowledge even to himself that he was in love with her.

It occurred to McLean after a time that Peter being in the club, and Harmony being in all probability at home, it might be possible to see her alone for a few minutes. He had not intended to go back to the house in the Siebensternstrasse so soon after being peremptorily put out; he had come to the club with the intention of clinching his resolution with a game of cribbage. But fate was playing into his hands. There was no cribbage player round, and Peter himself sat across deeply immersed in a magazine. McLean rose, not stealthily, but without unnecessary noise.

So far so good. Peter turned a page and went on reading. McLean sauntered to a window, hands in pockets. He even whistled a trifle, under his breath, to prove how



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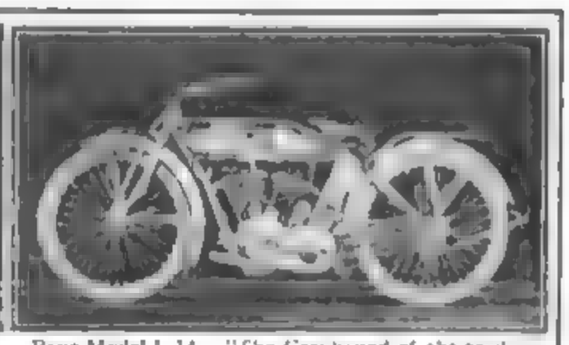

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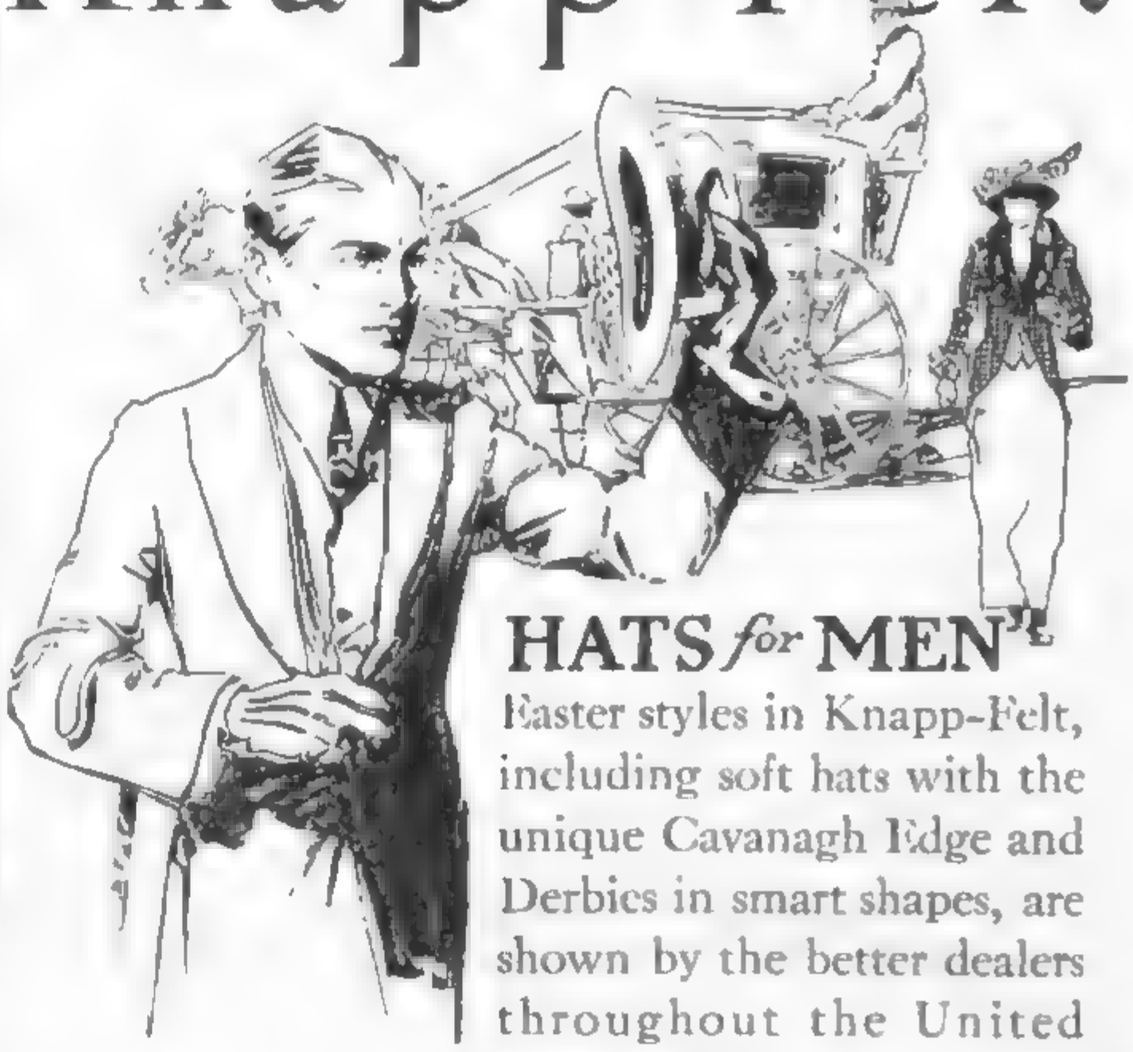

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very casual were his intentions. Still whistling, he moved toward the door. Peter turned another page, which was curiously soon to have read two columns of small type without illustrations.

Once out in the hall McLean's movements gained aim and precision. He got his coat, hat and stick, flung the first over his arm and the second on his head, and ——

"Going out?" asked Peter calmly.

"Yes, nothing to do here. I've read all the infernal old magazines until I'm sick on them." Indignant, too, from his tone.

"Walking?"

"Yes."

"Mind if I go with you?"

"Not at all."

Peter, taking down his old overcoat from its hook, turned and caught the boy's eye. It was a swift exchange of glances, but illuminating—Peter's whimsical, but with a sort of grim determination; McLean's sheepish, but equally determined.

"Rotten afternoon," said McLean as they started for the stairs. "Half rain, half snow. Streets are ankle deep."

"I'm not particularly keen about walking, but—I don't care for this tomb alone."

Nothing was further from McLean's mind than a walk with Peter that afternoon. He hesitated half way down the upper flight.

"You don't care for cribbage, do you?"

"Don't know anything about it. How about pinocle?"

They had both stopped, equally determined, equally hesitating.

"Pinocle it is," acquiesced McLean. "I was only going because there was nothing to do."

Things went very well for Peter that afternoon—up to a certain point. He beat McLean unmercifully, playing with cold deliberation. McLean wearied, fidgeted, railed at his luck. Peter played on grimly.

The club filled up toward the coffee hour. Two or three women, wives of members, a young girl to whom McLean had been rather attentive before he met Harmony and who bridled at the abstracted bow he gave her. And, finally, when hope in Peter was dead, one of the women on Anna's list.

Peter, laying down pairs and marking up score, went over Harmony's requirements. Doctor Jennings seemed to fit them all, a woman, not young, not too stout, agreeable and human. She was a large, almost bovinely placid person, not at all reminiscent of Anna. She was neat where Anna had been disorderly, well dressed and breezy against Anna's dowdiness and sharpness. Peter, having totaled the score, rose and looked down at McLean.

"You're a nice lad," he said smiling. "Some time I shall teach you the game."

"How about a lesson tonight in Seven-Star Street?"

"Tonight? Why, I'm sorry. We have an engagement for tonight." The "we" was deliberate and cruel. McLean writhed. Also the statement was false, but the boy was spared that knowledge for the moment.

Things went well. Doctor Jennings was badly off for quarters. She would make a change if she could better herself. Peter drew her off to a corner and stated his case. She listened attentively, albeit not without disapproval.

She frankly discredited the altruism of Peter's motives when he told her about Harmony. But as the recital went on she found herself rather touched. The story of Jimmy appealed to her. She scolded and lauded Peter in one breath, and what was more to the point, she promised to visit the house in the Siebensternstrasse the next day.

"So Anna Gates has gone home!" she reflected. "When?"

"This morning."

"Then the girl is there alone?"

"Yes. She is very young and inexperienced, and the boy—it's myocarditis. She's afraid to be left with him."

"Is she quite alone?"

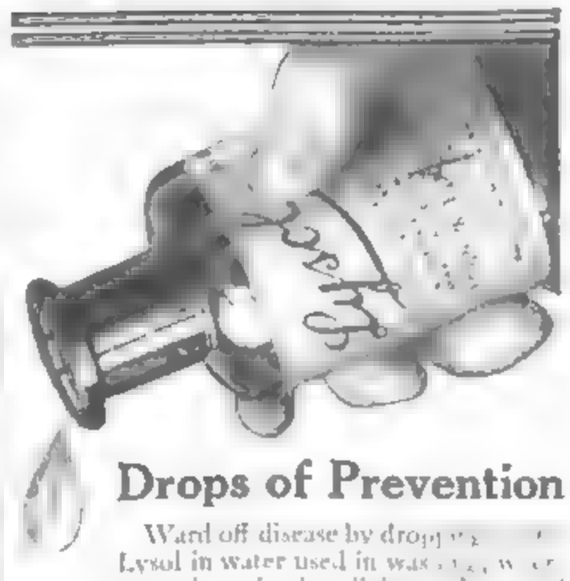
"Absolutely, and without funds, except enough for her lessons. Our arrangement was that she should keep the house going: that was her share."

Doctor Jennings was impressed. It was impossible to talk to Peter and not believe him. Women trusted Peter always.

"You've been very foolish, Doctor Byrne," she said as she rose; "but you've been disinterested enough to offset that and to put some of us to shame. Tomorrow at three, if it suits you. You said the Siebensternstrasse?"

Peter went home exultant.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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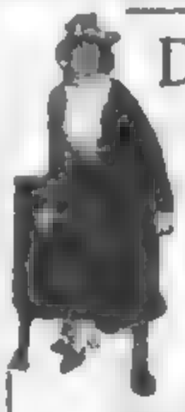

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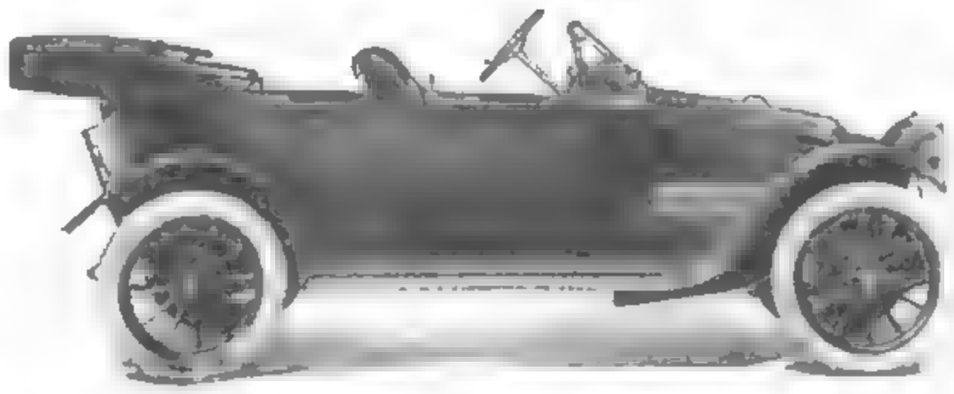

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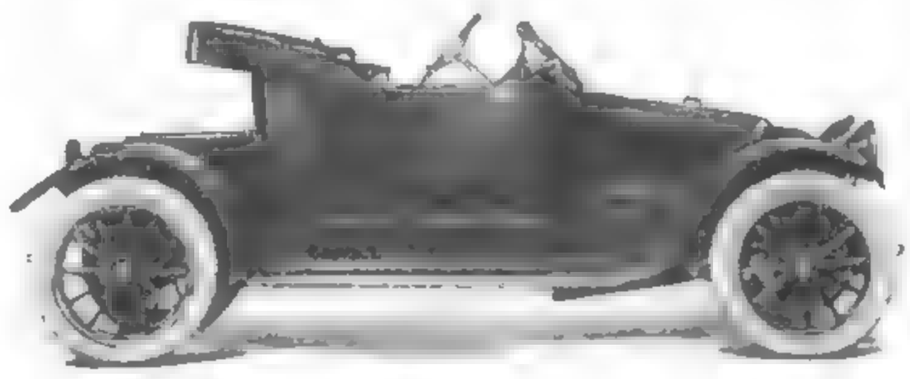

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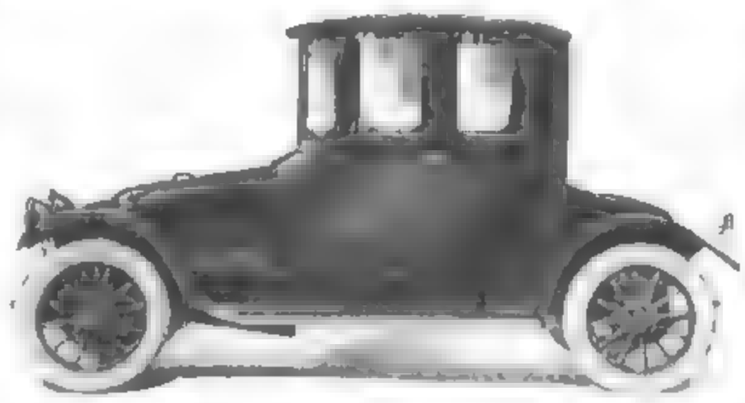

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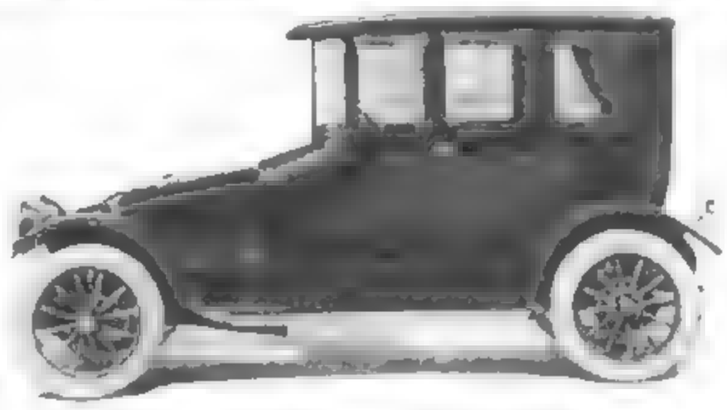

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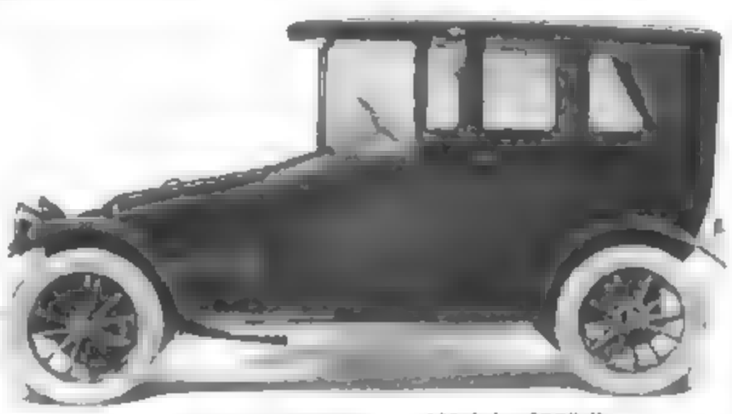

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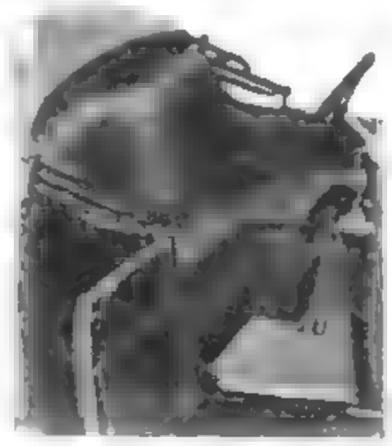
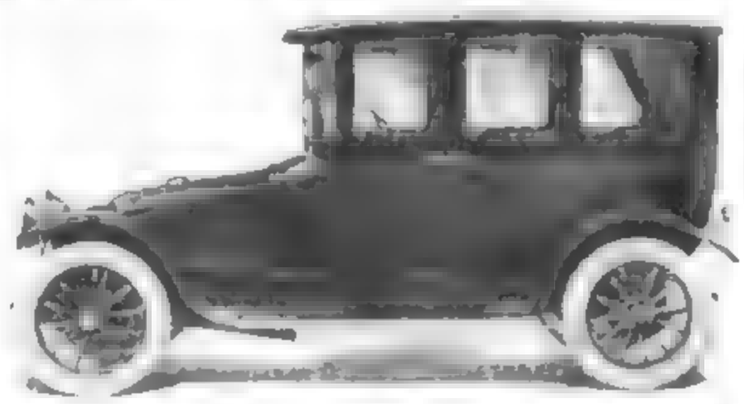


Interior of Roadster



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A YEAR IN BOHEMIA

(Continued from Page 27)

I looked into her innocent young eyes. No, she didn't understand. Rhoda had said nothing to make her doubt her father. But I caught my breath at the narrow escape and I looked coldly at Rhoda.

"It's the only way," she said in answer to my unspoken accusation.

"Mother," Helena said, "I want you to take me to all those parties you and father go to. Aunt Rhoda says father won't want it, and she thinks he will begin to see that what isn't good for you and me isn't good for him either."

"Go into your room for a moment, dear," I said, "and let me talk alone with your Aunt Rhoda."

After she had gone I turned angrily to Rhoda.

"If this is your way out ——" I began.

"It is," she said coolly, "and it is the only way."

"It's nonsense. I can't let that ignorant child ——"

"Helena is innocent, but she is not ignorant as you think," Rhoda said. "She knows you are unhappy. Outsider as I am, I have seen that she blames her father for it. You know her manner to him isn't natural any more."

"But he doesn't know that. That is not the point anyway. I can't have her meeting these men."

"Most of them would respect her youth. Besides, don't you see that Grant would have to be looking after her? I'd put Archie on, too, in case Grant ever fell asleep at his post."

"I can't do it, Rhoda," I said.

"You're always talking of using children to bind a man to his wife," Rhoda reminded me. "Here's a new way of using your daughter. It isn't as if Helena would get smirched."

"She can't help it," I said. "She doesn't even know that we drink at our parties."

Helena came down the hall.

"I can't help hearing some of the things you say, mother," she said. "I know you do have things to drink, because one day last year I saw the bottles in father's closet when I went to borrow his sweater."

Rhoda compressed her smiling lips.

"And once or twice you waked me last year when you came in, and I looked at my watch and it was past two," Helena said.

"Go away, child," I said irritably.

After she had gone, Rhoda said:

"Now do be sensible, Dollie. Won't the day come when Helena will have to meet your friends if you stay on here? You are simply pushing things ahead a year or so. I tell you Sophie's kept her hold on Grant far longer than I thought she would. I thought she'd let go when Baring was flashed on her sight, but she was in a crowd with him last night, and as soon as Grant came in she dropped him. The point is, Baring's a nice, clean, sophisticated chap who wouldn't look at Sophie ——"

"Thanks on Grant's account!" I put in.

"Grant is no judge of women," she said impatiently. "At heart he's only a country boy, or he'd have shaken Sophie long ago. Excuse me for speaking the plain truth, but you've irritated me, when I'm doing my level best to help you. As I started to say, young Baring wouldn't look at Sophie, but Sophie doesn't know that. Doubtless she thinks she's got him in reserve. Now do you see what I mean?"

I shook my head.

"I mean," explained Rhoda patiently, "that if we bring Helena out, Grant will be so busy looking after her for a little while that he'll have to neglect Sophie. Then to make him angry she will begin on Baring. Presently she'll find Baring as impervious as one of his South Pole icebergs, and she'll drop Grant like a last year's bone and sink every tooth in her head into Baring. I tell you I know Sophie. She's taught me all her ways."

"But if anything should happen to Helena ——" I began.

"How could it?" urged Rhoda. She saw that I was weakening and she pressed her advantage. "It's the only way to save things for yourself. The men are all saying that Grant's work is losing its grip. Of course if you're afraid of the row he will make when he finds out what you're up to ——"

"I don't care for that," I said, tightening my lips. "I suppose I'll have to do it, Rhoda, since you've gone so far with Helena. But I do resent your doing this over my head."

She kissed me relievedly.

"I don't care what you resent if you'll only do it," she said. "I had to proceed over your head, otherwise you would not have consented. It would have seemed to you as if you were making a burnt offering of your child."

It still looked to me a little like that, but I felt I was committed. I arranged for a big supper, nominally in honor of Baring. Grant was pleased with me for thinking of it, and for one or two of the special "stunts" I had hit on. He said to me that of course I had made arrangements for sending Helena to spend the night with some one of her college friends, and I replied carelessly that I had attended to it.

On the evening of the supper Helena stayed in her room until half the guests had arrived. I believe the child hid in the closet most of the time, so fearful was she that Grant would spoil the plan. For all my Helena's innocence and highmindedness, I think there was in her an element of excited enjoyment at being on the brink of the pit, so to speak. Grant did not see her when she first appeared, because he was talking to Sophie Marston. Between us Rhoda and I had introduced her to several people before Grant woke to her presence. She was listening to Knight's talk at the time, her big soulful eyes gazing up at him trustfully. I saw Grant go over and shake her playfully by the shoulder, and say something to her. Then he went back to Sophie.

Helena came to me presently.

"Father told me to go to bed as soon as Mr. Knight got through that paragraph, mother," she said, "and he was so sure I would that he went back to that thin lady. I think she's horrid. And Mr. Knight said: 'I should like that paragraph to last forever!' Isn't he a funny man?"

"He didn't mean that," I said.

"Oh, I know he didn't," Helena replied serenely. "Aunt Rhoda told me that your friends always say things in jokes, and that I am never to take what they say seriously."

"Go over to your Aunt Rhoda now," I said, for I saw Grant coming toward us.

It was some minutes before Grant could speak to me alone. Then he said rapidly, for people were coming toward us:

"I told Helena to go to bed twenty minutes ago. What does she mean by disobeying me?"

I looked him straight in the eye.

"She's going to stay up till the last person goes if she wants to," I said. "I told her she might."

"She shall obey me," he said, gritting his teeth.

"Make a scene, if you want to," I said, "but you know what Helena's will is. If it comes to a choice between her parents, I don't think she'll choose to obey the one who deserted her this summer."

A fresh guest arrived and I greeted him smilingly, and even with a little elation. For many months I had been unwillingly yielding to Grant. I had a feeling that I might get the whiphand of him now.

Later on, when the supper was half over, he left Mrs. Marston to come to me again.

"Send Helena to bed," he said, and this time his tone was pleading rather than commanding. "I don't want her to see any of these people taking wine."

"Can't you trust your friends?" I asked mockingly. "Anyhow you are free to protect your child from your friends."

Three things I noted in the course of that to me very exciting evening. What with his anger at me, his watchfulness over Helena and the attention he had to pay his other guests, Grant was very little with Sophie Marston, and he was not so devoted as usual. She did just as Rhoda predicted—made a dead set at Baring. As Rhoda predicted also, Baring was impregnable, though I am afraid Sophie could not bring herself to see it. And lastly Baring scarcely took his eyes off my beautiful young daughter. I had a fierce pleasure in the irony of the situation.

Grant scarcely waited for the last person to leave before he turned on me, his teeth set, his eyes angry.

"Now what does this mean?" he said grimly. "Why did you let that child——"

"Helena? She's not a child. She's seventeen. Her birthday was last week, but you weren't home."

He winced at the thrust.

"Seventeen is a baby."

"Helena is quite mature for seventeen," I said. "You'd have noticed that if you

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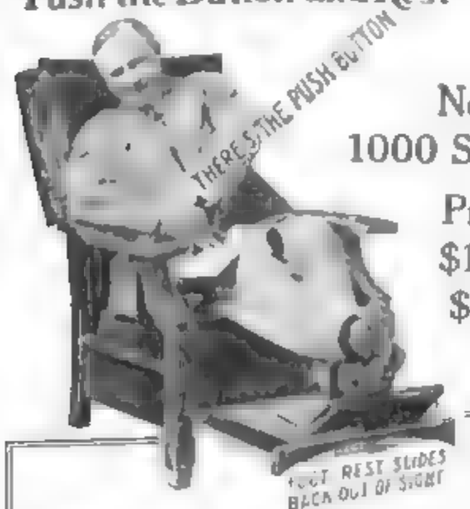

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had been with her very much during the past year."

I was trembling, and yet I was not afraid. I had been passive for a long time, for loving Grant so much I had been in his power. Now that I saw signs of his being in my power I liked the change. I am not one of those who prefer the meek martyr's crown.

"I won't have it," he cried. "I forbid you to allow Helena to——"

"To meet our friends?" I finished.

"If you put it so."

"What will you do if I disobey?"

I had him there and he knew it. He couldn't send us away. He had already said that he could not afford to keep up two establishments for his family. He could not afford to send Helena to some woman's college when she could live at home and attend Columbia. He could not drag her away from any company to which I took her without giving the people we knew a chance to gossip.

"Why are you doing this?" he stormed.

"Isn't it obvious? You are away so much, I can't always depend on your escort in the evening when we are invited out. I want Helena for a companion. It's only putting forward the time a year or so. Had you thought of that?"

Evidently he had not.

"Whom is she to meet if not our friends?" I pursued.

He began to storm again.

"She was talking to Knight—Knight whom two women have divorced! Upon my soul, Dollie, you amaze me! Where is your mother-care and love for that child?"

My voice broke.

"Where have been your husband-love and care for me, Grant, if it comes to that? She is only meeting the sort of people I have met. As to Knight, she might do worse than marry him."

"Might do worse!" Grant dashed his fist down on the table by which he was sitting. "Do you realize the sort of man Knight is?"

"Oh, of course," I said, pretending to misunderstand; "he's twenty-five years older than Helena, but he has money."

"Dollie," said Grant, trying to speak quietly, "I don't know what has got into you——"

"Oh, I don't prefer that sort of marriage for her," I broke in; "but as I tell you, whom is she to meet and marry if not one of our friends? I have had to change all my views of life since I joined this group you have chosen. I have not liked it, but I have accepted it. I want to keep our family together. If I have compromised to please you, so shall Helena——"

"But I don't want her to compromise!" he shouted.

"Why not?" I asked innocently.

"Why not? You're mad. She's a young girl; we're middle-aged. There is no need for—for spoiling her girlish ideals."

"What you really mean," I said slowly, "is that you don't want her to be in our world and learn what kind of man you are. But why should I help deceive her in that? It will be better for Helena to open her blind eyes soon. According to your scheme, she would some day marry one of our friends and, finding out what he was, learn what you are. It will be less expensive for her to learn what you are, and decide whether or not she'll risk a husband like you."

I had Grant gasping, appalled at my cynicism, yet not daring to answer me for fear he'd get tangled still further in the net of my logic.

"I'm sure, on thinking it over, that you'll agree with me and that your daughter might as well understand what is coming to her now as later," I went on in a reasonable tone. "Suppose she marries Knight. That's what you are afraid of, isn't it?"

"I won't discuss it!" roared Grant, for he saw what I was coming to again.

"That is what you are afraid of. You don't want Helena to be hurt. But you let me be hurt. Knight, or whomever Helena marries, will probably look at things about as you do. He needn't protect his wife from pain if it interferes with his own pleasure, but he is determined to protect his daughter. Now I want Helena to be happy in her marriage. But I don't see how I can insure it. That being so, she might just as well get used to our world early. It is because I want to save Helena what I have suffered that I am beginning to inure her now."

Grant was as baffled as he was enraged. There simply was no answer to my argument. I was merely carrying out logically for the whole family the kind of life he had

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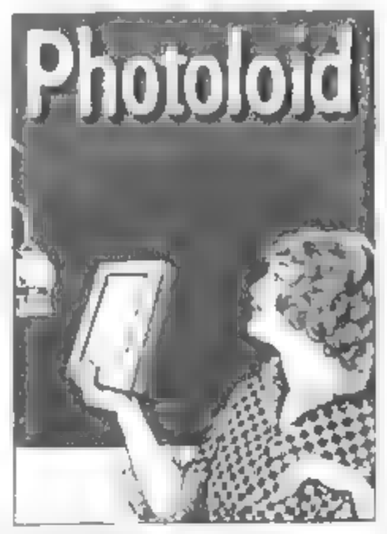

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set for himself and me. To resent it merely put him in the wrong.

He flung away to our room and locked the door on me. I was too exalted with my victory, for I saw it was that, to be annoyed, and besides I was amused at his childishness. After a little while I tapped on the door and said softly:

"You'd better open the door, Grant. Otherwise I'll have to stay with Helena."

When presently he flung open the door I could not help adding:

"I want to protect you from her judgment just as far as I can."

It was a hateful thing to say, though true, but I had been hurt for so long, and this was the first chance I had had for months really to count with Grant.

Then began for me a time of victory and of misery. For after the first glow of the battle I was not happy in getting on badly with the man I loved; and besides I was terrified about Helena. I was afraid that after all I might be sacrificing her to myself. Perhaps Grant went to Mrs. Marston for sympathy and perhaps he bore his anger alone. I saw very little of him for the next week or two, except when we were out together. Then he was pretty busy helping guard Helena.

Things fell out much as Rhoda had predicted, with just one variation. Sophie Marston began to pursue Baring, but I do not think she did this at first because she thought Grant was neglecting her or because she was really tired of him. She did it because she saw Baring's adoration of Helena. She could not bear to have a man whom she considered worth while prefer any one to herself. Besides, I think she considered it a test of her power to take a man away from a girl almost twenty years younger than herself. She was absolutely sure that she could do it. I do not think her interest in Grant waned until she realized that Baring would not look at her. Then she went after Baring tooth and nail.

Helena passed through it all, serene and with shut eyes. She still considered Knight amusing, and told me always what he said and thought it all just jokes. She looked on Sigerson as a funny old man rather silly about his twin boys. Grant's care of her she resented a little. She told me she thought father must be afraid she did not know how to talk to grown-up people, because he kept poking round and listening to all she said.

What my husband's psychology was I could not guess; I was too much interested to dare judge. Rhoda said that he plainly resented it when Sophie first abandoned him to sail after Baring. Her belief was that Grant did his best to hold Sophie, and that Sophie, angered that she could not move Baring, showed her teeth and claws to Grant and disgusted him. I suppose that was it. Grant had a good deal of vanity, self-righteousness and fastidiousness. He would have been hurt at Sophie's attitude; then angry; then he would have argued that she wasn't worth it, and pretty soon it would be hard for him to believe that he had ever been more than superficially attracted to her.

All I can be sure of is that I dragged him out as much as he would go, and that I entertained lavishly in our own home. Sometimes I let him think Helena was going to be with us when I really sent her to bed. I did my best to guard the child's health. But I did nothing at all to guard Grant's, for I wanted to wear him out. He did very little work, and Rhoda told me that not only his fellow-writers but even the editors now had begun to say that his power was leaving him. His attitude toward me was hard and disapproving. Sometimes he did not speak to me for days and sometimes we had dreadful scenes, and I felt all the time as if I were on a battlefield.

I wondered when it would all end. About May, Sophie Marston broke down from nervous prostration, and her long-suffering husband took her to a cure. I think now that Baring had told her he loved Helena. He told me so, and said he had not spoken to her because he knew I would think she was too young. I was glad he had so much consideration. I asked him to wait a year or two. I said I wanted to see how he wore in some place not New York. He announced that when we went West he would come. He was and is a very understanding person.

At last the end came, but in a way I had not anticipated. Tommy had a dreadful fall from the roof of one of the school buildings. Grant was in Washington when I got the telegram, but I sent him word at once. He reached the school only a few hours after Helena and I did. For days Tommy hung between life and death, unconscious, sometimes delirious, calling especially for Grant. Once when he was asleep and the three of us were walking in the school grounds, Helena said:

"If Tommy dies you'll always be sorry you weren't home last summer, won't you, father?"

She did not mean to be cruel; it was just the trick a young girl often has of dropping into a state of tactless, truth-telling childhood.

"Oh, don't, Helena," I cried, and I put my hand on Grant's arm with all the old love showing in my face.

That was the beginning of our reunion, a sad one at first when we did not know whether Tommy would live or die, and again when, though his life was saved, we did not know what state his body and mind would be in. Toward the end of June, when Tommy was fit to be moved, he asked wistfully:

"Are you coming home with us this summer, father?"

"Of course I am," Grant said. "Baring is going to take the flat off our hands for the summer."

That was the only remark he made about our plans. He and Helena went down to New York and packed, and, as she wrote me, we didn't even leave a Hollister hairpin behind. But it was not until we had reached our own home, and had given Tommy his supper and put him in bed, with Helena sitting beside him, that Grant gave me any indication of what our future would be. I had gone to walk in the garden, which the school-teachers had kindly kept up for us, and after a few moments he joined me there.

We paced quietly up and down the paths, the starlight above us, the scent of the flowers about us, and in the distance the laughter and voices and songs of our neighbors. It all fused into a sweet symphony of home, which made the tears roll down my face.

"New York seems a long way off," Grant said.

I nodded. He looked into my face and saw my tears.

"It can stay a long way off for all of me," my husband said.

He gathered me into his arms and went on:

"Can you see, Dollie, that I had a kind of mid-summer madness? No, it was Indian-summer madness. I wanted a fresh go at youth, and Sophie Marston gave me the chance. But it's all over now. I'm purged and sane. I care so little about her that I don't even want not to see her again. I'm so indifferent that I'd just as soon pass the time of day with her as not."

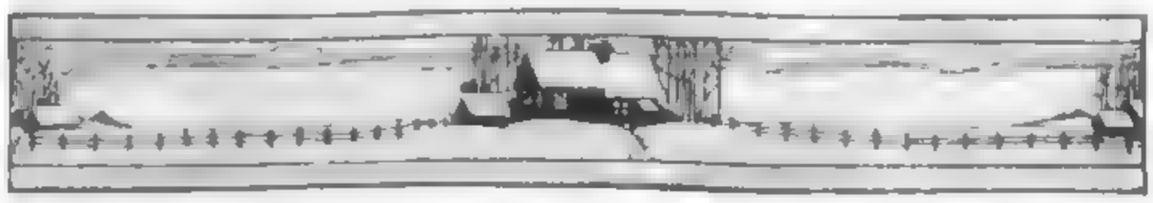
They were very sweet words to me, and I sobbed quietly in Grant's arms.

"I have never loved any woman but you, and I'll never look at any one but you," he said. "I'm afraid you'll never feel quite the same again, but do try to let it all be as it was before."

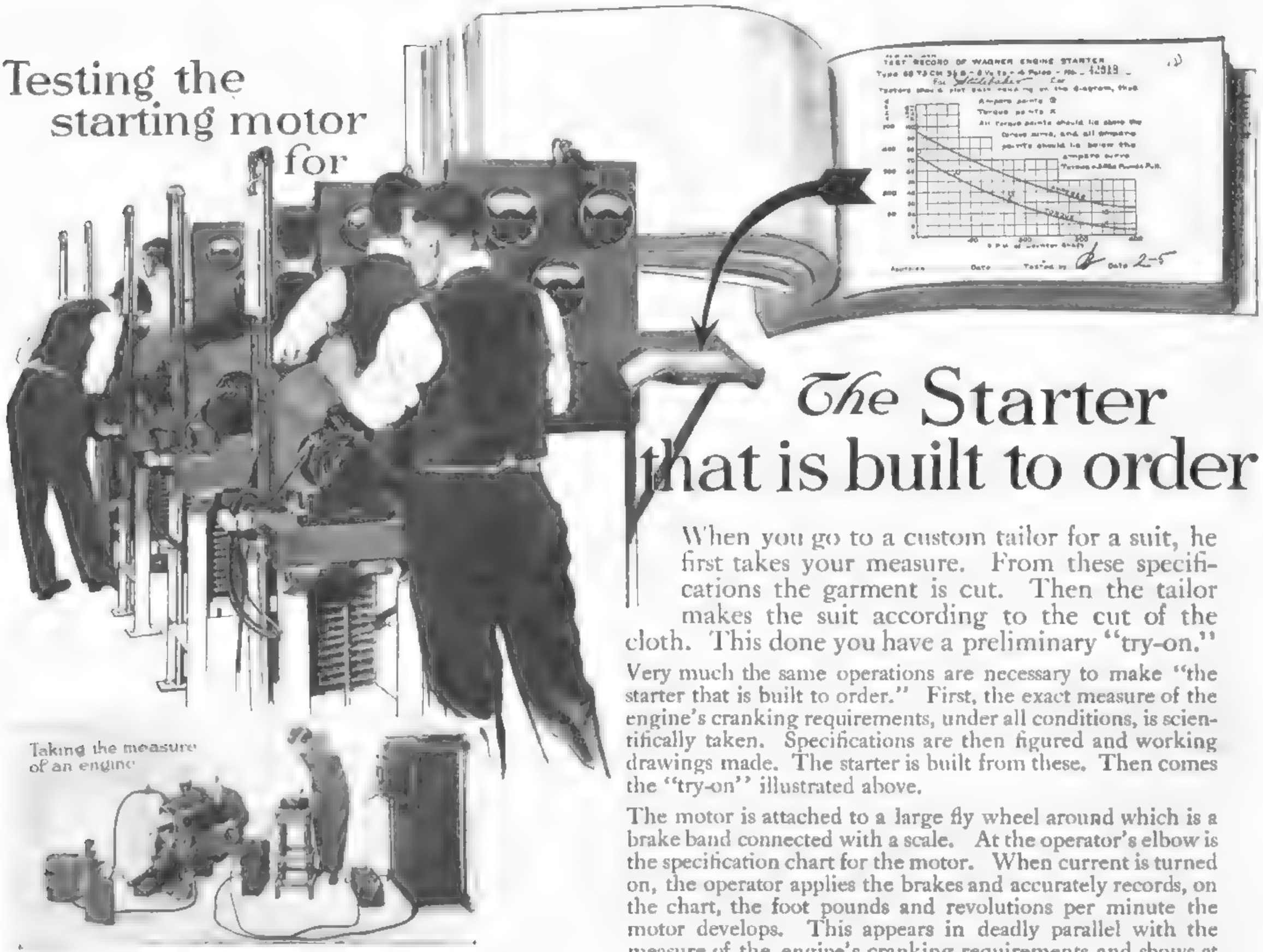
It was the same as before, even though I did not tell him it would be. It is amazing what human beings can live through, and be happy and not remember the scars. I am as happy as I used to be, but a much keener critic of life. We live in our old home and Grant's work is better than ever. But that old adage about the tiger tasting human blood is true. Every two or three months Grant gets restless, and I know that means a trip to New York. I pack up and go with him, putting Tommy in my mother's care. I trust my husband, but I prefer not to let him go to New York alone! We do everything together—see our old friends, stay up late, drink deep of Bohemia. And at the end of two weeks or so Grant says:

"Guess I'm getting old, Dollie. Let's go home."

(THE END)



Testing the starting motor for


TEST RECORD OF WAGNER ENGINE STARTER
Ampere points ⊙
Torque points ×
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R.P.M. of starter shaft

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The motor is attached to a large fly wheel around which is a brake band connected with a scale. At the operator's elbow is the specification chart for the motor. When current is turned on, the operator applies the brakes and accurately records, on the chart, the foot pounds and revolutions per minute the motor develops. This appears in deadly parallel with the measure of the engine's cranking requirements and shows at a glance how accurately specifications have been followed in

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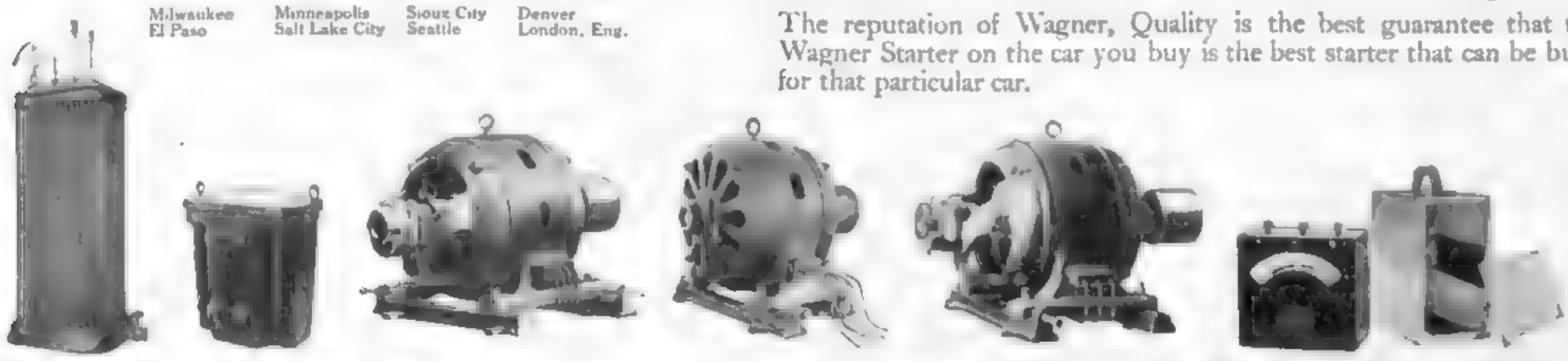

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO
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TIMKEN
BEARINGS & AXLES

MY SON

(Continued from Page 5)

his home. He didn't rob his land to maintain luxuries as Mathews had done. He was well able to do what he did and he was looking a long way ahead.

"My farm is going to pay in proportion as Jane, my partner, keeps well and strong and happy," he told me. "Every cent I've spent is with a view to saving her unnecessary effort and annoyance. There's plenty of unavoidable work left even then."

At the very start of his housekeeping Dick laid down a set of rules which he enforced.

"You aren't going to waste your time in cooking folderols," he told her. "I don't want to see any fancy cooking on our table—no scroll work on the cake, no messy dishes with French names, no bridge-whist salads, no afternoon tea desserts. If I can't work up an appetite for plain, wholesome food I'll go without. If you want those things I'll buy them all made or take you in town to dinner. I'm willing to eat beef plain-roasted or broiled and made over into an honest hash or a stew that isn't afraid to show what's in it. And I can eat my vegetables plain-boiled with plenty of butter on them. As for desserts, a simple pudding with real cream, or a simple cake with old-fashioned chocolate frosting, with plenty of doughnuts and now and then a pie is good enough for me. And what's good enough for me is good enough for my guests."

That is the way Ruth cooks. Take a cookbook three inches thick, and you can sift down every recipe to a variation of certain fundamental recipes that wouldn't make a book half an inch thick. You get perhaps fifty real recipes and then five hundred names for the same thing. It's fooling round with those five hundred that makes the kitchen slave. It's fooling round with those five hundred that helped bring about the decline and fall of the Roman Empire and goes a long way toward bringing about the decline and fall of many an American household.

I've tried to figure out the reason for them. Obviously they are meant, for one thing, to tickle a palate grown stale with too much food and too little exercise. But another reason for their being lies in the fact that many a cook doesn't appreciate the fact that a few things made right will do even that better than a hundred things skimpily made. It often costs less to get a decent cut of meat and cook it well than it does to get a cheaper cut and bolster it up with mushrooms. A simple cake made of real butter and eggs is cheaper and better than many cakes dependent upon fancy frosting. And cream, expensive as it is, makes in the long run a cheaper dessert than many substitutes which offhand are thought to be more economical. People don't take into account the fact that cream doesn't merely tickle the palate, but supplies sound nourishment.

When we were living in Little Italy Ruth worked out a scheme of simplified living that was a revelation to many. It was a combination of the simple standards practiced by the foreign immigrants, applied with still better results to simple New England cooking. Dick's idea was a little different. Where Ruth's chief object was to save money Dick's main object was to save work. The boy could well afford many things that had been beyond our means. It wasn't necessary for Jane to spend her time and energy seeking food bargains. Her vegetables, as well as her eggs, milk and cream, were supplied by the farm, which was a great saving. Her meats she could afford to buy at current prices and buy the best. Even so she might have wasted a lot of valuable energy if it hadn't been for Dick. It's as much of an art to save work as to save money.

I know many families of means who instead of using their money for ridding themselves of foolish burdens in the home employ it in such headless fashion as to turn the home into the chief burden of all. The husband, instead of securing a haven of rest, discovers that he is nothing but proprietor of a small hotel which isn't paying; the wife, if relieved of some of the minor details of housekeeping, finds herself the manager of an employment agency and a servant to her servants. Their money, instead of saving them work, makes still more work for them. It's small wonder that they end either in sanitariums or apartment houses.

Now Dick undertook housekeeping as every sane man undertakes a new business. He considered first what he wished to accomplish and then the best way to accomplish it. He planned his home as a man plans a business plant—for efficiency. Then he made it beautiful, still retaining his simple standards. Next he proceeded to operate it, keeping always foremost in his mind the idea of peace and rest and comfort for the wife first and himself next and his guests last. This was to be first of all his wife's home, with some real meaning in the word home; then it was to be his home; and finally guests were always welcome so far as they didn't interfere with this mutual home.

When Dick said no folderols in cooking he meant it. Take, for instance, the matter of breakfasts. He was up pretty nearly the year round at four o'clock. There's many a man will do this in camp and come back boasting about how much better he feels, but there are mighty few in town who wouldn't think they were being killed if they had to rise at four regularly. But Dick was sound as a nut and in as good condition the year round as an athlete, and he enjoyed the early morning.

A man who sleeps between dawn and sun-up hasn't half lived.

Dick came downstairs and lighted the kitchen fire, which after all isn't much more of a job than getting some one else to do it. He put on the oatmeal and coffee and teakettle, which didn't take him five minutes. Then he went out to the barn, where he had plenty to do for the next hour. By that time Jane was up and had made the toast and boiled the eggs. That was all there was to it. Oatmeal and cream, toast, coffee and eggs day in and day out.

I know that right here there's many a man and many a woman who'll turn up their noses at the scheme as impossible. No human beings could stand it; they'd tire of it. But understand this: that oatmeal was cooked right—some three hours the day before; upon that oatmeal cream was used—thick, yellow cream that tasted like nuts; the coffee was cooked right and when used with that cream turned a golden brown; the eggs were fresh from the nest; the toast was cut thin and served daintily. If a man tires of such things, then in my opinion there's something wrong with the man. Dick is no weakling and requires a man's diet, but he kept full weight and hard on this. That's true, too, of Jane.

Having this first meal fixed, definite and easy to prepare both were left fresh for the day. I don't believe Jane was half an hour in the kitchen and the boy not over ten minutes. Once the breakfast things were cleared away Jane spent her time with Dick until he left for town.

After this she cleared up her routine housework and did her general cooking. Perhaps three days a week she was busy in this way until eleven, but more often she was through by halfpast nine or ten. Two ordinary servants would have puttered round about the same tasks until noon. To do this she had to get up about five o'clock. Yet I've seen many a woman come down yawning at ten and then not be half so fresh for dinner as Jane. I believe men and women were made to get up in the morning.

Jane consulted her own taste about lunch. She didn't worry much about what she had—bread and butter and milk as often as not. She was no more of a weakling than Dick, and perhaps it's this very fact that gave her a relish for the simple things.

Jane began her dinner about halfpast four. It seldom took much over an hour to prepare it—a plain soup, a roast with potatoes and sometimes one other vegetable, lettuce, and a dessert prepared in the morning. This was ready for Dick as soon as he arrived, about five-thirty. It was out of the way an hour later. This could be done in the new kitchen without any lost motion. I've seen it done day after day, and next to Ruth, who was a good housekeeper when ten years old, Jane, who had very little previous experience, did it more easily than any one else I've ever known.

IV

THERE'S nothing like beginning right. Dick and Jane began their housekeeping from the day they were married, for, in violation of all established custom, they

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passed their honeymoon quietly in their new home instead of wearing themselves out with travel. This was Jane's idea. The boy suggested Yellowstone Park, California, or a trip abroad, not because he himself wished to go, but because like every honest American he felt he ought to do something big to celebrate the event. But Jane said:

"Dick, starting life fresh in a new home is a big enough change for me. Let's just visit by ourselves."

So instead of fretting themselves half to death jumping from train to train or adding the strain of foreign travel to hearts already beating hard with excitement, they just drove from our house, where they were married, to the peace and seclusion of their own little home. And by passing their honeymoon there they hallowed their home forever with those first joyous memories.

I never saw a new house which showed its newness so little as Dick's. It was settled from the first day they moved in. Dick left no traces of the builders and had the patience to wait until it was complete in every detail. When he and Jane moved in, the early spring flowers were growing round the house as though they had always been growing there. And being right there by Jane's side during those early days gave Dick a chance to help. He had his own ideas about the home duties of man and wife. I think they were sound—absolutely sound. This is the way he put it to me one day:

"I don't see why there should be any sharp line of division, dad. I expect my wife to take an interest in my business and to help me run it in every way she finds possible. I, in my turn, want to take an active interest in my home and help there in every way I find possible. It's the only way a home can be run today without servants, and a real home for the average man must be run without them."

"Homes used to be run without servants," I said.

"Yes, but then the wife did all the home work. I don't think that's quite fair, either. Besides, mighty few women can do it today without killing themselves. They are the product of a different civilization. They haven't the physical endurance to stand what their grandmothers stood. Jane herself hasn't. Women lead different lives today. But here's another point—the men folk are leading different lives too. In the old days when a man got out at dawn and worked his body until dark there was some excuse for leaving all the home work to the wife. There wasn't any alternative. But men aren't doing that today. Even most day laborers are on an eight-hour schedule. Why shouldn't they give the wife the benefit of their shorter hours by taking some of this extra leisure and making things easier for her?"

"That might apply to the day laborer, but how about the business man?" I said for the sake of argument.

The boy was dead in earnest about these things he was working out for himself and perhaps in his enthusiasm he overstated them. But I didn't mind that. I don't like to see young men too conservative. I like to see them make a dash for truths. I like to see them play the swift, impulsive game for a few years. Now Dick wasn't like that at all in his business, for there his training had been different; but in the way he tackled everything else he was.

"What about the business man who doesn't have time to do anything round the home?" I said.

"Dad," said Dick, "you know as well as I what a hypocrite the tired business man is. He's as big a bluff as the man the hired labor agitator pictures as a slave to capitalism. You know this better than any one because you've had experience with both ways of earning a living. You know it isn't hard work that's killing either of them, but what they do with their time when they aren't working."

This is the way the boy argued, and he lived up to his own convictions. But at the basis of his convictions lay an unusual respect and passion for the home. I had never been aware of it until his engagement. I don't believe the boy himself was aware of it. But when I spoke of this to Ruth she smiled—that deep, quiet smile of hers that comes from a spot in women men don't know anything about.

The boy had a passion for home—for the old-fashioned home built upon a warranty deed and free of debt. His house wasn't

(Continued on Page 84)

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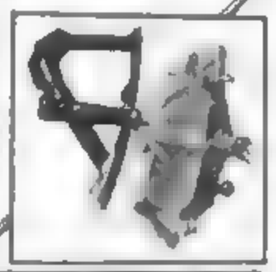

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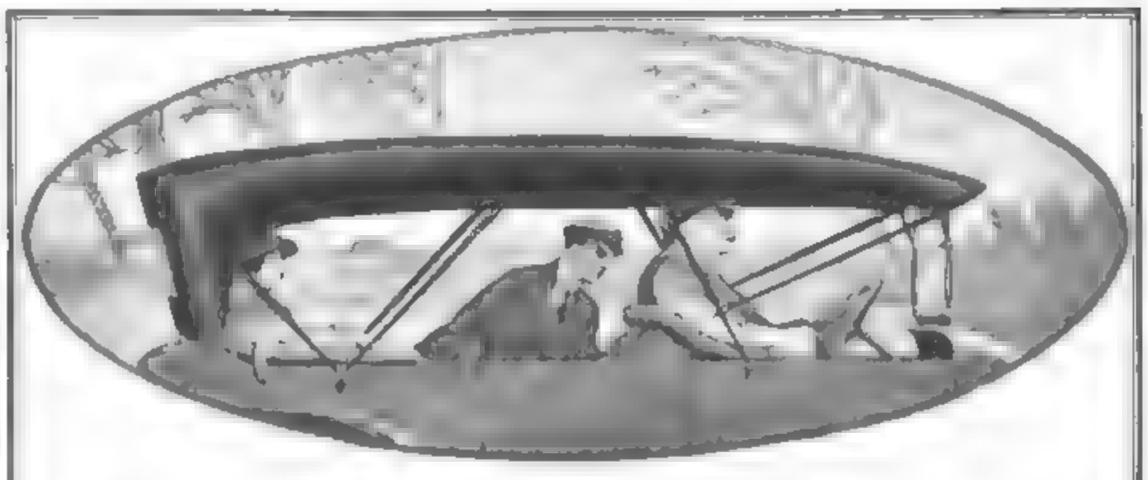


Top Beauty — Top Service

A NEVERLEEK Top adds to the appearance of your car as well as service value. It gives a smarter, handsomer look. It keeps its shape, its smoothness, its richness.

Guaranteed Without Limit

NEVERLEEK is guaranteed absolutely waterproof *without time limit*—your top recovered free if it fails to make good.

Specify a top made of NEVERLEEK for your new car. Many high-grade cars include it as regular equipment. If your present car needs a new top, write us for the name of a top maker who will supply NEVERLEEK.

Samples of new dull and semi-bright finishes free on request. Write today

NEVERLEEK

TOP MATERIAL

F. S. CARR COMPANY, 31 Beach Street, Boston, Mass.

Factories at Framingham, Mass., and Tilbury, Ontario, Can.

Come Across on COLUMBIAS

Cost no more—last longer

Columbia is the buying word for batteries. It's the word that shows the dealer you are wise.

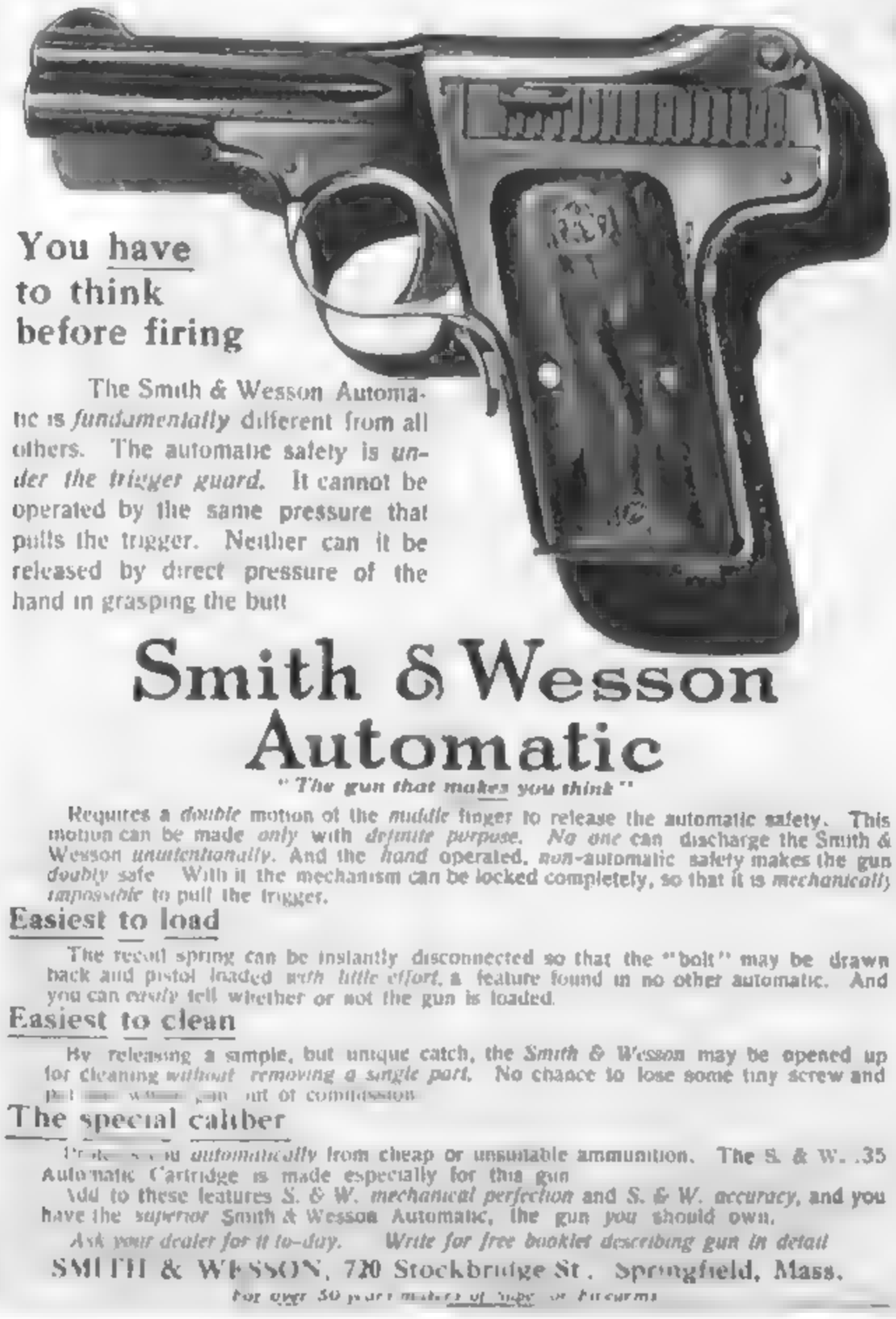
For high efficiency, long life, steady action and dependability—buy Columbia.

For auto, motor boat, bell, phone, tractor or anything else that needs a battery—buy Columbia. Every cell is signed by the makers.

Quarter century repute—demanded and sold everywhere. Insist on Columbia.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

Fahnestock patent spring-clip binding posts at no extra charge.



You have to think before firing

The Smith & Wesson Automatic is *fundamentally* different from all others. The automatic safety is *under the trigger guard.* It cannot be operated by the same pressure that pulls the trigger. Neither can it be released by direct pressure of the hand in grasping the butt

Smith & Wesson Automatic

"The gun that makes you think"

Requires a *double* motion of the *middle* finger to release the automatic safety. This motion can be made *only* with *definite purpose. No one* can discharge the Smith & Wesson *unintentionally.* And the *hand* operated, *non*-automatic safety makes the gun *doubly* safe. With it the mechanism can be locked completely, so that it is *mechanically impossible* to pull the trigger.

Easiest to load

The recoil spring can be instantly disconnected so that the "bolt" may be drawn back and pistol loaded *with little effort,* a feature found in no other automatic. And you can *easily* tell whether or not the gun is loaded.

Easiest to clean

By releasing a simple, but unique catch, the *Smith & Wesson* may be opened up for cleaning *without removing a single part.* No chance to lose some tiny screw and put [illegible] gun out of commission.

The special caliber

[illegible] *automatically* from cheap or unsuitable ammunition. The S. & W. .35 Automatic Cartridge is made especially for this gun.

Add to these features S. & W. *mechanical perfection* and S. & W. *accuracy,* and you have the *superior* Smith & Wesson Automatic, the gun *you* should own.

Ask your dealer for it to-day. Write for free booklet describing gun in detail

SMITH & WESSON, 720 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

For over 50 years makers of high grade firearms

OLUS SHIRTS

What good are these tails to the donkey
What good is a shirt tail to a man
TURN YOUR SHIRT-TAILS INTO DRAWERS
What good is a Shirt-tail anyway?

In OLUS the outside shirt and underdrawers are combined in *one garment* in a thoroughly practical way. Do you realize what this means in the way of comfort to you? See illustration.
OLUS shirt can't work up out of trousers; can't bunch in seat; coat cut, opens all the way down, closed back.
For golfing, tennis and field wear, the special OLUS with attached collar and regular or short sleeves is recommended. Extra sizes for very tall or stout men.
All Shirt fabrics, in smart designs, including silk—$1.50 to $10

OLUS *one-piece Pajamas* for lounging, resting and comfortable sleep. No draw-strings to tighten or come loose. $1.50 to $8.50.

Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he cannot supply you, we'll send prepaid. Booklet on request.

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, Makers, 1199 Broadway, NEW YORK

[illegible]

Supplementing Your Income By $20.00 a Week

WE have permanent openings for five hundred men in given localities throughout the country, including your locality. We prefer family men, men who are well known, with present business connections, but sufficient time to develop our work as a side line, men of stamina, who need more money and, given the opportunity, will get it.

Mr. Tierney (above at left) is a hardware salesman, who devotes only one hour a day to our work, and has earned over $200.00 in five recent months.

Mr. Dicker (center) averages over $110.00 a month extra. He is a department store Manager in a Michigan city.

Mr. Stephens (right) supplements his income with over $150.00 a month along the lines we propose to you. He is an expert accountant.

If you need more money and are *our type* of person, we will show you how profitable, interesting and permanent the work is. Write today to

Agency Division, Box 254

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Continued from Page 82)

built as an investment or as a speculation; it was built as a home and nothing else. This was fundamental. It was built to be the permanent capital of his little republic. That was the way he felt about it from the first, and it had a lot to do with his whole attitude toward life. When he married he founded a new house of Carleton.

This was the boy's point of view and it accounted largely for the spirit in which he tackled the problem. It lent dignity to his home and to his work in the home. It accounts for the fact that with Dick the home was always first. If any sacrifices had to be made, either of time or money or social pleasures, those sacrifices were always made outside the home, which is rather an unusual stand for a young man to take as I've observed other young men.

The boy was young when I fought my fight in the suburbs, and yet I think he must have learned something from that. There the home was always last. We must have our social pleasures, our parade clothes, our clubs even though we couldn't afford them. If it was necessary to sacrifice anything we didn't sacrifice those items but we cut down our home expenses. We took it out of our hides.

But Dick didn't have to go back so far as that. He had among his town friends a dozen examples of this policy of considering the home last. His own partner wouldn't marry because it meant giving up his automobile, his clubs and a certain amount of freedom. That man was sacrificing a home after his own fashion. There was Stephens who had married, but who lived in apartments not to save money but in order to be able to spend more money outside the home. And his wife egged him on. There was Chadwick with a boy ten years old whom he shipped off to a boarding school in the winter and to a boys' camp in the summer, while he with his wife burned up gasoline all over the state and slept in any hotel where they happened to be at night.

Lord pity all of them when with dulled senses they find their hands empty! Lord pity them when they realize the hideous, hollow selfishness of it all! With their unsatisfied longings, with their lives incomplete, some day they'll learn that the price of not sacrificing is in the end to offer themselves a sacrifice—a vain and useless sacrifice.

The boy was making money in his contracting business and he might have made more, but from the day he stepped over the threshold of his home there never was a moment when he hesitated if the issue was raised whether it should be less home and more business or less business and more home. As much money as he was able to make and still maintain the established standard of his home, that much he would make and no more. His office hours in town were from nine to five, and no money reward could tempt him to extend them. When he was at his desk he worked sanely and consistently, but he never came home exhausted. The business he developed on the farm later on made a longer day for him, but back of this was a spirit that made it different from the business of sheer money-making.

What was true of his business was true of his social life. He and Jane went out whenever doing so did not interfere with their home life. In this matter Jane was the boss. She said where and when it pleased her to go, and Dick went along cheerfully. But Dick was back of her when she didn't want to go. There were no social obligations or social duties in their lives. It must be a social pleasure or nothing. They never hesitated about refusing an invitation if they preferred to stay at home.

There were those who called them selfish at the start, but when they really knew Dick and Jane and knew their home, that feeling didn't last long among those worth knowing. Their home stood for something worth while in the village, and people came to understand this.

In their turn they entertained, but they entertained genuinely. The people they invited to visit them were the people they enjoyed. They were their real friends. And they established a new standard for entertaining. A guest who came to their house came to their home. He or she became for the time being one of the family.

I have told of these things because to me the boy's home seemed just what a home ought to be and because in his home life the boy and Jane got back to ideals worth while. Their standards had a great influence not only upon Jane and Dick themselves

The Boss is proud of his business

and the treasurer is proud of his bank balance. The more I pay for office stationery the better pleased is the Boss, but it's another matter to explain to the treasurer form letters on high-priced bond.

I found them both. "How do you like our new letterhead?" says I to the Boss, handing him a fine, crackly sheet. "Great," he said. "Stick to it."

"Um!" said the treasurer dubiously. "Looks like pretty expensive paper to me; better use it sparingly."

The new letterhead was on Hammermill Bond and cost less than 9 cents a pound.

I now use Hammermill Bond for everything—letterheads, office and factory forms, price lists. It's economical, but so durable, clear of finish and "quality" in feel that the Boss is proud to sign a letter on it.

What's more, Hammermill is watermarked. The man who made the paper seems to say to me: "Not only this year, but next year and every year thereafter, I will make this paper the same in materials, the same in quality and the same in all things whatsoever. In no way will I cheapen this paper on which I have set this, my mark."

Yours faithfully, A Purchasing Agent

I advise you to send for this new book, "The Signal System."

Hammermill Bond can be obtained in tablet form. Six popular sizes; three finishes, Ripple, Linen and Vellum. At any stationery store.

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., Erie, Pa.
Makers of
HAMMERMILL BOND
"The Utility Business Paper"

Use Steel Shingles and Save Big Money

Send for surprisingly low factory-price on genuine Edwards Steel Shingles. Two coats used on roofs a MILLION are rain proof, wind proof, fire proof. And we pay freight.

Edwards STEEL Shingles

are guaranteed rust-proof, fire-proof, lightning-proof and [illegible]-proof—due to our famous Edgelock Process. No [illegible] so far as we know. Any man can [illegible] Edwards Steel Shingles. Already a part of over [illegible] roofs are guaranteed [illegible] by return mail. Give size of roof if you can.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 4335-4385 Lock St., Cincinnati, O.

New Typewriter $18 Made in U.S.A.

A Remarkable Typewriter. Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does Work of $100 Machine. Over 30,000 in Daily Use. Bennett Portable Typewriter has [illegible]

Agts. Proposition

CHAS. C. BENNETT CO., 304 Cedar Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

LAME PEOPLE

[illegible] HENRY S. LOTZ
311 Third Avenue, New York City

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK
Pneumatic Tires

No more punctures!

Sounds too good to be true. But the [illegible] hardware shown her[illegible] know by happy experience that it is true

They *know* that the remedy for tire troubles [illegible] costly [illegible]

[illegible] is the LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF [illegible] are pneumatic tire. Their reports [illegible] skeptic.

[illegible] the tires that put [illegible]

[illegible] LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF PNEUMATIC TIRE [illegible]

Money-Back Guarantee

[illegible] bedded in rubber, overlaying [illegible] fabric between—making [illegible] impossible), *the low, extra dense, doubly tough*

"Vanadium" Rubber

[illegible] longer life, greater resiliency and [illegible] tive freedom from oil rotting

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Conshohocken, Pa.

Best to Wear *Anywhere*

Essex Rubber Soles and Heels give the greatest satisfaction, no matter what your needs may be. When you buy shoes with soles displaying the Essex Trademark, you *know* that you are getting the *very best* grade material combined with the *highest* standard of workmanship, which is supplemented by *expert* attaching, all of which permits us to say that

Essex Soles Finish Strongest—

last longest—whether used for golfing, yachting, tennis or any other purpose. They are made in hundreds of different styles and are used on shoes of nearly every price.

The confidence of shoe manufacturers in the quality of Essex Rubber Soles is indicated by the fact that 75% of all the rubber soles worn in the United States bear the Essex Trademark.

You will find them at all progressive shoe stores, department stores, and repair shops. Specify them the next time you buy.

Essex Rubber Company, Trenton, N. J.
Mfrs. of Essex Rubber Heels and Soft Spot Heel and Arch Cushions.

ESSEX YACHTING SOLE AND HEEL

but upon the whole village. Though Ruth has been doing much the same all her life, the influence of the older woman didn't carry as far with the new generation as did the influence of the younger.

WHEN Dick bought the Dardoni farm his interest was centered chiefly in the fact that it was to be the site of his future home. He didn't have in mind anything very definite as to how he would work the farm itself, although he was definite enough about the necessity of working it. In a general way he had in mind the mixed farm that prevails in our town and that I have always recommended. He proposed to keep a horse, a cow, chickens and pigs for his own use, to raise his own produce and sell off all surplus. But about this time Doctor Barney, the young physician who had taken Doctor Wentworth's place in the village, had a talk with Dick.

This man Barney had come pretty near revolutionizing medical practice in Brewster. We had secured him right after his hospital service, while his ideals were high and his courage good. He hadn't fallen into any rut and he hadn't had his hands and feet tied by that old octopus of the profession, "Professional etiquette." He wasn't afraid to speak right out in meeting about conditions in the village needing a change, even when it meant hurting the feelings of the three other doctors in town. He was a live wire. One of the first things he did was to give a talk before the Pioneer Club on the dangers of the promiscuous use of morphine that made the other three physicians sit up and rub their eyes. As a result of that the three talked of bringing action against him before the medical society and one of them even proposed suing him for libel.

"Let him do it if he dares," I told Barney. "I'll furnish the money to fight it and we'll give him an airing such as a doctor hasn't had in this old state for a good many years."

As for Holt, he was so anxious to get at him that he almost pushed the old doctor into the suit.

"If only I could get him into court once," he said, rubbing his hands together.

As a result of the talk Barney gave us we voted him a salary of five hundred dollars a year to give us a regular monthly talk on such problems of sanitation as he thought most urgent and to serve as general health officer for club members. He had just been married and needed the money to live on. I didn't want to see him forced to his knees for lack of money. That's what happens too often to young men. Our law schools turn out every year hundreds of young men filled to the brim with enthusiasm, clear-sighted and untrammeled, ready to throw themselves into business reforms and political reforms and legal reforms. Unbound by conventions, ungagged by business affiliations, afraid of no man, they may be a bit extravagant in their ideals but there's fire in them and a noble purpose. Then that grim old bully, Expediency, stands over them with a club and threatens them with starvation and bribes them with baubles until within a year most of them have fallen into line. That's equally true of the medical schools. Listen to a young doctor fresh from his hospital service and you'll learn what the professional weaknesses are and what ought to be done to reform them. You'll hear that farce, professional etiquette, which bids doctors protect each other at the expense of the public, called by its right name. Listen to that same youngster five years later and you'll probably find him right in line—a trifle shamefaced, to be sure, but right in line. And it's just as true of other professions. It's a burning shame the way the fresh and daring and noble enthusiasm is pounded out of young men.

So we gave Barney enough to live on in connection with his small farm. Not only that, but we threw a lot of practice his way. Then I said to him:

"Now you go ahead and express yourself. I'll guarantee to furnish the funds to protect you, and Holt will furnish the legal experience. Keep young. Call things by their right names. If you catch the other doctors leaving forceps in a wound after an operation, as I've heard has been done, let us know. If you catch them not setting bones properly, as I've also heard has been done, let us know about that. If you yourself make a mistake, own up to it. For heaven's sake let us have the truth."

So far as I've been able to see, that's what he's done, and we've benefited wonderfully

LA FRANCE

LA FRANCE satisfies your desire for quality and still leaves you cheerful as regards expense.

You can pay more and get no better.

You can pay the same and not get as good.

We want you to have our book of styles as a ready reference on the way to dress your feet. Free upon request.

No. 361 is a Copley Model in Sterling Patent Colt. Cloth-top, button, welt, Louis Cuban heel. Dressy and practical.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY
377 Washington Street, - Lynn, Mass.

Retailers should ask for a copy of the La France Exclusive Selling Franchise.

Before Choosing any Furniture for Porch, Lawn or Bungalow send for this free Book

It shows you just how beautiful Old Hickory Furniture is. It surprises you with the large number of pieces. It suggests many attractive ways of beautifying the porch, lawn, bungalow or summer cottage at reasonable prices.

Old Hickory Furniture

is always handsome; it never wears out; you can't break it—and to clean it just turn on the hose.

See Old Hickory Furniture at your dealers. If he doesn't handle it we'll see that you are supplied. Write us today for free book, and please give us your dealer's name.

The Old Hickory Chair Co.
403 South Cherry St.
Martinsville, Ind.

Best for Boy

Best for Mother

He likes the firm, easy comfort of this Tapeless Blouse. No strings to dangle, no knots; no sliding tape. Fastens with simple, adjustable buttons. Easy to iron, quickly put on. 50 cents and up.

K&S Tapeless Blouse

Fine Book of Boys' Games FREE

If you send dealer's name. Describes Tapeless Blouses and Youths' Shirts

SCHAFFNER BROS.
Dept. 2 Cleveland, Ohio

Protect Yourself At Soda Fountains Ask for ORIGINAL GENUINE

The Food-Drink for All Ages
Nourishing
Delicious
Digestible
Others are Imitations

Wonderful Strength of a Sheet of Paper

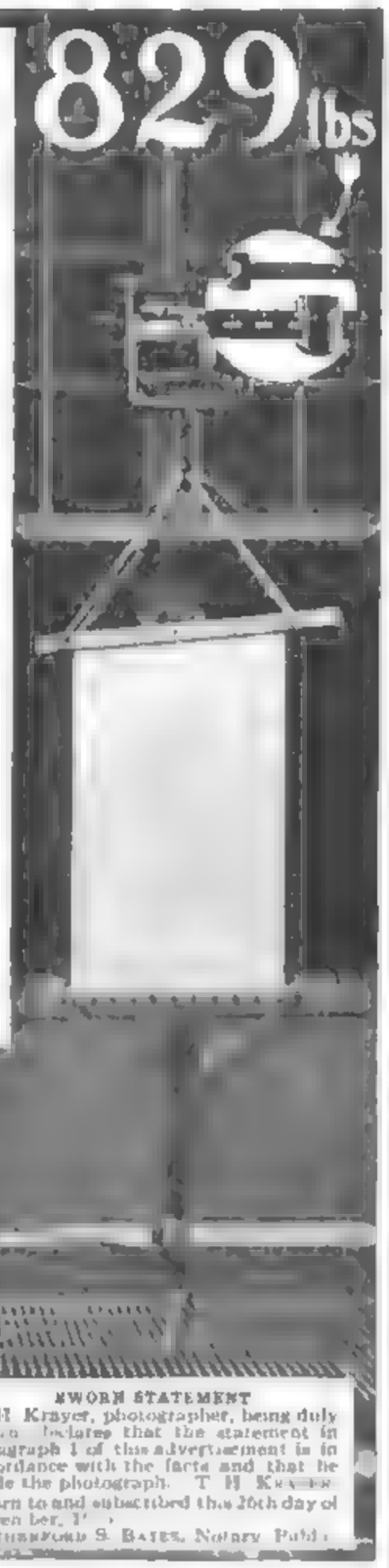
This is an actual photograph of a sheet of Scotch Linen Ledger taken from stock, standing a pull of 829 pounds on a Fairbanks Scale. The figures on the beam are enlarged simply to make them readable.

Scotch Linen Ledger

[illegible] wonderful strength that [illegible] surface that makes its use a pl[illegible] [illegible] or stationer to [illegible] next order of blank books [illegible]

PARSONS HOLYOKE U.S.A.

PARSONS PAPER COMPANY, Holyoke, U. S. A.
Makers of Scotch Linen Ledger, Parsons Defendum Linen Ledger, Parsons Bond, Old Hampden Bond, Mercantile Bond, London Bond, Parsons Linen, Parchment Bristol. These papers are standard in their respective grades



SWORN STATEMENT
T H Krayer, photographer, being duly sworn declares that the statement in paragraph 1 of this advertisement is in accordance with the facts and that he made the photograph. T H Krayer
Sworn to and subscribed this 20th day of December, 1913.
Richmond S. Bates, Notary Public.

by it. One or two hysterical women have objected to being told there was nothing in the world the matter with them after they'd been under Wentworth's care for fifteen years, but they didn't have a very sympathetic audience to listen to them.

Barney came over to the house one night shortly after the fact was announced that Dick had bought the Dardoni place.

"I'm glad you've bought that farm," he said to Dick. "It makes you just the man I've been looking for."

"How's that?" said Dick.

"You can raise milk for some of my babies."

Dick had used Barney to look after any of his men that were sick. The men liked him and had called him, in a good many cases, to their families. In this way Barney had worked up quite a practice in Little Italy. It wasn't a practice that paid him very much, for half the time he wouldn't present a bill and about half the rest of the time he spent in preventive work. His hearty common-sense and his genuine interest in these people made him tremendously popular. Some of the physicians down there—though not among the public health officers—were shysters and quacks. They were not only incompetent but barbarously cruel, prolonging cases purposely, sometimes at the cost of lives.

"You mean you want to turn my farm into a free-milk supply station?" said Dick, a bit frightened.

"Free?" said Barney. "I hadn't thought of that now. But if you could afford to do it ——"

"I can't," said Dick.

People in Brewster had become almost superstitious about Barney. He had put through so many reforms against opposition, which though for the public good had been at private expense, that folks began to think he had some privilege like that of Federal confiscation. Most of his suggestions came pretty near being commands.

"I'm not a millionaire," said Dick. "I've put a lot of money into this farm and I've got to make it pay."

"Oh, I see," said Barney. "Well, I wonder now if you couldn't make clean milk pay."

"I haven't thought about it," said Dick uneasily.

"Then why don't you?" said Barney. "I can't imagine any line of farming that would bring a man a deeper personal satisfaction than the production of clean milk at a fair price."

"But can the kind of milk you want be produced at what you call a fair price?"

"I believe you can produce it, Dick," said Barney.

"I don't know. The cost of sterilizing it ——"

"I don't want my milk sterilized," exclaimed Barney.

"Huh?"

"If you're going to raise the kind of milk that has to be sterilized I don't want it for my babies. Clean milk is sterile milk. When milk comes from a healthy cow it's as sterile as Nature wants it to be. All you have to do is to keep it clean."

This was a new idea to Dick. So it was to me.

"Then what's the meaning of all this hullabaloo you doctors are making about sterilizing milk?" Dick asked.

"It's a war measure," said Barney. "We sterilize it, not because we want to, but because we can't trust the average milk any other way. It's a shame it has to be. What I want is a milk the public can trust."

"But you demand so much of it."

"I demand nothing of it but decent cleanliness," broke in Barney. "Just simple, decent cleanliness and four per cent fat. It's kind of tough on the kiddies, isn't it, when that is classed as a luxury? Kind of tough on everyone when to stand a fair show of not poisoning their children so many men either have to pay a fancy price or denature their milk. That surely doesn't speak very well for some of the men who raise and handle milk."

Barney leaned over and put his hand on Dick's knee.

He spoke soberly, but with a touch of something in his voice that made my own heart beat faster.

"I honestly believe that it's actually within your power to make a decent profit and at the same time save each year more children than all the doctors in the whole city save. That would be a fine thing to do, wouldn't it? And Carleton milk would do it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe

The Excello—a Dressy Patent Blucher oxford
The Glide Pump in Patent or Dull leather—Tango Sole.

FOR every occasion you will find a Florsheim—pre-eminent in style—perfect in fit and finish—suited precisely to your taste. An essential to correct attire. Priced at $5 and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

WARNER'S
Rust-Proof Corsets
Made-to-Wear
NOT TO RUST, BREAK or TEAR
$1. to $5.
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Shirley President Suspenders
50¢
You hardly know you have them on
"Satisfaction or money back"
Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles
The C. A. Edgerton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

Whittling clerks gather small profits

We would like a chance to talk to the [illegible] who wants his clerks rather than expert whittlers. Blaisdell paper pencils will save your clerks' time. And we can *prove* that Blaisdells in your organization would cost 15 to 33⅓% less than wooden pencils. Write us today.

For general office work, Blaisdell No. 1 is especially popular. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of *every* kind for *every* purpose.

Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes

Blaisdell Pencil Company

Why Pay More?

Mail Postal For This Catalog

You can buy this beautiful Morris chair direct from our [illegible] far less than you [illegible]. We build it in four sections—[illegible] knock down [illegible] right rates in compact crate.

Buy Direct From Catalog

[illegible] at say only for materials, workmanship, [illegible] etc., plus the one usual, small profit to us. [illegible] only and ship from our own fa[illegible] direct to [illegible] our money, including the [illegible]

COME-PACKT

Only
$8.95 In Four Sections

Select Quartered WHITE Oak. Built with the care and skill of the old master cabinet makers—possessing all individuality and artistic charm befitting the home of quality. Eight different shades of finish. Imperial leather [illegible]

New 1914 Catalog FREE

Shows over 400 other beautiful examples of Come-Packt craftsmanship in living, dining, bed room and den furniture [illegible] at great price savings. Sent free—postpaid.

Come-Packt Furniture Co. 414 Dorr St. Toledo, Ohio

YOUR OFFICE BOY

Do you know how he lives, and what an extra dollar or two each week would do in his home?

HUNDREDS of office boys, errand boys and stock boys sell *The Saturday Evening Post* to their employers and other men in the buildings where they work. Your office boy can in this way increase his earnings without interfering with his other duties.

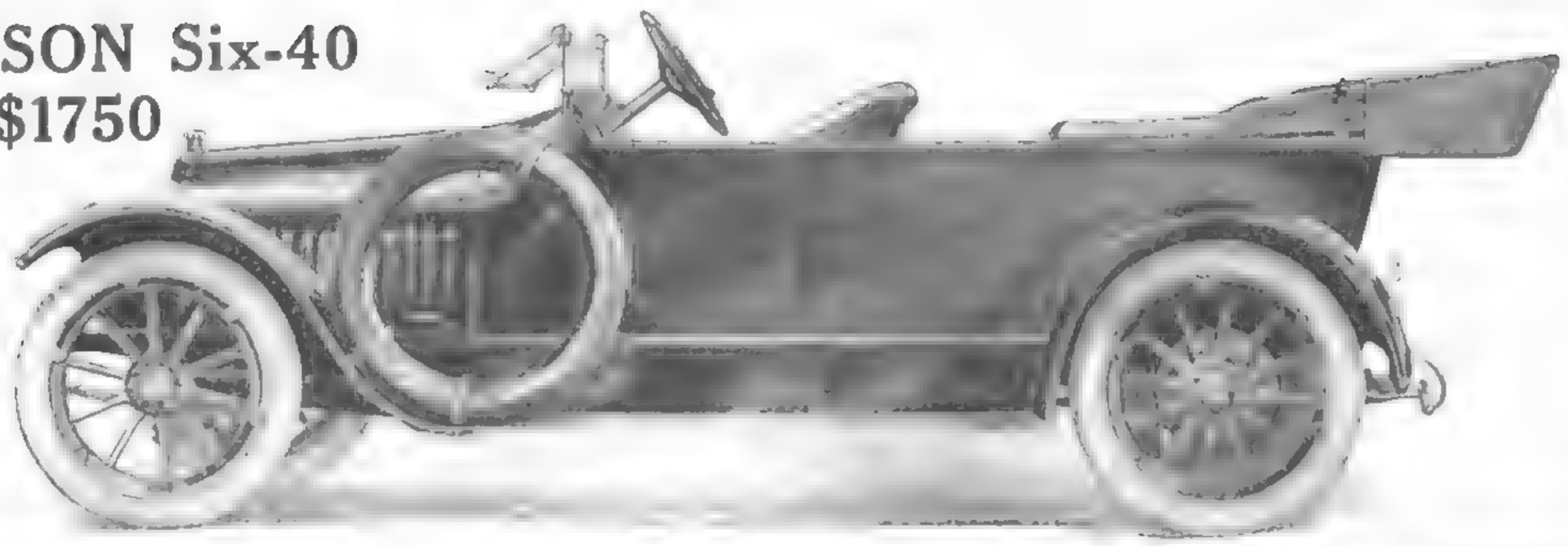
Send us the name and address of any boy who needs money and is willing to work for it and we'll tell him how he can get one hundred customers and earn $2.00 more each week. To his parents we'll send, free of cost, a most helpful booklet entitled, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Give us the chance to help some young friend of yours. Send his name and address to

Sales Division, Box 258

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

HUDSON Six-40
$1750



Now Supplied With a 5-Passenger as well as a 6-Passenger Body

Your Ideal Car

This LIGHT HUDSON Six-40 will meet your ideals, if you accord with the trend of the times. That trend is toward Sixes, especially toward light Sixes. It is toward quality and beauty, toward lower prices and lower operative cost.

All men, we think, have high respect for HUDSON engineers, headed by Howard E. Coffin. There are 48 experts in this matchless corps.

These men for years have led the way in the right direction, and Motordom has followed every path they blazed. Their innovations are now pretty sure to be tomorrow's standards.

Watching Trends

Their business is to anticipate your wants. To be first to meet them, by looking far ahead.

You wanted Sixes, but cost confined them to the few. Our engineers brought those Sixes down—this year to $1,750. Now no comparable car of any type sells as low as the HUDSON Six-40.

You wanted lightness combined with strength. This HUDSON Six-40 weighs under 3,000 pounds.

You wanted lower operative cost. They gave you this small-bore, long-stroke motor which has made amazing records. Not in one of our tests has any equal-powered car shown so many miles per gallon.

Other Things Wanted

You wanted beauty. They have given you more than you dreamed of. A streamline body—concealed hinges—perfect finish—hand-buffed leather upholstery.

You wanted better weight distribution. They have put the gasoline tank in the cowl dash, the extra tires ahead of the front door.

You wanted convenience. They put every instrument and gauge within reach of the driver. They gave you the "One-Man" top, the quick-adjusting curtains. And for extra passengers they gave you two disappearing seats.

What Else?

Go see this car and find, if you can, any wanted thing that's lacking. Tell us any ideal which isn't met in this car.

Judge, too, if you care to go without any HUDSON feature.

Would you miss the smoothness of a Six when $1,750 buys it? Would you have a less distinguished car, or a car of lesser quality?

Do you want extra weight without greater capacity? A needless burden, perhaps as great as an extra car-full of passengers?

Will you accept higher operative cost? And will you pay more than the HUDSON price for any same-class car?

These things should be decided now. These cars are now selling twice as fast as we make them. We have never built a HUDSON model half so popular as this. As things look now, many hundreds of men will discover this car too late.

Car like picture, with extra tonneau seats, $1,750 f. o. b. Detroit. 5-passenger body, same price. Standard Roadster, same price. Convertible Roadster, with lined leather top—with windows that drop into the doors—as luxurious and comfortable as a limousine in rough weather, but an open roadster in fair weather, $1,950.

The Hudson Six-54

For men who want more in size or power we make the new HUDSON Six-54. The design and equipment are almost identical with the car we show above. But the wheel base is 135 inches, the engine more powerful, and the price is $2,250.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7856 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

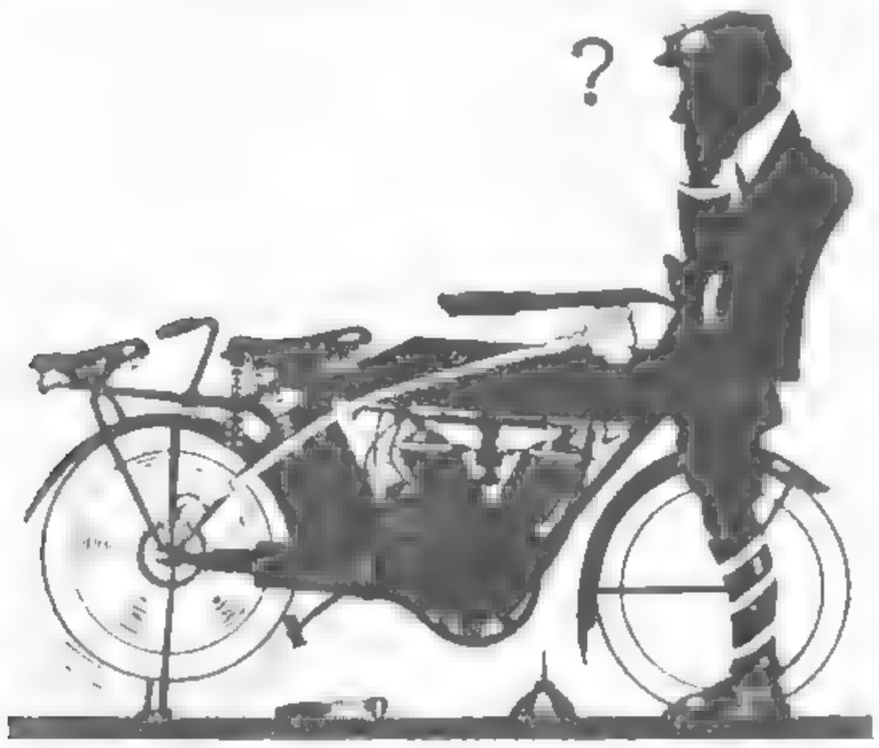
337 [131]

Which Do You Want?

All the drawbacks, expense and annoyance of a rear wheel drive speedometer

OR

An absolutely trouble proof and economical front wheel drive speedometer



Tuning Up Means False Mileage!

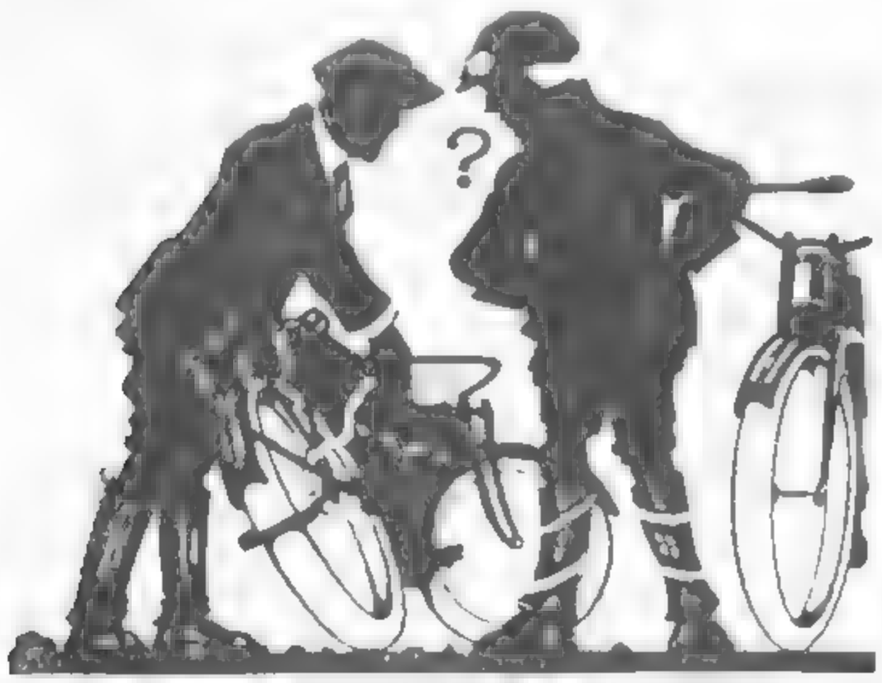
When you use a rear wheel driven speedometer, every time you tune up your motorcycle on the stand your speedometer *has got to* register false mileage. Why? Because when tuning up, your rear road wheel is the *only* wheel that revolves! Even though you have a device for disengaging your speedometer, you generally fail to do it *or* else it is too much trouble.

The Stewart front wheel drive speedometer absolutely guards you against such false mileage.

Slippage—More False Mileage!

Every time you ride on a slippery pavement or a wet road, your rear road wheel is *bound* to slip, and consequently revolve at a much faster rate than you are actually traveling. So if you are using a rear wheel driven speedometer, you *must again get* false mileage. And, additionally, this constant slippage causes your rear wheel driven speedometer to show a greater speed than you are actually going.

This *cannot happen* if you use the trouble-proof Stewart front wheel driven speedometer. The front wheel cannot slip.



Damaged Motorcycles—Often Personal Injury!

The use of a rear wheel driven speedometer means a *dangling flexible shaft* that can get *twisted* up in the mechanism of your machine, which means a *damaged motorcycle*, if not a *much more* serious accident to the rider. Then again the flexible shaft is *always* in the way and is a bothersome trouble maker.

The Stewart front wheel drive has no flexible shaft. It cannot get you or your motorcycle into trouble. There will be no accidents — no flexible shaft trouble.

Money Lost on Tire Adjustments!

All this false mileage, registered by a speedometer driven from the rear wheel, makes it difficult to get proper tire adjustments. When you go to get a new tire you say that the old one has not given the guaranteed mileage — but your speedometer *shows a greater* mileage -and the dealer believes nothing but the speedometer.

But if you use the Stewart front wheel drive you always get full allowance without question or quibble. It always shows the exact mileage.

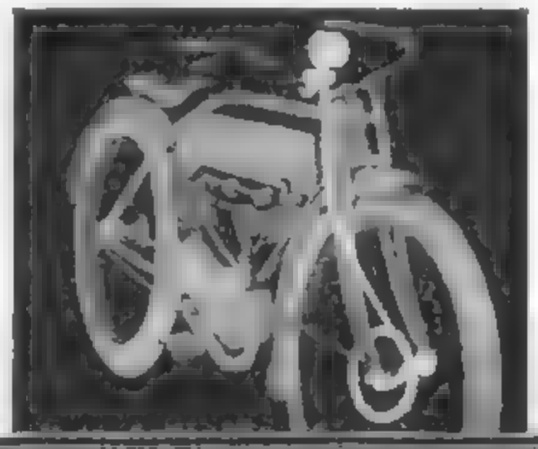
We make the most reliable rear wheel drive speedometer on the market, but in spite of this we urge the use of our front wheel drive as the most practical, most economical and the safest in every respect. It *cannot* register false mileage. There is *no possibility* of arguments over tire adjustments. There is *no flexible shaft* to get into trouble. There is *no cumbersome driving mechanism* to disengage. The drive shaft operates through a rigid steel tube. The tube supports the bracket which holds the angle joint and fibre pinion. This bracket swivels freely on the front wheel axle and takes up all up-and-down movement of the front wheel, thus eliminating all springing and whipping wear.

Prominent motorcycle manufacturers are rapidly adopting the Stewart front wheel drive speedometer as special equipment. See that you get one on your new motorcycle, or if you *have* a machine, get one of these advanced instruments from your local dealer. It costs only $12—the lowest priced magnetic motorcycle speedometer made.

Get a demonstration. If you have an unsatisfactory rear wheel drive, any dealer or any of our branches will give you a liberal exchange proposition.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation. Factories: Chicago, Illinois, and Beloit, Wisconsin.
17 Branches, and Service Stations in all cities and large towns

Stewart Motorcycle Speedometer



ONLY $12 COMPLETE

Fully Guaranteed

THE BOY WHO COUNTED A MILLION

(Continued from Page 19)

Erect upon one of the straight-backed chairs beside the desk, he was seen to be moving his lips as always, seen by any who cared to peer through the window, secure at last from vexatious interruptions. It became known later in the day, also, that Amos had nobly relinquished the licorice drops, to be locked in the safe against the nearing day of his triumph.

Old Slicky had observed that they seemed to delay his counting.

It was frankly conceded that evening, upon the best village authority, that Slicky Balch had come to his second childhood—"throwing his money right and left like that!" His mind had gone or was going. Even when it was definitely ascertained by several of these hopeful theorists that he was, in the matter of compound interest and overdue notes, still curiously his old normal self, the theory was by no means abandoned. It was still believed that he would presently be giving away all he had, and an unwonted cheerfulness sat the faces of his clients.

How were they, indeed, to divine that for the ordinary mechanics of his trade the delicately stupendous performance of Amos had merely ground his acuteness to a finer edge? How were they to conceive that he might—and still retain his craft—squander the interest for a year on nearly a whole dollar, in that delirious moment when Romance had flung her silvery veil across his cunning old eyes?

Then came renown in the public prints. That spring was "in our midst," as the editor of the local weekly would have it, a New York reporter in process of recuperation from his city toil. He had sent to his paper such freakish items as came to his notice, and had written up several of our local worthies—to their mingled wrath and pride. And Amos was considered to be a Sunday feature. At the dizzy altitude of the nine hundred thousands he was led to the photographer; nor was old Slicky omitted. The two were portrayed, Amos standing a bit in advance, stiff and terrified, old Slicky seated and revealing a kind of proud humility. A week later the likeness came to us in a Sunday issue of the New York paper, festooned with impressionistic portraits of Alexander the Great—in armor—Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and some minor celebrities who supposedly had never counted a million. "Obscure lad in teens stirs New England village," declared the heading, and in the course of the column write-up it was intimated that one Silas Balch, "respected as the leading capitalist of this thriving community," intended to make the young poet of numbers his sole heir. In fact old Slicky was bluntly labeled "A Village Mæcenas."

That was a bitter day for us who had so recently scorned Amos Apple for his ineptness at sport, his rabbitlike timidity. How small beside him now was one who merely possessed a fishhawk's egg or a bone felon! At five hundred thousand he had been called upon to settle a dispute, and even at three hundred thousand we had asked him—asked him—to join our games. Now we would as soon have asked the minister. Far above us, he went to and fro upon his lawful occasions and we were the abashed ones.

Nor was the million to be achieved without a further, an unbelievable exaltation. At nine hundred and seventy-eight thousand—to be precise—Amos became truly feverish and was conveyed to his home in a hired carriage by old Slicky. There he was put to bed and the doctor was thrillingly called. Old Slicky, who was himself feverish, bore all the expense. The mother of Amos had stolidly declared for a mustard footbath and boneset tea, proffering gratuitously, moreover, the diagnosis that her son suffered from nothing but incurable laziness. Yet she was overborne by old Slicky, and the mysterious and expensive drugs were administered.

The doctor's son disclosed to us that Amos was indeed sick unto death—that the fever was slowly turning his blood to water. It was fascinating pathology. While I think none of us really wished Amos to die, there must have been an undercurrent of opinion that it might be best for all concerned. It would show that a mere nobody had better be mighty careful how he exalted himself above his superiors by a trick; and if he really had to go, it were better, dramatically, that he went before the count was done. We were discreet of speech in this matter, but I think that is how we felt.

But regardless of our secret convictions, our fine esthetic willingness to see Amos a martyr to his pride, the god of numbers permitted him to survive, not only to survive but to persevere; for on his sickbed he continued to count, and bulletins were fetched to us, chiefly by old Slicky, who watched and tended him as if he had been a delicate mortgage.

On the third day's seclusion—a Saturday—we learned that one million was at hand. A hushed and respectful group, we gathered on the new grass before Amos' door. We came at nine hundred and ninety six thousand, eight hundred, and we stared with awe at the inferior Stubbs house. We marveled, too, that the mother of Amos could apparently be discharging the common offices of her household as if no great moment were at hand. Too plainly she had no spark of the true fire.

At nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand Amos tragically appeared, wan but unconquered. There was a discreet, a quickly stifled cheer. Amos ignored it. He seated himself in the doorway, gazed above our heads and waggled his upper lip as of yore. His expression was beatific. Before such intensity of devotion St. Cecilia at the organ would have seemed a gross and frivolous trifler.

We all counted with Amos now. That was no longer to be resisted. We must go out to meet the panting runner and pace the final stretch beside him. Only at the very last hundred did we lose our control. We could no longer count. We could but wait.

Amos finished with the unhurried coolness of a veteran; with his last twenty he but toyed, mouthing the count deliberately, as one who would extract the final flavor from a prized titbit—and this before the day of Fletcher! We stopped breathing. Amos lifted his pale eyes full to the zenith and declaimed with thrilling slowness:

"One mill-yu-u-n!"

There was no immediate demonstration. The time was too great for aught but a shuddering sigh of relief. And discipline still gripped Amos. He arose and we saw that he grasped a hammer. Majestically he stalked to a near-by maple tree and into its already abused bole he sternly drove a nail—there were nine other nails beside it. Then at last he folded his arms and consented to receive our plaudits. We rendered them vociferously while he stood with lips for once at rest. After a time of this he graciously unbent and was good enough to converse upon the superficial aspects of his ordeal—such as beans. There were ten limas and hundreds of the small ones. It is unlikely that Amos had foreseen the now tremendous significance of these beans. He was not bright enough to have divined that they would become historic beans, especially the ten limas. He actually bestowed one as a gift upon the first boy who asked for it. But he was swiftly enlightened, for in the ensuing rush for the others offers of valuable property were frantically made, and Amos suddenly tightened up, as it were. On the spot he acquired, among other valuables, the best collection of birds' eggs in town, a poison-tainted surgeon's scalpel, a kite, a mudstone and a tame crow. The last lima, so spirited had the bidding become, brought from Goat Edwards the amazing price of two flint arrowheads, twenty sweet-fern cigarettes and a fresh pig's bladder, inflated and tied to a stick.

On account of their great number and the ease with which such coinage might be debased by the unscrupulous, the lesser beans were like silver in the days of Solomon the King, "nothing accounted of," though the very small boys traded in them and I have known twenty to buy a neatly blown robin's egg.

And yet as we traded feverishly there for the beans, how blind we were! Not one of us had the wit to consider the driven nails which, as the ultimate counters, were patently of a superior value. It was old Slicky who came back later, and with much labor, for they were soundly driven, withdrew them one by one and carried them off

Alba Products in a well-lighted office of the Los Angeles Times. Lyman & Eakes, Architects

Good Light Draws Trade

Well-lighted stores, windows, offices and well-lighted streets attract buyers. Your customers stay longer and buy more and your employees do more work with fewer mistakes in well-lighted places.

Alba Globes and Shades

Good Light is mostly a matter of the right globes and shades. A poor shade absorbs the light—*money wasted;* Alba Globes and Shades make seeing easy, direct the light where it is needed, look well, and get more and better light from the same current—*money saved.*

How to get Good Light. (1) Determine to investigate. (2) Get one Alba Shade from your nearest dealer and see what a difference it makes. (3) Send us description of your space and we will advise you without charge how to light it well. (4) Ask us for one or more of the following:

"Good Light"—Booklet 60-N. "Business Lighting"—Portfolio 47-N. "Home Lighting"—Portfolio 63-N.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Pittsburgh

Sales and Show-rooms also in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco. Macbeth-Evans Glass Co. Ltd., Toronto.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Dept. 137, Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.

For Interesting and Valuable Information about **PATENTS WANTED** and Bought by Manufacturers send 6 cents postage for 64-page Illustrated paper Patent Records and Terms Book. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 7 Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Guaranteed absolutely against puncture. Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting. FREE. THE W. H. MULLINS CO. 602 Franklin St., Salem, O., U.S.A. The World's Largest Boat Builders

Cost Less - Last Longer than Wood Boats

A dollar's worth of Seeds for 25¢ Helpful Catalog

The largest dahlia growers in the world will mail every copy of the limited edition of their handsome new catalog to go to a known flower lover. To avoid curiosity inquiries they offer 12 packets of fine seeds, worth [illegible] for 25¢. Double Dahlias, Cactus Dahlias, Single Dahlias, Common Asters, Larkspur, Nasturtiums, Verbena, Zinnias, new Marigolds, Scarlet Sage, Cockscomb, Cornflower [illegible]

This advertisement will not appear again—act at once

DAVID HERBERT & SON Box 901 ATCO, N. J.

WEARS LIKE "60" LOOKS LIKE "50"

and yet costs but 25c, due to our perfect-process and durable 4-ply cable-twist heels and toes.

Dealers or Notaseme Hosiery Co., Philadelphia

NOTASEME SILK LISLE 25¢ HOSIERY

Stamps Three Envelopes While You Stamp One

Here's a little device that affixes stamps to any size or form of mail—instantly and securely. Simply insert coiled stamps (obtainable at any P. O.) in stamp case, fill water chamber, and it is ready for 500 stampings. Then simply press the plunger. The

Multipost

Stamp Affixer and Accountant

has been on the market three years and now is in daily use in 15,000 offices. Begins to save immediately—in large or small offices. Pays for itself in no time. One year guarantee. Will last a lifetime.

A Stamp Cash Register

You can't get a stamp out of the Multipost without it being recorded. The Multipost protects your stamps like a bank protects your money. Keeps a constant check on your postage and mailing. Save yourself from loss—and your employees from temptation—by using the Multipost.

FREE BOOK—"How Stamps Are Lost"

Tells why you should watch your stamp box. Shows the big stamp loss in every office. Full of facts that are "eye-openers." Explains our Free Trial offer. Every business man should read this book. Send for it at once—it's free.

The Multipost Co., 22 Allen St., Rochester, N.Y.

Canadian Multipost Co., Toronto, Can.

SAFETY FIRST

The foundation quality idea in the manufacture of Goodrich Tires

The Goodrich method of making tires is based on the "Safety First" idea. Safety for your family and yourself.

✣ ✣ ✣

Goodrich puts forty-four years of experience and quality in rubber manufacturing in every Goodrich Tire.

✣ ✣ ✣

That puts the safety in the construction of the tire itself — puts strength and resilience and service in it.

✣ ✣ ✣

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires are the standard by which all other high grade tires are judged because of their wonderful wearing qualities and uniform excellence. That's why Goodrich has held the leadership for nearly twenty years.

✣ ✣ ✣

The extra thickness of tough Goodrich rubber in the treads at the point of contact with the road provides longer satisfaction *and lower-cost mileage.*

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

The Goodrich Safety Tread

Five Bars and a Crosstie the "Safety First" Symbol

The thick, tough rubber bars and crosstie of the safety tread as shown above, *make* a "Safety First" road-[illegible]

Here are the prices on the best tires ever produced in the Goodrich factory:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Grey Inner Tube Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12 65	$2 80	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00	$6.15
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	3 50	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05	6 30
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10	6 45
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	4 75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34 x 4	24.35	26 05	4.90	38 x 5½	54 00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires or can get them for you from one of our Branches or Depots.

Factories: Akron, Ohio **The B. F. Goodrich Co.** Branches in All Principal Cities

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

A Boy Worth Having

He approaches you confidently. He does not stammer, scuff his feet or hang his head. He approaches you at your office or home and asks you to buy your copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* from him. There are elements of real salesmanship in his talk. He is a product of the Curtis Boy Plan.

There are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell more than hundreds of thousands of copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* each week.

If you know one or two of our boys, you know how the work counts for character and manliness. If there is no *Post* boy in your neighborhood, there is a business opportunity waiting for one of your young friends.

Send us the names of two or three boys whom you can recommend and we will give each of them an opportunity to secure a Curtis agency. To their parents we will send free of cost a mighty helpful booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Write today to

SALES DIVISION, BOX 259

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

to lock in his safe—old Slicky, shrewdest of us all, and the arch-sentimentalist.

And now, though the death angel had trifled with us unwarrantably, Amos was riding to a fall of another sort. At school the following Monday he behaved with the arrogance of those great ones who are about to topple. He collected boys in his train and was insufferable to them. He demanded worship, and then brutally flouted his devotees. His followers were made to sound the lowest depths of servility. He was chary of words, though he hinted mysteriously of future feats. "I could count a billion if I wanted to," he was heard to say; and "Maybe I will count a billion if I take the notion. You can't tell what I might do if I took the notion." It was a perilous moment; had he but known it, a less lordly arrogance of bearing might have marked him.

It was the closing hour of school that day. The heat had been trying, and Miss Apgar, the cartilaginous cynic who taught us, had been rather testier than was her wont. Under her irritated prodding we labored through the recitation in arithmetic. Amos Apple was called to the blackboard to demonstrate a problem in fractions. It was not complex. It was easily within his powers, and Amos swaggered as he went. There was disrespect for us and for his teacher in his brusque manner of grasping the chalk. And then he blundered. The dizzying toxins of adulation must have mounted to his brain, though I have always attributed his failure partly to the minuteness of the fractions he was called upon to manipulate. His soul had soared among starry millions, and now it must pettily engage itself with the absurd residue of the half of a fourth of an eighth. And nothing came right. All might yet have been well with Amos, but when nothing came right he was heard to sniff.

The lips of Miss Apgar tightened. She said: "Ah, yes! Ah, yes!" as if she had been made free of understanding's remotest caverns. Amos, still hardly arrogant in his new honors, sniffed again, while his right hand floundered with aimless chalk.

"Tell me, Amos," demanded his enemy with an arch but acid sweetness, "is it true that you have lately been successful in counting some vast amount—five thousand, was it; or might it have been ten?"

To the rest of us this was smug, brazen effrontery. We knew that she knew what Amos had done. But Amos stepped neatly into the trap.

"Huh! I counted a million—a whole million, that's what I counted. And maybe I'll count a billion if I take a notion ——"

"No, Amos; you did not count a million!"

Her words cut the air crisply. They dazed Amos—all of us. Such was the sensation that order had to be rapped for.

"A million—yes, ma'am!" repeated Amos.

"Tell us, Amos," continued the implacable one in her sweetest public manner—"tell us the precise method by which you were enabled to count so vast a sum."

"Why, now," answered Amos, recovering his blandness, "I'd count a hunderd, then I'd put a white bean in m' right pants pocket, then I'd count another hunderd, then I'd put ——"

"That will suffice, Amos!" We heard the iron come into her voice. "You have not counted a million. You have merely counted one hundred ten thousand times." I now see that the "merely" was neat.

Amos glared reproach. He was a stricken deer.

"Ain't that jest the same? Yes, ma'am!"

"Oh, not at all, Amos!" Still the venomous sweetness. "Let me hear you count aloud from one to one hundred. I shall note the time by my watch here. Proceed, please!"

Amos did proceed, and as the final "hunderd" fell from his tired, patient lips, the enemy pronounced, "Ver-ry good! Ver-ry expeditious! Thirty seconds. You are undeniably a bright boy, Amos—in some ways. Indeed yes—in some ways!" Amos should have known about poisoned scalpels, and yet he continued to smile complacently.

"Now you will be good enough to count for us clearly and distinctly so that all may hear, and giving each syllable its proper meed of breath and tone, let us say from seven hundred and seven thousand, seven hundred, to seven hundred and seven thousand, eight hundred."

Amos blanched. He gasped. He saw the pit at last. Yet he blundered gamely forward, bruising, crushing, smothering or skipping syllables from the very start. He was permitted to flounder miserably until defeat was too evident. At "Sem hun' sem thous', sem hun' sis-two" the ruler rang upon the desk.

"That will do, Amos. You see you did not count a million. You merely—again!—counted one hundred ten thousand times. You may resume your seat and the lesson will proceed."

The fiend pretended that nothing much had happened. Perhaps she really believed that nothing much had happened. Perhaps she did not know that Amos Apple was once more abased and despised—saved from his former obscurity only because she had perched him upon a pinnacle of infamy. He had tricked us of our respect and our treasure. Already we muttered contemptuously: "A hundred merely ten thousand times!" as if more than one of us must have done all of that and thought it not worth mentioning.

Dearly did Amos pay for his arrogance when school was out. No boy there was too small to flout, to insult him. Loathing for him was loudly expressed and violence freely offered. He had but one refuge. He flung off his tormentors as best he could and fled to his staunchest adult partisan. Old Slicky listened indignantly. Then: "'Tain't no way to count a million, ain't it? Well, now, you jest tell that smarty that sets herself up for a schoolma'am that it's a plenty enough good way to count a million dollars. Ha, ha, if she only had that much!"

And Amos, seated in one of the straight-backed chairs, elate once more, now consumed the remainder of his licorice drops while old Slicky beamed upon him and at intervals mumbled: "Plenty enough good way to count one million dollars—yes, sir."

"Makes your backbone feel all grand and funny," said Amos.

"I bet it does that," averred old Slicky. "My, if only I was younger!"

To how many of us does Beauty come too late! Romance had cast her silvery veil athwart the old eyes of him, tangled his grasping fingers in its meshes. He crept in the magic shadows of her moonlight, and Amos Apple was his guide. More practically, he sought to have the school board oust Miss Apgar for her blasphemous assault upon Amos. He was unsuccessful in this, but he did pay a finer tribute to the lady of the veil, for Amos in due time truly became his heir and successor.

Amos had beheld his vision and was to live out his dream in abounding reality. He is the sole member of our group that seems to have done this. We all dreamed our dreams of a golden future. There was Goat Edwards, who had gallantly made us believe that he should become a desperate outlaw in the Far West; and that he would return for the sole purpose of looting old Slicky's safe at the pistol's point. But I chanced to recognize Goat, a carelessly bearded but sedate and contented materialist, on the seat of a delivery wagon that doubtless conveyed groceries to the rear entrance of the Apple mansion on High Street. So much for his dream—and as much for ours! Amos, of us all, was living out his vision behind the lettered window, counting as of old, his counters still much prized. About Miss Apgar I could learn nothing whatever of interest. Perhaps she lived to borrow money of Amos.

Testing Dynamos

Chief Tester

Testing Motors

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc. DYNAMO SYSTEM.

Serial No. 21573 Type G1 Date 12-29-13

Dynamo run 3 hours at full load Yes

Load to be 3.5 amperes Yes

Check speed 2200 Dynamo Speed 1800

VOLTS	DYNAMO VOLTS	BATTERY VOLTS	AMPERES
12.30	7.6	None	11.6
332	7.4	"	9.3
330	7	6.5	9.5

Temperature Normal Atmosphere Normal Dynamo field

Working governor OK

Direction of rotation

Condition of brushes and commutator OK

Drop in series 4 Volts at 8 Amperes

Compounds 2 Amps. Motors 3.2 Amps.

REMARKS

OK

Tested by Mr Baxter

Fac-simile of tester's report on dynamos

Your Final Safeguard Is Provided by the Gray & Davis Corps of Testers

STARTING MOTOR

Type MJ-2 Date Nov. 11 13

D & D No. 920 No. 21563

Test	Amp.	Volts	Speed
1st	148	5.4	2740
15 Sec	150	5.3	2510
35 Sec	293	4.8	2230

Running free amps 3rd Volts 6 Speed 3760

Pole drop at Series 2 Amps 150 amps

" " Armature 4 amps

" " Brushes 4 amps

Total drop Volts

Fit of brushes OK Any vibration No

Are all connections O. K. Yes Worm Yes

Direction of armature CLOCKWISE

Paint on armature OK

Remarks OK

Inspected by Spicer Tested by H.C.B.

Fac-simile of tester's report on Starting Motor

WHEN purchasing a car equipped with the Gray & Davis starting-lighting system you have the satisfaction of knowing that *this* system has been put through complete tests, far more drastic than actual service in the hands of the car owner.

Nothing is left to chance, nothing is taken for granted in the Gray & Davis factory.

The system is designed with the experience gained during 23 years of dynamo and motor construction. It is manufactured to outlive the car and to give absolute satisfaction under all conditions. It is built in the largest factory devoted to starting-lighting systems.

After each Gray & Davis starting motor is finished, it is given a minute mechanical examination. After the inspectors pass it, the motor goes to the testing rooms. Here an expert puts it through its paces. He proves the speed, torque, and voltage. He is but one of a squad of men who give their whole time to determining motor efficiency.

Each dynamo is similarly inspected and tested for hours at a speed of over 1000 revolutions per minute without stopping. The machine is also tested for output and defects, so that any dynamo surviving the gruelling ordeal will generate its full quota of current.

Finally comes the O. K. of the Chief Tester and a review of the records of each unit. The system has then proved its ability to meet every road and weather condition.

That is one reason why the Gray & Davis system occupies a distinctive position and the *big* reason why you should demand it on the car you purchase.

Press a pedal and the engine starts. A simple switch on the dash controls all lights. Occasional lubrication and replenishment of the battery with distilled water are required—that is all. 63 Service Stations stand ready at all times to assist our users or give advice.

Send for the Gray & Davis catalog, which gives full information.

GRAY & DAVIS

STARTING-LIGHTING SYSTEM

GRAY & DAVIS, Inc., BOSTON, MASS.

The Safety Tooth Brush

You know the annoyance of a bristle-shedding tooth brush. And you probably appreciate the dangers of a bristle that lodges in the gums, throat, stomach or intestines. Doctors and Dentists have frequently found loose bristles the cause of serious troubles. *Why chance the dangers of loose bristles?* A RUBBERSET costs no more than an ordinary tooth brush, *and the bristles can't come out* of its RUBBERSET construction.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

The finest quality of imported bristles is used in RUBBERSET Tooth Brushes. They come in all styles and sizes—plain, curved and serrated brushing surfaces for men, women and children.

Each brush is put up in a sanitary box, and the genuine RUBBERSET is stamped R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T on the handle.

The price is 25c and 35c—the same as you pay for ordinary tooth brushes. Your dealer will supply you.

RUBBERSET COMPANY
(R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.)
Factory and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.

Bristles Gripped in Hard Rubber

Sectional View

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes

Hold Their Friends
Because They Hold Their Bristles

Millions of users will testify that their RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes even after long years of usage are as good as new. RUBBERSET construction is practically indestructible. No amount of use or misuse seems to affect it.

The bristles are gripped everlastingly in vulcanized rubber of flint-like hardness. The same principle of construction is identical in all RUBBERSET Brushes—Tooth Brushes, Paint Brushes, Nail Brushes, Hair Brushes, etc.

When you buy a RUBBERSET, your Shaving Brush problem is solved for all time. For this reason we advise the purchase of one of our finer grades with badger hair bristles and an Alberite ivory handle. Beware of brushes marked "set in rubber" or any "rubbery" names designed to fool you. Look for the name R-U-B-B-E-R-S-E-T. If the name isn't there, it isn't a RUBBERSET.

RUBBERSET Nail Brushes

At last!—a Nail Brush built for a life of hardship, and at a moderate price. Not dainty—but sturdy. Solidly constructed, efficient in appearance—large in size. Daily cleansing in boiling water cannot loosen the bristles or harm this sanitary brush. Each tuft of bristles is separately held in vulcanized rubber with an everlasting grip. The bristles are stiff and thick, never soften from usage or soaking. One of these brushes will stand years of the hardest usage without signs of wear.

Every dentist—physician—hospital—hotel—business man and home need this newest type RUBBERSET Sanitary Nail Brush. There never has been anything like it on the market before.

Prices—50c, 75c and $1.00
Your dealer will supply you.

OCCIDENT

The Guaranteed FLOUR

Costs A Little More
Than Others-Worth It

Ru ...illing ...neapolis U.S.A.

COMMUNITY SILVER

*" * * quiet as a Nun*
Breathless with adoration."

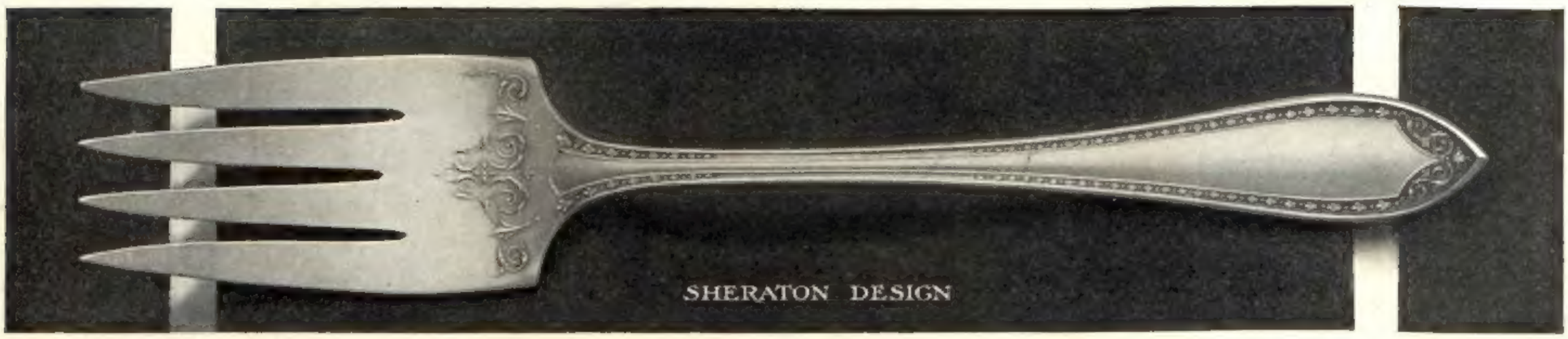


PLATE DE LUXE AT YOUR SERVICE FOR 50 YEARS
SIX TEASPOONS, $2.15 (engraving extra). In Canada, $2.75

¶ Look for the above kneeling girl in your dealer's window.
ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.